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June
25 Cents

The Golden Book Magazine

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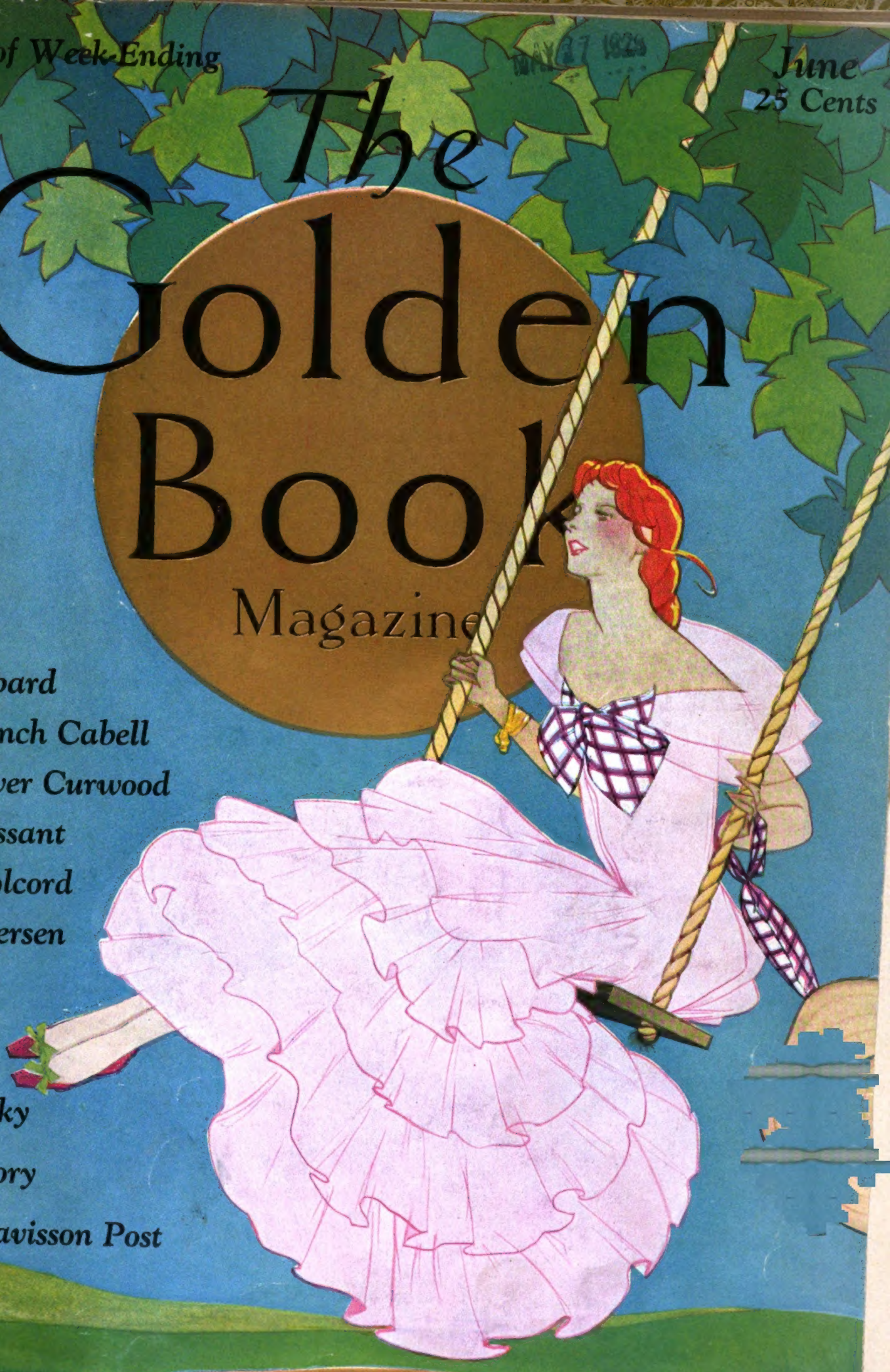

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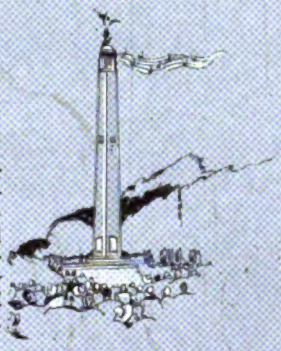

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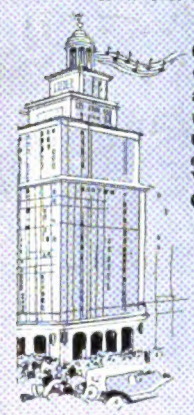

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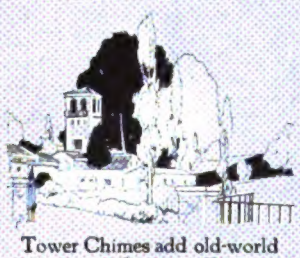
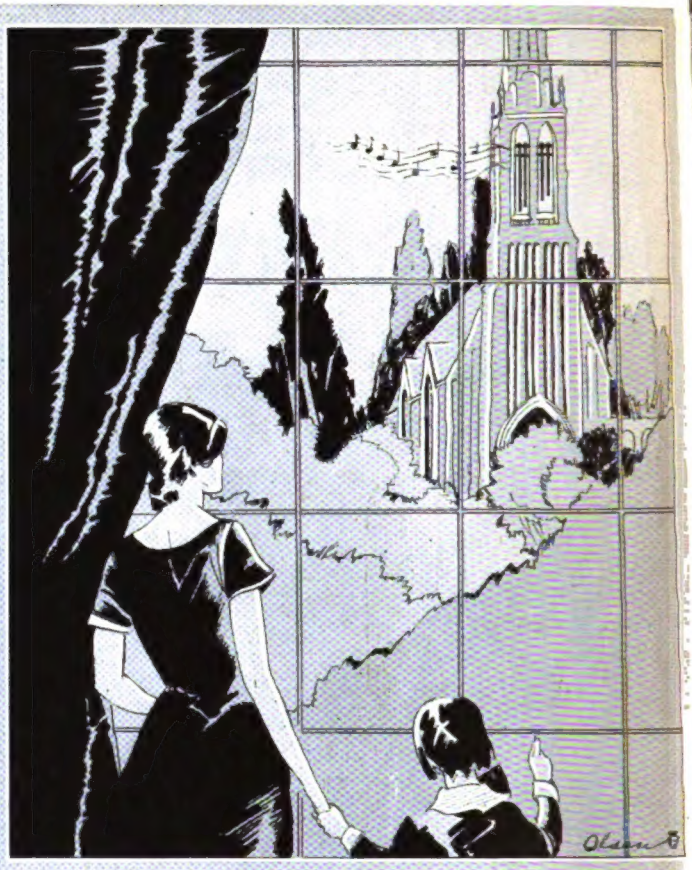


Tower Chimes add old-world charm to Country Estates. Their mellow tones floating, as if from the heavens, over the countryside, are eagerly awaited and warmly appreciated.



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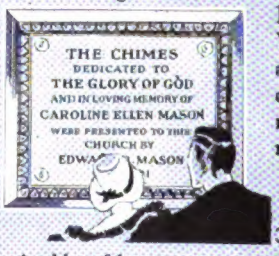
Certainly also, there is no Memorial more beautiful than Chimes placed in the departed one's church; no tribute to the founder of a business more fitting than Chimes marking the time of day, on the mill or factory he established; nothing that will add more to the charm of country estates, the distinction and fame of office buildings or the beauty and dignity of cenotaphs and mausoleums than Deagan Tower Chimes. Every quarter-hour they sound the Westminster peal; periodically they thrill a modern world with the medieval fascination of *genuine Chimes Music*, automatically played from hand-recorded reproducing rolls.



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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

WRITING PERFECTLY about beautiful happenings is James Branch Cabell's ideal, and to it he has devoted his life. In a world of realists he is an out-and-out romanticist, but a romanticist naïve and ironic at once, with a modern psychological touch, and above all, a polished and fluid prose style. "I desire of literature," Cabell has said and we have quoted in the May GOLDEN BOOK, "precisely those things of which I most poignantly and most constantly feel the lack in my own life. And it is that which romance affords her postulants. . . . Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business . . . that he is strong and excellent and wise. . . . It is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable slow degrees become, upon the whole, distinctly superior to the chimpanzee. . . ." Thus Cabell explains his literary escape to his own-created land of Poictesme.

Until 1919 Cabell was known to only a few who cherish beautiful prose, and who found it in the dozen books which the highly cultured young Virginian had already written. They found also gay flights of imagination, a rare combination of disillusion and dreams, humour, poetry in English, French or Latin, always quoted as someone's else, and later discovered to be his own.

Then in 1919 came *Jurgen* and its suppression by the Comstockians. Cabell was discovered. His early books were reissued, and his later ones have been pretty generally adored by critics and sophisticated readers. The post-*Jurgen* books, with some of those that went before, form a cycle planned years ago by Mr. Cabell. This cycle traces its genealogical thread from Dom Manuel, Count of Poictesme, in *Figures of Earth,* to Felix Kennaston, of Virginia, today, and each book deals with some one romantic human desire and its frustrations: the search for beauty, for love, for chivalry, for escape. . . .

Cabell was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1879. In 1898 he graduated from the College of William and Mary; he also taught Greek and French there. For a while he worked on the Baltimore *Times*, the New York *Herald,* traveled, and wrote occasional short stories and articles for magazines. His first book, *The Eagle's Shadow*, appeared in 1904. An enthusiastic genealogist and antiquarian, he has published in addition to his score of fiction several learned treatises on Virginia history.

Cabell is one of the few American writers with a style of his own, declares a French commentator on American letters. And it is to Cabell's style that one comes back, forgetting fantasies and preachments. H. L. Mencken, one of his early admirers, says in an introduction to *The Line of Love*, from which comes the episode "The Wedding Jest":

> He takes the ancient and mouldy parts of speech—the liver and lights of harangues by Dr. Harding, of editorials in the New York *Times,* of *Science and Health, with a Key to the Scriptures,* of department store advertisements, of college yells, of chautauqual oratory, of smoke-room anecdote—and arranges them in mosaics that glitter with an almost fabulous light. He knows where a red noun should go, and where a peacock-blue verb, and where an adjective as darkly purple as a grape. He is an imagist in prose. You may like his story and you may not like it, but if you don't like the way he tells it then there is something the matter with your ears.

> We who have come up to the land cannot in nature think of the sea alone as wind and water, silence and solitude, the materials for romanticists to make their tales a little more romantic; rather, we think of her always as part and symbol of our better selves, a creature of light and colour, of pain and joy and love, a spirit of proud endeavour and conscious humanity. We have learned from her the meaning of truth. We know no aim but that of fidelity to her character.
>
> LINCOLN COLCORD.

ONLY A SEAMAN can write about the sea to satisfy other seamen, but even landlubbers who are less particular appreciate the sea story which rings true which has "the feeling of the sea" that can come only from the inside out. Lincoln Ross Colcord satisfies seaman and landsman alike. He writes, says he "why, certainly, stories of the sea! What else, if you please? I am accustomed to regard myself as a sailor and what I write as being more or less directly the product of seafaring. The sea is my ground and my origin; I have no other point of departure. I am a native of a latitude and longitude."

The exact latitude and longitude we do not know but it was somewhere off Cape Horn, in a southwest gale in 1883, that young Lincoln was born on his father's sailing vessel. And from then until he was fourteen he lived mostly on the quarterdeck of a ship voyaging to China and in the China Sea. Even some years of schooling at the Searsport High School (Searsport, Maine, was the home of his forebears and is where Mr. Colcord now lives), even his days at the University of Maine and as civil engineer for the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, did not shake what he calls his "maritime preoccupation." He began writing in 1909, and in 1912 produced his first full-length book, *The Drifting Diamond.* His first short

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Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS

Published Once A Month By Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 386 Fourth Ave., New York *Copyright, 1929*

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HERE are some interesting and pertinent data for the intelligent book-reader, who for one reason or another finds he does not read as many of the new books as he would like to. It is a list of the books the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have chosen as the "book-of-the-month," aside from those they have recommended, in the last three years. Here they are, going backward from June, 1929.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	Remarque
A PREFACE TO MORALS	Walter Lippmann
HENRY THE EIGHTH	Francis Hackett
CRADLE OF THE DEEP	Joan Lowell
KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER	Sigrid Undset
JOSEPH & HIS BRETHREN	H. W. Freeman
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	Arnold Zweig
WHITHER MANKIND	Charles Beard
HUNGER FIGHTERS	Paul de Kruif
THE CHILDREN	Edith Wharton
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	Stephen Vincent Benet
BAMBI	Felix Salten
THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM	George Bernard Shaw
THE CLOSED GARDEN	Julian Green
THE HOTEL	Elizabeth Bowen
DELUGE	S. Fowler Wright
DISRAELI	Andre Maurois
CLAIRE AMBLER	Booth Tarkington
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Carl Sandburg
RED SKY AT MORNING	Margaret Kennedy
RIGHT OFF THE MAP	C. E. Montague
DUSTY ANSWER	Rosamond Lehmann
MEANWHILE	H. G. Wells
YOUR MONEY'S WORTH	Chase & Schlink
GIANTS IN THE EARTH	O. E. Rolvaag
MARCHING ON	James Boyd
REVOLT IN THE DESERT	T. E. Lawrence
ELMER GANTRY	Sinclair Lewis
NAPOLEON	Emil Ludwig
HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS	Ed. by Bliss Perry
THE ORPHAN ANGEL	Elinor Wylie
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS	Ellen Glasgow
THE TIME OF MAN	Elizabeth M. Roberts
SHOW BOAT	Edna Ferber
THE SILVER SPOON	John Galsworthy
THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID	W. N. Burns
O GENTEEL LADY	Esther Forbes
TEETFALLOW	T. S. Stribling
LOLLY WILLOWES	Sylvia Townsend Warner

In addition to this list, *between six and seven hundred books* during the last three years have been reported upon and recommended by our judges. Our subscribers did not have to take any one of the books above, but could have taken one of these alternates. An average of one-third of our subscribers—thirty-five thousand every month—either do this or avail themselves of the privilege of taking no book at all, when none of those reported upon appeal to them.

❦

It should be remembered also that sometimes a worthy book is not been chosen in a particular month, but could only be strongly recommended as an alternate, because our five judges felt that there was some other *more* worthy book, in their opinion, which should be chosen.

❦

This list, we believe, is one to be proud of. Our judges are human. They have made some mistakes in their choices, and never it. But, on the whole, we feel their record is a remarkable one,—and completely refutes the few critics who have been absurdly barking at them, for the last three years, on the ground that they are popularizing "cheap" books, with no literary merit. And when it is considered that 35,000 of our subscribers every month either take one of the alternate books reported upon, or none at all,—the further criticism that they are "standardizing" reading, and are leading our subscribers by the nose, also shows up, clearly, for the kind of twaddle that it is.

❦

In this connection, here is an interesting fact: One of the leading publishers in the United States goes around telling people that, since the Book-of-the-Month Club started, it is far easier for publishers and booksellers to sell worthy books than ever before; in other words, that one clear effect of this new development in the book world is *that the standard of best-sellers has been raised!* We believe many publishers would agree with this.

❦

What, as an individual book-reader, do *you* gain if you subscribe to this organization? There are many advantages, but this is the chief one: the system of advance reports by our judges insures you once for all against missing important new books you would like to read. The practicality and convenience of this system are unquestionable and it costs you nothing, because *your only obligation is to take four books a year at the regular retail price.*

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story collection, mostly sea yarns, appeared in 1914 under the title, *The Game of Life and Death,* and was immediately recognized as that rare combination of authenticity and art which makes good sea stories. *Vision of War* appeared in 1915, and *An Instrument of the Gods* in 1922.

Mr. Colcord's stories are not all of the sea. They extend to that fringe of shore—within sound of the waves—to which a sailor's adventures take him. They can be tremendous, whether on sea or land; they can be horrible and tragic; they can verge on the supernatural, or they can be as simple and real as a village green. They can also be funny. "Carrying Sail" is one of these last, and it is a seaman at his rollicking best.

ALFRED EDGAR COPPARD of Little Poynatts, Kimble Wood, Skirmett, Henley-on-Thames is the short-story writer supreme for an increasing number of readers. Like James Branch Cabell, Leonard Merrick, or Kenneth Grahame, he is one of those authors who, in spite of already wide recognition, keep being "discovered." That is, readers of literary enthusiasm who come upon his books for the first time are filled with a disciple-like zeal to tell the whole world about him. Coppard is not, however, a story writer for the whole world. He is perhaps too much a craftsman, dealing vigorously and beautifully in irony, romance, tragedy, and humour. He is a story-teller who cares tremendously how the story is told. His stories have substance and a finely flowered perfection.

Coppard came to the writing of stories through paraffin-vending, trousers-making, and clerking, begun at the age of nine after a few years of Brighton board school, and abandoned for literature at the age of forty-two. His first book, *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me,* appeared in 1921, and received press notices of the kind that warm an author's heart. Then came *Hips and Haws* in 1922, *The Black Dog* in 1923, *Fishmonger's Fiddle* in 1925, *The Field of Mustard* in 1926, and *Silver Circus* in February, 1929.

TO OBSERVE SOME PERSON or object closely enough and long enough to see in it what no one else has seen—that was the rule, and the only one, which Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant followed, and the fidelity with which he followed it, and the natural endowments he had for pursuing it, perhaps account for the fact that Maupassant's name pops first into one's head in connection with the short story. Although he wrote for only a dozen years, and most prolifically, he is universally admitted a master of the *conte.*

Young Maupassant in Paris, looking more like a "simple young athlete" than a potential author—or the clerk in the ministry of marine that he was supposed to be—divided his time between rowing expeditions and visits to the house of Flaubert. Here the leaders of the "naturalist" school gathered: Zola, Daudet, Mendes, Turgeniev, and others. By the time Maupassant was twenty-three (1873), Flaubert had recognized his genius, and for the next seven years tutored him rigorously. Hardly anything young Guy wrote during these years survives; it was all destroyed by an implacable master who expected even better. In 1880, when de Maupassant's first story, *Boule de Suif,* was published, he was writing at his best. His recognition was instant and overwhelming. During the next six years he wrote hundreds of stories, among them the handful which stand in the first ranks of all short stories. In 1886 appeared the first signs of the mental malady which was to cause his death seven years later. In intervals during these seven years he continued to produce stories, novels, plays, many of which show undiminished genius. He died in 1893.

We are told that Maupassant had no psychology, no theory of art, no strong moral purpose or social prejudices, little imagination and few wonderings about life. Perhaps so. The very freedom from externally imposed theories of conduct or the bias of principles gave the widest scope to his marvelous powers of observation, and allowed him to impale the significant facts about people and things with his clear and pointed prose. "The False Gems" presents a typical Maupassant situation, superbly ironic, handled with his utter objectivity and economy of words.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH Robert Benchley will one day be considered the American humourist laureate of the 1920's and '30's. Certainly there are few other writers of humorous prose in America who command the respect and the chuckles that he does. He holds the same sort of warm place in our hearts which once belonged to Artemus Ward, or Bill Nye, Mark Twain, or John Kendrick Bangs. His method is the method of pure comedy: he writes excellent nonsense, but he is at his best when, as in "The Tortures of Week-End Visiting," he takes the material of everyday modern life and points to its ridiculous side. In many of his essays his comedy is in manner almost entirely; his matter is social criticism.

Mr. Benchley was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1889 and graduated from Harvard in 1912. He then ventured into the advertising department of the Curtis Publishing Company, did personnel work in Boston, was an editor of the New York *Tribune,* and during the war served as secretary to the Aircraft Board in Washington. In 1919 he became managing editor of *Vanity Fair,* leaving a year later to join the staff of *Life* as dramatic critic, a post he held until a short time ago. His first book, *Of All Things,* appeared in 1921; *Love Conquers All* in 1922; *Pluck and Luck* in 1925; *The Early Worm* in 1927, and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield* in 1928.

HANS ANDERSEN had a Golden Book of his own. It was half scrapbook, half autograph album, and contained pictures, flowers, bits of verse and prose, music written for him by the great composers of the day, letters from such contemporaries as Dickens, Hugo, Lamartine, Rachel, George Sand, Heine, and a couple of princes. The gawky youth who arrived in Copenhagen in 1819, poor, unknown, apparently a lunatic, had lived to win the friendship of all Europe—for his eccentric, child-like self, for his novels, and for the fairy tales whose everlasting charm had gradually made itself felt.

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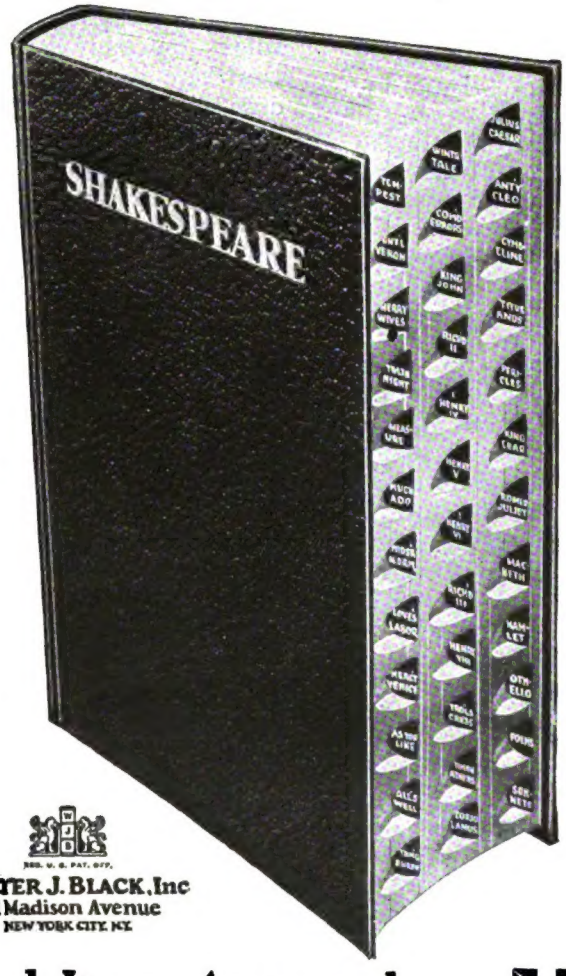

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When WRITING
beckons to you, what do you answer?

"Some day I'll start" . . . "I'd like to, but I'm busy" . . . "I'll get there, all right, once I make up my mind. . . ."

And so they go, those time-devouring *good intentions*. A day, a month, a year goes by. Again something happens to rouse the urge within you. And again: "Some day" . . . "Yes, but" . . . or some equally deadening evasion, and no progress!

So it is that many live and die, thinking they could be writers. So it is that many who really have ability never learn how to make it count.

Today thousands of practical people are meeting the challenge that writing offers by taking instruction from the Newspaper Institute of America. They are finding out things about writing and about themselves that they would never otherwise learn . . . what sort of style they have, what its possibilities are, what specialized training they need, how to write and how to sell their output.

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Mrs. Edith J. Tilton, R. F. D. 2, Box 34, Ashton, Ill., manages her nine-room house, tends 300 chickens, bakes for a big family. But she finds time to write.

"Since sending my previous assignment (the fifth in my course) I received an acceptance of an article which I submitted to *Hoard's Dairyman*. So far this month I have had checks for $50.65, which includes $12.75 for my writing as correspondent for the weekly paper."

Mr. F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo., is another of our student members who tried. He writes:

"After only a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the *American Machinist;* the other was for a humorous story in the *American Merchant Magazine.*

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Perhaps the greatest virtue of the Newspaper Institute course is that it starts and keeps you writing; you begin to get experience with the very first lesson. You write, on assignment, just as you would for a great metropolitan daily. You send what you write to the N. I. A. editors, who analyze, correct, criticize, and suggest. And you respect what they say, because their capacity to teach you is made progressively evident throughout your contact with them.

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teacher, and has published much verse in magazines and one book of poems, *The Letters of Glaucon and Sarai.* Readers of the GOLDEN BOOK may remember the moving and satiric "Moses Sees the Lord," and the two short poems of his which have already appeared in our pages.

ALMA ESTABROOK ELLERBE and Paul Lee Ellerbe do almost all of their writing together, and they prefer to do it in a Colorado cabin, which may account for the fresh western wind which blows through "Sam Pavitt, Hero." Both Mr. and Mrs. Ellerbe wrote before they were married in 1915, but since that time they have been busy showing themselves an unusually successful example of husband-and-wife collaboration. In addition to a mutual taste for story-writing, and for the same sort of story-writing, they share a love for automobiling. And the every-day, you-know-someone-just-like-that characters in their stories may come from Greenfield, Indiana, where Mrs. Ellerbe was born, or from Montgomery, Alabama, where Mr. Ellerbe was born, or from the west, or the north, or the east. For the Ellerbes have made it their business to know different kinds of people and to depict them skilfully.

THE LAST THIRTY YEARS have witnessed a revival in Ireland which is one of the wonders of the modern literary world. A literature has been created where for hundreds of years there had been practically none. The Irish were fond of pointing to Wilde and Shaw and a dozen others, as Irish, but these men wrote English literature after all, not Irish. Not so with the writers who, near the end of the nineteenth century, began to delve into the old Irish hero tales and folk-lore and write their very Irish poetry—Yeats, "A. E.," and Padraic Colum. Their efforts were part of and a stimulus to awakening nationalist spirit, and they seemed to create genius for their needs. From every side came worthy writers: James Stephens, Liam O'Flaherty, Seumas O'Kelly, John Synge, Lady Gregory, Dunsany, and others. The movement which started as a poetic one, based on early Gaelic lore, spread to prose and, most widely, to drama, and began to find its materials more and more in the everyday life of Ireland. Deirdre and Cuchulain gave way to market-days and pigs.

In 1904 the Abbey Theatre was started in Dublin, and in its first twenty-one years produced 216 plays by 86 authors, all but a very few of them Irish contemporaries. One of its directors almost since the beginning was Lady Augusta Gregory, many of whose own plays were there put on.

Lady Augusta Gregory, a Galway woman, wife of Sir William Gregory, a well-known member of Parliament, writes of her people with Irish humour and tenderness. She has written more than two dozen plays, a book about *Our Irish Theatre* (1914), and three books on Irish folk-lore: *Cuchulain of Muirthemne, Gods and Fighting Men,* and *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland.* Behind the verve and cleverness of such comedies as *Spreading the News,* perhaps her most famous single play, or of *The Workhouse Ward,* published here, is her ever-present attempt to express the Celtic soul.

SOME OF THE MOST arresting and memorable stories that have appeared during the last few years—stories in which intensity of drama is presented with powerful restraint—have come from the pen of an ex-insurance agent from San Francisco—Charles Caldwell Dobie. Mr. Dobie published his first story in 1910 in the San Francisco *Argonaut,* and soon his stories were finding ready market and much attention in the East. He then attempted novels (*Blood Red Dawn, Broken to the Plow*) and plays (*Ilya of Murom; Ramati; The Hidden Poet; Charity; Doubling in Brass,* and *Less than Kin*). *The Arrested Moment,* a collection of short stories, appeared in 1923.

"The Open Window" is Mr. Dobie's most horrible, a convincing psychologist even then.

ETHAN FROME IS CONCLUDED in this issue. In turning over the pages of a new interpretative survey of American literature by Professor Ernest Erwin Leisy of Southern Methodist University we came upon the following about Miss Wharton's art in *Ethan Frome,* which we consider her masterpiece:

"She adheres in her work to something like the Greek conception of fate and maintains an impartial irony. . . . She brings to her work an exceptional craftsmanship, a fine understanding of human psychology, and brilliant diction. Her quiet irony is the delight of sophisticated minds."

And a reader who apparently agrees with Professor Leisy, and with us, writes:

"May many blessings fall on your head for choosing *Ethan Frome* as the story to run in the GOLDEN BOOK during the coming months. There are certain books such as *Lorna Doone, Moby Dick, Trilby, The Damnation of Theron Ware, Java Head,* Maugham's remarkable *Human Bondage,* and Willa Cather's *My Antonia* which are outstanding and unique among the other books by their authors. Such books one is likely to miss in the general welter of literary production, perhaps, because the other books by the author have not appealed to one."

Another three-part story begins in the July issue—a story with all the charm of its author, James Lane Allen, at his best. It is one which should make perfect, leisurely July reading.

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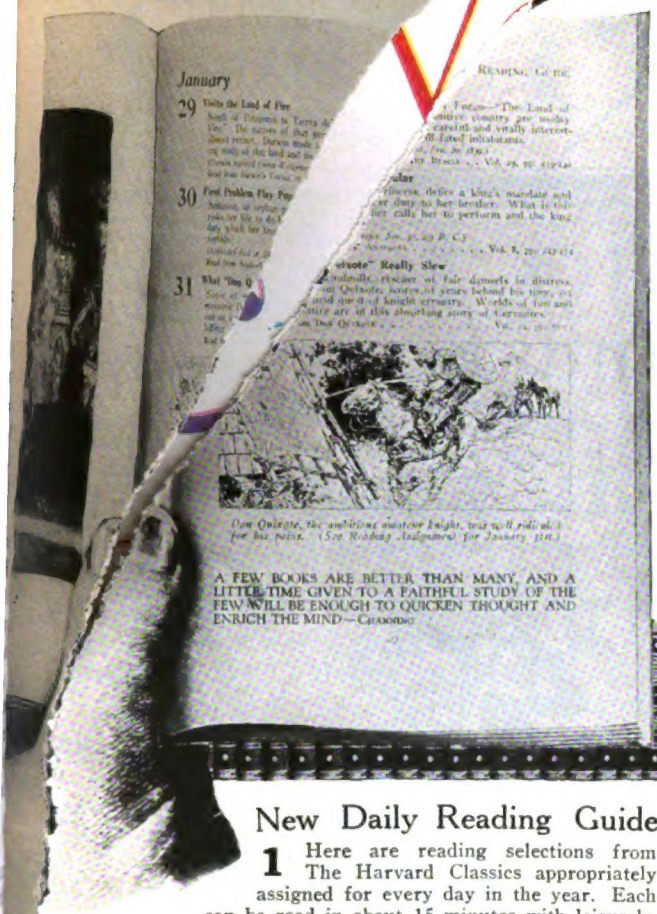
If you are well read ...d—you can answer these 25 questions


January
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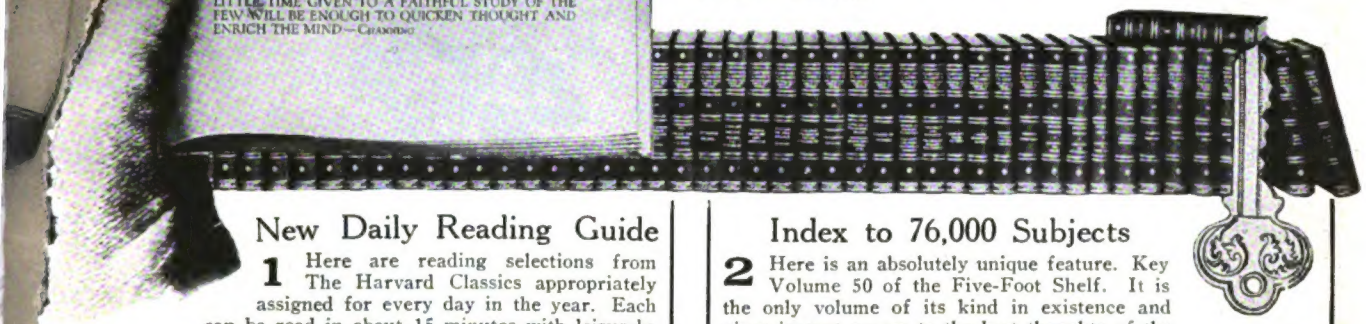
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND—Channing

1. Who discovered the circulation of the blood?
2. What great poet was Cromwell's secretary?
3. Who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast"?
4. Who was Aristotle's most celebrated pupil?
5. Who was the outstanding dramatist of the Elizabethan Age?
6. What is the Malthusian population principle?
7. What famous American writer was expelled from West Point?
8. Who discovered small pox inoculation?
9. What is the significance of the Ides of March?
10. What great American pioneer and thinker refused to remove his hat before a King?
11. What were the "Spectator" papers?
12. What was the Holy Grail?
13. What is the title of the most famous collection of harem stories?
14. What is the source of the quotation, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"
15. What is Stonehenge?
16. Complete the quotation, "If winter comes," and give its source.
17. What was the Epicurean philosophy of moral conduct?
18. The Autobiography of what famous Renaissance artist is an outstanding frank revelation of a dissolute age?
19. What early biographer wrote vividly of the lives of famous Greeks and Romans?
20. What woman is supposed to have been Dante's inspiration for The Divine Comedy?
21. What were "The Sonnets from the Portuguese"?
22. Who was Siddhartha Gautama?
23. Who was called "the Father of History"?
24. For what was William Caxton famous?
25. What astronomer first proved that the earth revolves around the sun?

Test yourself on these questions. They are facts of general information with which the well-read person should be familiar. How many do you know? All can be found in The Harvard Classics. The correct answers appear at the foot of this page.



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so it deserves realism and subtlety." . . . At least in this case it repays it, we reply. We are all for Emily, one of the six children who make life difficult for the pirates who carelessly capture them in the Caribbean. . . .

Mr. Hughes lives in an old stone cottage in Wales when he is not gallivanting to literary teas in New York. His first play, "The Sister's Tragedy," was produced in London when he was only twenty-one. . . . Another play of his, "A Comedy of Good and Evil," was selected as one of the three most important productions in London in the last seven years. . . . The other playwrights honoured were Pirandello and Chekhov—good company, we think. . . .

COWARD-MCCANN have a splendid idea in their Songs of Today Series of one-dollar books of verse. Slim little poetry books have a way of costing as much as big fat books of prose, which discourages the economical buyer. . . . But this Series, in uniform, presentable format, should make it a lot easier for the fortunate poets who get on the list. . . . The four volumes published this spring are Elizabeth Coatsworth's *Compass Rose*, Charles Wagner's *Nearer the Bone*, Kenneth Fearing's *Angel Arms*, and Keene Wallis's *Bands and Rebels*. . . . Elizabeth Coatsworth's poetry (see *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond*) is freshly lyrical without being either conventional or appallingly modern. . . . It is about simple things, such as the one about grocery shops, part of which goes like this:

To think I never dreamed of how
Bananas swayed in rain,
And often looked at oranges
Yet never thought of Spain!

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea—
For grocery shops were grocery shops,
Not hemispheres to me!

CHARLES WAGNER'S NAME is almost as well-known as Elizabeth Coatsworth's to persons interested in America's new generation of poets. His book has much good verse in it, and a preface by John Erskine which tells you so. . . . Keene Wallis is a new one. His title poem, "Coal Black Jesus," is a narrative of the effects of religious emotion on a black and white chain gang during a storm. It won the Blindman Prize of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, for which Hervey Allen was judge. . . . Kenneth Fearing writes about cities. He is a post-war poet and an ex-reporter. . . . They are a good foursome with which to start off the Series. . . .

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while men with education have one in 173 chances. . . . But with authors the percentage is fifty-fifty. . . . These figures are rather freely adapted from William Webster Ellsworth's *Creative Writing* (Funk and Wagnalls). Among the non-collegian authors he cites are Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Shaw, Wells, Mark Twain, Edith Wharton, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and others. . . .

"General college culture doubtless increased the powers of an already cultured Lowell and Longfellow," says Mr. Ellsworth, "but it might have been a positive drawback to the originality of Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, and James Whitcomb Riley. What they did was a pure act of creation from their own instincts. At no time in their lives could they have passed an examination for the freshman class of any American college. Think of the conditions that would be heaped today upon the head of William Shakespeare if he knocked at the doors of Oxford or Cambridge!"

A drawing by Wenck for Cagliostro, by Johannes von Guenther.

ONE OF THE MOST outrageous men we can think of offhand is Cagliostro, magician, rogue, and power-behind-the-thrones in the legend and history of the eighteenth century. . . . He hypnotized and hoodwinked, promised to turn lead into gold or to restore youth, swayed kings, and governed souls, all with perfect *savoir-faire* . . . and where history leaves off and legend begins, no one knows. . . . At least we didn't know after reading the delirious biography by Johannes von Guenther, who carefully refrained from telling us . . . thereby adding considerably to the book's charm. . . . It is in a lively translation by Huntley Paterson, and Harper publishes it. . . .

IN *Dark Hester* Anne Douglas Sedgwick has added her own bit of clear thinking to the mother-in-law-daughter problem. . . . Miss Sedgwick's people and their situation are uniquely and typically of the present day. Dark Hester is emancipated, rude, with a dizzy purple drawing-room and modern ideas of child-training, while Monica favours faded chintz and fairy tales. . . . Yet each desires the happiness of the same man, and each is capable of touching the other's point of view. . . . As in all Miss Sedgwick's novels, particularly in this one, perhaps, the subtleties of the conflict are what matter. . . . The end seemed to us a bit hastily contrived in a story where everything else is so careful. . . .

THE GAUNT, primitive people who have lived in the hills of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina for three hundred years, while a rushing civilization passed them by, find a vivid spokesman in Fiswoode Tarleton. . . . Mr. Tarleton knows these people, and the simplicity of his prose style is peculiarly suited to them. If you like reading this kind of a book at all, the stories in *Bloody Ground* are about the best you can hope to find.

IT WAS quite a long time before we got it all well straightened out in our minds about *Kif* and *Liv*. . . . Was it *Kiv* and *Lif*, or *Lif* and *Kif*, or *Liv* and let *Kif*, or what? And which wrote which? . . . Finally, we got both books together in front of us, and it is all straightened out. . . . *Kif* is written by Gordon Daviot, published by Appleton, and is about burgling in London. It is not at all the same as *Liv*, written by Kathleen Coyle, published by Dutton, dealing with a simple Scandinavian girl's unhappy stay among Parisian sophisticates, her eventual return to her own land and her readjustment. . . .

TOBIAS SMOLLETT has been getting some attention. . . . Alexander King, who illustrated *The Set-Up*, *Emperor Jones*, and Seabrook's *Magic Island*, has done dozens of quick and amusing drawings for a new edition of *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*. . . . This edition, to be brought out by the John Day Company, has other fancy features: a typography specialist all its own—Mary McRae McLucas; rag paper; a fancy-ish price. . . . This would make a rather tasty wedding present next time you have to buy one. . . .

SIMON AND SCHUSTER impress us duly with a bulletin showing that four of their books headed nation-wide best-seller lists recently. The books were, in order, *The Crossword Puzzle Book*, *The Cradle of the Deep*, *The Art of Thinking*, and *Believe It or Not!* . . . That doesn't seem the sensible order to us. . . . We'd say that one went from *The Art of Thinking* to the *Crossword Puzzle Book*, and from *The Cradle of the Deep* to *Believe It or Not!* . . .

SARAH ORNE JEWETT is increasingly thought of as one of the two principal women writers of America. The other is Emily Dickinson. . . . Miss Jewett was an admiring member of the famous New England literary group of the nineteenth century. . . . Aldrich, Howells, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and William James all knew and respected the quiet precision of her writing, but it probably never occurred to them that some day critics would prophesy that her work would outlive their own. . . . Certainly

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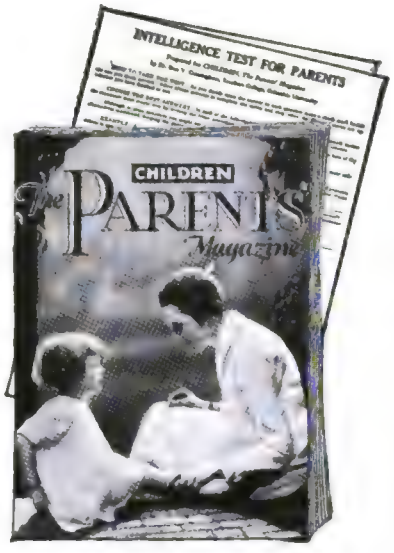

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Country of the Pointed Firs should live as long as anything in American letters. . . . Francis Otto Matthiessen, young Yale professor, has caught her spirit and that of the literary background that shaped her, in a biography just published by Houghton Mifflin. . . .

EX-KAISER WILHELM WEEPING into his cigar because he was so misunderstood, a pompous German prince starting off red-faced on his honeymoon because his bride had put her dress on backwards, a castle with acres of gardens and not one bathroom, a German court during the war making it as difficult as possible for the charming English wife of one of the Kaiser's attendants. . . . This is the entertaining and dramatic stuff out of which the vivacious Daisy, Princess of Pless (*née* Cornwallis-West) has made her memoirs. . . . It is a story by "Elizabeth" come true. . . .

GLAD . . . GLADDER . . . GLADDEST. . . . It seems that after Pollyanna had made her aunt and dour Mr. Pendleton and a village or two all as happy as could be, and then in a second book had made even her husband happy, the girl needed a good long rest. . . . But there is a new Pollyanna book now out, written by Harriet Lummis Smith, who has taken up the series where Eleanor H. Porter's death broke it off. . . . She writes, we hear, with freshness, charm and humour equal to Mrs. Porter's. . . . The title of the new volume is *Pollyanna's Western Adventure,* and it is published by L. C. Page in an edition uniform with the four other volumes of Pollyanniana (*what* a word!) . . .

"THE IDEAL PLAN," says Dr. John B. Hawes about vacations in *You and the Doctor* (Houghton Mifflin), "would be to have three weeks off in September, one week, or more if possible, in January or February, and one week or ten days in May or June. We all know that we can do more and better work in eleven months than we can in twelve. . . ." Dr. Hawes, we shake you by the hand. . . .

F. F.

Recent Books

Fiction

AS FAR AS JANE'S GRANDMOTHER'S, by Edith Olivier. Viking. $2.50. Certainly the nicest title of the Spring book season, attached to a story as delicately lovely as *The Love Child* and more real.

AWAKE AND REHEARSE, by Louis Bromfield. Stokes. $2.50. A collection of short stories of many kinds and all degrees of excellence, well worth reading.

ROUND UP, by Ring Lardner. Scribners. $2.50. The choice of the Literary Guild for April is a collection of the best short stories of Mr. Lardner, along with fifteen new ones, never published before.

DESTINIES, by François Mauriac. Covici-Friede. $2.50. An engrossing story of French country life by the author of *Thérèse.*

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN, by Jessie Douglas Fox. Payson & Clarke. $2. A first novel, in which two sisters, one unselfish and one

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shallow, form high relief against an entertaining background, with a so-shall-ye-reap ending.

YOUNG WOODLEY, by J. Van Druten. John Day. $2. A moving novel, made from the nucleus of the author's successful play. It deals with the pathos of adolescence in the unsympathetic surroundings of an English public school.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS, by Ellery H. Clark. Crowell. $2. An historic novel of the South directly after the Revolution and during the Indian wars. Also a life of Andrew Jackson. Exciting reading.

YOUNG BLOOD, by Francis Lynde. Scribners. $2. Our hero, promoted to general-managership of a small branch line, finds that ideals don't have right-of-way when he tries to run the line for the benefit of stockholders rather than the parent corporation. Refreshing youth, romance, and humour.

THE FLAGRANT YEARS, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Horace Liveright. $2. Of women in general, their pursuit of youth, and a new Muse—Beauty Culture. Entertaining for summer reading. But Mr. Adams can, and fortunately does, write better books.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA, by Elizabeth Jordan. Century. $2. A mystery story, in which a rich and eccentric old lady makes an extraordinary will, and exerts a posthumous regenerating influence on her irresponsible young heirs.

OUTSIDERS, by Josephine Bentham. Henkle. $2.50. The conflict of a young husband and wife, much in love, but temperamentally poles apart. Determinedly "modern as tomorrow."

ARMOUR WHEREIN HE TRUSTED, by Mary Webb. Dutton. $2.50. This novel, on which the author was at work when she died, is laid in England at the time of the First Crusade. It treats of a young knight torn between an earthly and a spiritual love. Beautiful and rather splendid. Several short stories by Mrs. Webb are included in the volume.

MARIE BONIFAS, by Jacques de Lacretelle. Translated by Winifred Stephens Whale. Putnam. $2.50. The story of a lonely, tragic life, wherein a woman possessing an extraordinary capacity to love is the subject of an unnatural aversion to men.

FAR WANDERING MEN, by John Russell. Norton. $2.50. More colour-shot tales of the derelicts and adventurers that float on the tides of life to far places, by the author of *Where the Pavement Ends*.

Biography

THE HOHENZOLLERNS, by Herbert Eulenberg. Century. $4. The Hohenzollern dynasty from 1372 to the last Crown Prince. A fascinating and clear-visioned chronicle of a family that believed in their divine right, and swept all aside to sustain it.

THE INTIMATE JOURNAL OF GEORGE SAND, edited and translated by Marie Jenny Howe. John Day. $3.50. Fifty-odd years after her death, a journal and certain letters of George Sand are made public by her family. In them the storm-wracked soul of an erotic woman is laid open. Her lover, Alfred de Musset, Liszt, and other great contemporaries march through the pages.

HENRY THE VIIIth, by Francis Hackett. Horace Liveright. $3. A biography packed with historical material, colour, and wit, all about Henry VIII., his six wives and his other preoccupations. It's good red roast-beef and spiced wine.

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* * * * * *

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

An American, A Beautiful Lady—and Nepál, India

While crossing this table-land we encountered a picturesque little *cortège*. It evidently had no connection with the pilgrimage, for it was going in the opposite direction. It may have been a wedding procession—and then, again, it may not. First came a dozen musicians assiduously engaged in extracting tortured sounds from various weird instruments—cymbals, flutes, conch-horns, drums. After them straggled a group of men armed with spears and swords and carrying long bamboo poles from which flaunted banners of many colours. Then an enormously stout man bearing aloft a huge saffron-coloured umbrella. And, finally, a curtained dooly borne by a score of coolies. As I reined my pony aside to let the litter pass, the curtains parted a few inches and I caught a fleeting glimpse of a pair of ravishing eyes and a bewitching face with lips like wild cherries. I know that the lips smiled at me provocatively, and I think—though of this I am not certain—that a slim white hand furtively beckoned me to follow. I am not beyond the romance-loving age, thank heaven, and I confess that I should have liked to have seen more of the lady of the litter, to have learned who she was and whither she was going. But my cousin was waiting impatiently ahead and the escort was coming up behind, so I resolutely turned my back on romance and trotted on. Perhaps it was as well that I did so, for a few moments later a big, black-bearded fellow, evidently a local chieftain, mounted on a fine white pony and followed by two retainers with rifles across their saddle-bows, came pounding down the road in pursuit of the palanquin.

The Last Home of Mystery.
E. Alexander Powell.

Spring Comes to the Duck Pond

Rat—You've been a fine bother to us all *this* time, you have really, Toad. Weeks and weeks! And now, in weather like this, and the boating season just beginning! It's too bad of you!

Toad—I'm a nuisance to my friends, I know, I know!

Rat (*wistfully*)—I was thinking about my river yesterday evening, and I—I wrote a little poem. (*Shyly*) Do you think you would like to hear it?

Toad—As you will, my dear Ratty. It may comfort my last hours.

Rat (*eagerly*)—It's about the ducks. I used to have such fun with them. You know when they stand on their heads suddenly, well, then I dive down and tickle their necks, and they come up all spluttering and angry, and shaking their feathers at me—of course they aren't angry really, because it's all fun—and then I used to sit on the bank in the sun, and pretend I was coming in after 'em again, and—— (*He looks in front of him, seeing it all, but breaks off suddenly and announces*) "Ducks' Ditty."

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet aquiver,
Yellow bills all out of sight
Busy in the river!

Everyone for what he likes!
We like to be
Heads up, tails up,
Dabbling free!

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call—
We are down a-dabbling—
Up tails all!

Toad of Toad Hall. (A dramatization of Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows")
A. A. Milne.

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Martyrdom at Bargain Rates

The one practical measure was to hang the Kaiser, who was the "All-Highest" and who was constitutionally responsible for everything that his armies had done. Much vitality still remained in the trial of the Kaiser. Mr. Lloyd George persisted and persevered. He was not only committed to this aim: he was ardent for it. The Americans disinterested themselves in the matter; the French, mildly scandalized, but at the same time amused, gave a gay assent. The law officers elaborated their processes. However, the Kaiser was outside Allied jurisdiction. He had been driven out of France; he had fled from Germany: he had found refuge in Holland. A demand for the extradition or surrender of the Kaiser was formally made to Holland. Mr. Lloyd George, at the height of his triumph after the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, announced to Parliament that the Kaiser was to be tried by an international tribunal in London. What followed might have been foreseen. Field-Marshal von Hindenburg declared that he took full personal responsibility for all acts done by the German armies from 1916 onwards, and offered to deliver himself to judgment. All the Kaiser's sons wrote by the hand of Prince Eitel Fritz, offering themselves collectively as rams taken in the thicket. The fugitive at Doorn saw before him a martyr's crown without much likelihood of the usual physical inconveniences. There can hardly have been a moment in history when martyrdom stood at so high a premium.

The Aftermath.
The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.

An Asiatic—and the Gentle Passion

"Why do you love me?"

An easy question to reply to—in a letter. Most people can write love letters, convincing love letters.

But to speak about it? To improvise on the spur of the moment? That's a horse of a different colour.

Why indeed—coming to think of it—does anybody love anybody?

Why is the sky blue? Why do birds sing?

"Tell me!" insisted Delphine. "Why do you love me?"

Few Americans or Europeans would have known what to say without feeling ridiculous and embarrassed and self-conscious, except, of course, they happened to be poets or slightly drunk. Mustaffa Bek was neither. On the other hand, he was an Oriental. So he held her close, and all his impetuous blood was in his words—words lyric and winged, as they come to the men of his race in moments of high elation:

"I love you because your soul is the net that encloses my soul with beauty and desire! I love you because you are all my dreams come true! I love you because you are like the wayward hours of Spring that ripple with flute songs and flowers. . . ."

"More! More!" she demanded.

"I love you because your lips are scented with the perfume of promise—because my heart has plunged into the deep pool of your eyes and drowned therein—because my longing for you is my life flowing in its fulness, flowing eternally. . . ."

"And you—" he asked—"why do *you* love *me?*"

"Oh—" she smiled—"just because!"

They Were So Young. Achmed Abdullah.

A Columnist in Lightest Vein

The Durable Bon Mot

When Whistler's strongest colours fade,
When inks and canvas rot,
Those jokes on Oscar Wilde he made
Will dog him unforgot.

For gags still set the world agog,
When fame begins to flag,
And, like the tail that wagged the dog,
The smart tale dogs the wag.

The Alienist

The alienist is not a joke;
He finds you cracked and leaves you broke.

The Liberators

Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me,
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

Pot Shots from Pegasus. Keith Preston.

When the Children Grow Up

She was no longer sure of herself. She had curious obsessions, and she thought of Stella rather more than she should. . . .

The burden was growing unbearable. One Sunday she said impulsively that she might go abroad. Perhaps she hoped they would protest, but there was a sudden brightening in Mary Elizabeth's eyes, and Eddie was robustly encouraging.

"Why don't you, Mother? You need a change." . . .

"I mean, to stay. Not forever, of course, but for a year or two."

"Better and better!" said Eddie. "Who deserves it more?"

She longed to cry out to them, to ask them to need her, not to let her go. But already they were planning for her.

"You'll love it," Mary Elizabeth told her. "You'll find plenty of other women over there, too. Women like yourself, you know; free to do what they like."

She wanted to cry out again at that, to say that she would not join that army of unneeded, unwanted women, wandering drearily through foreign picture galleries and cathedrals and shopping for little gifts to send back home, gifts with which to purchase remembrance at a price. But she said nothing. When they left it was settled that she was to go.

This Strange Adventure.
Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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Krazy Kat

By GEORGE HERRIMAN

HELLO! "OFFISSA PUPP"
HELLO "KRAZY"
I WUNDA WHERE AT IS "IGNATZ"?
CHEESE.
LIL WILD FLOWA - TELL ME - WHERE IS HE AT? HE, YOU KNOW - "IGNATZ"?
HERE
AH-HAH-H-
I DONT SEE YOU, YOU WEN, BUT -
THE KLEVEREST KOP IN KOKONINO KOUNTY IS NOT TO BE FOOLED SO EASILY -
NOT BY NO "MOUSE" HE AINT -
NO, SIR
JAIL
NO
AND WILL TIMURREH BE THE SAME AS TIDDAY, LIL WILD FLOWA ?
HERRIMAN

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Drawings by Charles B. Falls

THERE WAS a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and slim and tall;
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

There was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Yet none the more he stopp'd at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be met,
He rode on the spur till the next warm noon:—
Two red roses across the moon.

But the battle was scatter'd from hill to hill,
From the windmill to the watermill;
And he said to himself, as it near'd the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

You scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe:
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon!

Verily then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue;
And they cried, as they cut them down at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon!

I trow he stopp'd when he rode again
By the hall, though draggled sore with the rain;
And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon.

Under the may she stoop'd to the crown,
All was gold, there was nothing of brown;
And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

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The Golden Book Magazine

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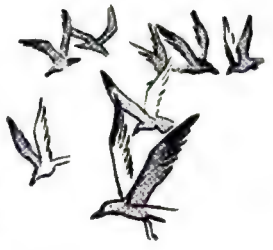
Carrying Sail



By LINCOLN COLCORD

Lincoln Colcord

"NOW, INDECISION IS BAD," said Dashy Noyes. "It's bad enough on land; it's worse aboard a ship. Cap'n Tripp had indecision—had it in his vitals, so to speak. A good master, a thorough seaman, a perfect gentleman; but bewildered by nature, sort o' boneless. Not in the body, he warn't—'twas all bones there. A tall, lank, gawky man, and homelier than mud. His face was mostly nose; a tuft o' whiskers took the place of his chin. His eyes was a whitish colour; ten foot away you couldn't make 'em out. And he was slow, and soft-spoken, and uncertain; and when he give an order it was either too soon, or too late, or the thing never needed to be done. His special anxiety was carryin' sail.

"We was bound on the regulation China passage, case-oil to Hong Kong and general cargo home. I'd never seen the *Vigilant* or Cap'n Tripp before; but she happened to need a mate, and about that time I happened to need a job, so we decided to call it square.

"We sailed in mid-winter, on the tail of a nor'wester. The wind was dead aft and howlin', and the weather fine; but what did Cap'n Tripp do, when we dropped the towboat, but keep her down to lower topsails. There we was joggin' off at six or seven knots, when we might ha' been makin' twelve. The second day out I couldn't stand it any longer.

" 'Don't you want to set them upper topsails, Cap'n?' I asks, comin' aft to where he was standin' on the poop.

"He looks aloft and all around the horizon. 'No-o-o, I guess we'll let her run along easy,' he says in his deliberate way. 'You don't gain much, in the end, by carryin' sail.'

" 'Well, sir, if you call this carryin' sail——'

" 'I don't know,' he says, lookin' aloft again. 'I suppose she might stand the main upper topsail.'

" 'Stand! I cries. 'She'd stand three royals!' 'Twas disrespectful, but this joggin' along had strained my nerve.

" 'Three royals, Mr. Noyes?' asks Cap'n Tripp. 'Now, you don't mean three royals, I guess. You young fellers are so extravagant. We'll try her with the main upper topsail, and see how she behaves.'

"I'd called the men and sent a couple of 'em aloft to loose the sail, when I see the Old Man wave his hand. Thinkin' he probably wanted the men to loose the mainsail while they was on the mast, I run aft to get the order.

" 'I guess we won't set it, after all, Mr. Noyes,' says he.

" 'Not set the upper topsail, sir?' I asks.

" 'No, not just now. I'll feel safer to let her run as she is.'

"I wondered what was in the wind. Cap'n Tripp seemed too young a man to be in his dotage. I knew

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Etchings by Arthur Briscoe

Courtesy Harbour, McDonald & Co.

he wasn't drunk. So soft and gentlemanly, and so damn nonsensical! I laughed and laughed, as I went forrard to call down the men from the topsail yard.

"Most o' the day the Old Man shambled back and forth on the quarter deck; and, knowin' him as I do now, I can understand that this weighty problem was worryin' him distracted. Had he ought to set that topsail? . . . Would she stand it? . . . O' course she would! . . . Still, it was blowin' pretty stiff. . . . Better keep it furled. . . . And yet, maybe, 'twould be well to set it. A very complicated, interestin' man was Cap'n Tripp. I enjoyed him thoroughly on the passage out; I didn't care what sort o' time we made.

"THAT GALE SOON BACKED into the nor'ard; and with each shift o' wind the Old Man kept her off before it till finally we was runnin' a due south course, still under them cussed lower topsails.

"'Looks like a northeaster blowin' up, Cap'n,' I remarks a few days later, as we was takin' the sun at noon.

"'Yes, yes,' he answers, nervous. By the look in his eye you'd think he was caught on a desperate lee-shore. 'But I hate to heave her to, Mr. Noyes,' he says.

"'One thing sure, sir,' I points out. 'You'll have your troubles crossin' the Line, unless you get farther to windward in the northeast trades.' Why, there we was runnin' south in fifty-five west longitude!

"'I know it!' says he. 'I know it. But the wind is liable to change. I hate to heave her to. I guess we'll let her run a while longer and see how the weather pans out.'

"'You can go a-cruisin' in the West Injes, for all I care,' says I to myself, and goes off laughin'.

"The weather panned out rich. Next mornin' come a livin' gale out o' the northeast; the sea picked up surprisin'. And still we run before it, pointin' for Cuba and the Banks o' the Bahamas. Began to look as if we'd chase around the Atlantic till a favourin' breeze happened to shoot us across the Line.

"The sea was pretty bad that day, with a sharp, snappin' lift that kept her rollin' heavy. Along in the middle of the mornin' the Old Man come forrard a-wringin' his hands.

"'I don't like this rollin', Mr. Noyes,' he says. 'It's bad for the masts.'

"'Yes, sir,' I remarks.

"'I don't hardly like to heave her to,' he says.

"'Fly, sir,' I suggests.

"'Mr. Noyes,' he says, reproachful, 'this is a serious matter. It's blowin' on harder every minute. We must decide what's best to do.'

"'Heave her to, sir, and get it over with,' I says. 'She'll lay easy in the wind.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'I guess I will. D' you suppose she'll come around without much fuss?'

"'Cap'n,' I says, 'to tell you the honest truth, I think that with man's ingenuity and the help o' Providence, we may be able to bring her into the wind.'

"'Well, get ready forrard,' he says at last. Till he put the wheel over I was in a cold sweat for fear he'd change his mind.

"Indecision, you understand—he warn't a timid man. Once on a given tack, he hated to go about. 'Twas like pullin' teeth for him to say yes or no. Neither was he incompetent; he knew too cussed well what ought to be done. That was what worried him. But he couldn't quite make up his mind to do it, leastwise not till afterward; and when he'd said the word he'd wish he hadn't, and go and try to take it back. I figured that life must ha' been distressin' hard for the Old Man Tripp. A man who'd rather go hungry than pick out a breakfast from the bill o' fare, ain't what you might call well-fitted for a world o' pull-and-haul.

"And o' course luck went against him right along. Why, Cap'n Tripp lost more sails that voyage, for all his caution, than some cap'ns I've sailed with would blow away in a natural lifetime. The sails seemed bewitched. In calm weather they'd slat themselves to

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pieces against the mast; and whenever a puff o' wind struck it always carried off a sail or two. Sails would split and open up before our eyes; jibs would go clean from the bolt-ropes in the night, and we wouldn't discover the loss till mornin'. 'Twas a standin' joke with the second mate and me; we'd place a little bet on what would be the next to go.

"But the worst mess was in the doldrums. Yes, we did get down to the Line, by hook or crook, I don't exactly remember how. One evening at eight bells, we sighted a heavy squall to windward. Just then, the Old Man poked his head out o' the companionway.

"'Squall to windward, sir,' I says. 'I'll take in the royals before I leave the deck.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I guess you'd better let 'em stand. We'll wait and see what's in it.'

"'Wind, sir,' I says. I knew the look o' that squall.

"'Well, maybe it ain't much,' says he. 'I don't want to take in the royals just yet.'

"I lit my pipe and went below, leavin' the watch to the second mate. Pretty soon the old hooker bends a little to the breeze. No sound o' takin' in sail. Then down she heels with a sickenin' lurch, the gear snappin' aloft and the wind roarin' overhead. I braces my feet in the corner o' the bunk, and keeps my pipe goin'. She righted little by little; somethin' strange was happenin' to her. At last it come to me—the Old Man was droppin' off before the wind rather than take in them royals.

"Then the main squall struck, and things began to happen one after the other. Pretty soon I heard the spanker boom go over—bang! Pretty soon it come back again—bang! Pretty soon broke out a terrible slattin' aloft. 'Ah-ha!' says I. 'Royals comin' in without assistance.' Bang! went the spanker boom, and all the dishes in the pantry jumped. 'Surge old spunyarn!' I says. 'He'll take the anointed masts out of her!' I expected to get a yardarm in the stomach, or the heel o' the mizzen topmast in the jaw.

"Soon I hears the Old Man hollerin' through the cabin. I has just time to tuck away my pipe and compose my features in slumber when he busts open the door. Bang! crash! goes the boom overhead. He jumps a clean two feet from the deck, and his jaw drops as he looks at me.

"'*Asleep!*' he screams. 'How can you *sleep*, Mr. Noyes, at a time like this?'

"I sits up and rubs my eyes. 'What's the trouble, Cap'n?' I asks.

"'Trouble?" he yells. 'Listen! Can't you *hear?*'

"'That squall must ha' struck, sir,' I observes.

"He gives me one witherin' look, and slams the door.

"When I reached the deck the fur was flyin'. She'd come into the wind again; the lee rail was level with the water. 'Twas a devil of a squall. Some able seaman had mistook the main topsail halyards for the fore topgallant brace, and let it go by the run; the yard had fetched up solid, broken into pieces, and both ends of it was rippin' up the belly o' the mainsail. Nobody knew what sails was left, and what was gone. Cap'n Tripp stood aft with folded arms, sayin' not a word. Things was makin' up their own minds about it too swift to follow.

"But the masts stayed by her, and the squall soon passed over. We cleaned her up as best we could. And then the Old Man commenced to fume and fret.

"'What fool let go them topsail halyards?' he cries.

"'That's somethin', Cap'n, that we'll never know,' I says.

"'You can't splice a yard that's broke in the middle.'

"'No, sir. There's a spare yard on deck. We'll send that up in the mornin'.'

"'But it's the only spare spar aboard.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Now, what'll we do for sails, I'd like to know? I don't hardly want to bend the heavy-weather sails, here in the doldrums.'

"'Better anchor, sir, and think it over,' I suggests.

"'I wish to God I could!' he says; and the heartfelt way he brought it out tickled me down to my boots.

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After a while I persuaded him to go below. I reckon he'd have ended by leavin' her as she stood, there was so many different ways that everything could ha' been done.

"Well, in a few days we had her in runnin' order again. The rest o' the passage turned out fairly quiet. We pegged along and got to Anjer, hitched along up the China Sea, and managed to arrive at Hong Kong in a hundred and forty days. And more and more, as I sailed with him, I come to like the Old Man Tripp. I can't say why. He tickled me; but that warn't all. I liked him. He meant right in his heart. 'Twas the fault o' the world that he didn't make more showin'. Figure it down to rock bottom, it come to this: the man warn't selfish enough. He'd always given in to some one else; and the habit had knocked the tar completely out of him.

"THE FIRST EVENING in Hong Kong I took an hour o' comfort at the rail. Sails was unbent and stowed away. All along the slope o' the hill the lights was twinklin', and the air smelled strong o' land. Ships lay around us, a whole fleet o' square-rigged vessels. As I leaned there, smokin' my pipe, the Old Man Tripp come up to me.

"'Seems good to be at anchor, sir, don't it?' I says. 'I ain't been to Hong Kong for several years.'

"'Mr. Noyes,' says he, 'I thank God every time I arrive in port. I'm gettin' almost too old to go to sea.'

"'You don't like it very well, sir?' I asks.

"'It worries me more and more,' he says. 'No, I was never cut out for the sea.'

"'Some men are born for it,' I says, 'and others don't jibe with it from the first.'

"'Just so,' he says. 'That's it, exactly. They force themselves to go. All the boys is goin', and there don't seem nothin' else to do. They force themselves to learn, to rise; and when they get a ship, what do they find? No heart in it. The years stretch off ahead like a hopeless job. Then, maybe, they meet hard luck.' He passed his hand across his face, and heaved a sigh.

"'It's a thankless life at best, sir,' I chimes in.

"'It is,' he says. 'I suppose you think you know all about it. I suppose you laugh at me behind my back. I've gone by the corner. A queer old customer. Well, Mr. Noyes, I guess I know too much. There is such a thing.'

"The ship *Paul Revere* lay in Hong Kong that time. Dan Sands was mate of her, a chum o' mine from home. We figured that we'd be sailin' for New York together; and evenin's when we was callin' on each other, we'd joke over the race. I told Dan all about the Old Man Tripp and his ways o' carryin' sail.

"'Some day when you sight a ship on the Line hove-to under a goose-winged topsail, that's us,' I'd say. 'Or maybe you might see us on the Coast in a howlin' northeaster, with royals set. If ever they do get *set*, they're liable to stay so till they blow away. If you happen to notice three royals without bolt-ropes passin' on the breeze, you'll know that we're somewhere to windward bendin' sail.'

"'The *Paul Revere* is a clipper, my boy,' he'd answer, 'You won't stand a ghost of a show with us. We'll beat you by about thirty or forty days.

"I'd joke with Dan; but just the same it made me mad. If the *Vigilant* had been a slow old tub I might ha' stood it with a better grace; but I'd seen enough of her to know that with proper handlin' she would *sail*. 'Twas indecision that held her back. When Dan Sands waved his hand to me from the *Paul Revere*, as we was goin' out by Green Island side by side, I vowed that I'd find some way to make a decent passage home.

"Luck favoured us for a good long while. We parted company with the *Paul Revere* on the second day out, and had an easy run down the China Sea. The Old Man Tripp was familiar with Eastern waters; and, as I'd said, we got the royals set and so they stayed. When we passed Anjer our rival hadn't put in an appearance. I began to have a sneakin' hope that we might beat them after all.

"The weather seemed made to order for Cap'n Tripp, a fair wind most o' the time, not too light and not too strong. It did him a world o' good. The vessel sailed herself; as days went by without the necessity o' comin' to a decision, he brightened up and took on flesh. And as for me, I prayed. I'd dodge the Old Man round the deck; I'd hardly dare to speak to him at table. For I knew that when the spell did break 'twould be without rhyme or reason.

"We rounded the Cape o' Good Hope with royals set, and took the trades across the South Atlantic. Says I to myself, 'Watch out, and stand from under!' But the southeast trades carried us without a break to the Line; and after a few days o' doldrums, we picked up the northeasters on the other side, and started on the last leg o' the passage. Never was such a slant. Seventy days we'd been from Hong Kong to the Line in the Atlantic, no slouch of a run in old tea-clipper times. I begun to paint and polish up the *Vigilant* for port, plannin' what I'd say to Dan when he come stragglin' in.

"But a voyage ain't over till the anchor's down. The third day of the northeast trades it breezed on heavy; if they wants to, you know, the trades can blow up a swingein' buck of a wind. The Old Man paced the quarter deck, skittish but undecided. In one way, I see, the long rest had been bad for him: he'd forgotten how annoyin' a breeze might be. He'd stop and cast his eye aloft, then look to windward, then walk off aft with his hands behind his back, and examine the wake in a brown study. I knew the symptoms; my heart dropped into my boots. And all the while the wind kept breezin' on.

"At eight bells that night I took the watch, and the Cap'n went below. He'd managed to hold out that long, or else he hadn't managed to make up his mind. A splendid evenin', I remember, with a broad track of moonlight on the water and great clouds flyin' through the sky. Quite a sea had picked up: now and then she slapped a little spray on deck. She was just layin' down and walkin' home. I never see stiffer trades. Enough to make a feller's heart dance, with gear snappin' and crackin' aloft, and the sails full o' moonlight and good round wind.

"There I was, hangin' hard to the weather rail and

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singin' like a jay, when she struck a little sea. She must ha' given a heavier lurch than usual, though I scarcely noticed it. In the middle o' the second verse I was aware o' the Old Man standin' at my elbow, without coat or hat, his teeth chatterin' in his head.

"'Mr. Noyes,' he cries, 'what are you tryin' to do?'

"'I'm tryin to sing, sir,' I answers. 'But my musical education was neglected.'

"'Nonsense!' he cries. 'What is this ship doin', I want to know?'

"'She's doin' thirteen knots, sir,' says I, 'and more to come.'

"'I guess we'll call a halt,' he says. 'Twas the only time I ever see him riled. 'You can take in the royals and topgallant-sails, Mr. Noyes, as quick as you're able. Call all hands,' he says.

"'Cap'n,' I begs, 'you're not goin' to shorten sail in the trade winds? This breeze is steady as a clock. The trade winds is the only thing that you can depend on, sir, in all the world.'

"'She jumped me over in bed, Mr. Noyes,' he says. 'I won't carry sail in this reckless way.' And he kept the deck till we was down to upper topsails, with the mainsail hauled up. The mainsail, mind you. I could ha' laughed at the rest, but he hauled the mainsail up. Then he went below to sleep in peace.

"THERE WE LAY DANCIN' up and down, hove-to in the moonlight, by the gods o' war, in the heart o' the northeast trades! And what d'you think, but about that time a great ship come swingin' along our wake under three skysails and passed us close aboard. I clapped the glasses on her and made out without a doubt that she was the *Paul Revere*.

"That settled it. My heart was broke in two. Hardly stoppin' to think, I locked the after companionway on the outside and took the key. Runnin' around the house I closed and hasped the shutters to the cabin windows. Next I slipped down into the forrard cabin, locked the two doors there and took them keys. Then I pounded till I raised the Old Man Tripp.

"'Come to the door a minute, sir,' I cried.

"'What is it, Mr. Noyes?' he says, rattlin' the knob.

"'You're a prisoner, Cap'n,' says I. 'No use to make a row. You'll be comfortable, and your meals'll be sent in regular.'

"'What do you mean?' he cries.

"'The *Paul Revere* just passed us under skysails, sir,' I says. 'It ain't in human nature, Cap'n, to stand such a thing. Now, you turn in and get your sleep. I'm goin' on deck, sir, and make sail.'

"'Well, I wouldn't set everything, Mr. Noyes,' he says deliberate, on the other side o' the door.

"'I'll watch her close,' I answers, chokin' a laugh. 'You ease your mind, sir, and leave the ship to me.'

"And then I drove her. Next mornin', there was the *Paul Revere* hull-down ahead. We held our own that day; the followin' night we had a lift, and picked up five miles on her. The trades fell light again; by close watchin' and trimmin' the yards I managed to close up the gap between us inch by inch. The *Vigilant* was at her best in light weather. I found a set o' stun-sails below that hadn't seen the light for years; these I rigged out on bamboo poles lashed to the yard-arms. On another pole I contrived a balloon jib under the bowsprit, like a Spanish galleon. Staysails?—I covered her with staysails. She looked like a back yard with the washin' out. But altogether they did the trick; on the fifth day o' my command we'd crawled up on the *Paul Revere* and was sailin' with her side by side.

"Pretty soon they sets a string o' signals—'Is Captain sick?' I suppose they'd been watchin' our quarter deck with the glasses.

"I TOOK THE SIGNAL BOOK and hunted through it for somethin' appropriate to say. Soon I found—'Captain desires me to inform you'—and put it up. That gave me time. There was a whole page o' 'healths.' They all looked nice, but finally I picked out—'In bad health.' 'Twas noncommittal, and I hoped they'd let the matter drop.

"What is sickness?' they fired back at me.

"I was up a stump. Beriberi, dengy fever—what in the devil would I say? 'Toothache' caught my eye, and tempted me considerable. Then I struck 'disease,' and found what I wanted—'Infectious disease.' I put that up, and it kept 'em a proper distance. I didn't care to talk just then.

"You know how it is when two ships get together in a quiet spell. Side by side we sailed, day after day; it seemed as though we couldn't draw apart. And every day they'd set them cussed flags, askin' delicate questions about the Cap'n. It might be 'Is any improvement?' or 'Did Cap'n rest?' and I'd answer with 'Better' or 'Tolerably well.' Signals is the best language for lyin' that I ever used.

"The Old Man Tripp himself seemed happy as a clam at high water. The steward took in his meals, and each day I give him the observation at noon. Now and then I'd peek at him through the skylight; usually I'd find him readin' in the big armchair, without a care in the world.

"After we'd crossed the Gulf Stream and run into cold weather, we struck a northerly spell, and parted company with the *Paul Revere*. Then a southeaster lugged us up abreast the Delaware, and cleared off in the sou'west, a pretty chance to run us in. We passed Barnegat one day about noon; when lo and behold, off on the starboard beam a full-rigged ship hove in sight. O' course she turned out to be the *Paul Revere*.

"It was nip and tuck to the lightship then. I spread the fancy wings once more, and hung the balloon jib over the bow. From Barnegat to the Highlands we logged a clean twelve knots, passin' the lightship at three o'clock. The *Paul Revere* dropped into our wake about a mile astern.

"A pilot boarded us just beyond the lightship. I met him at the rail, tellin' him that the Cap'n was laid up below.

"'Racin' that ship astern?' he asks.

"'The same,' says I.

"'I thought as much,' he remarks, glancin' aloft and bustin' into a laugh. 'By George, you deserve to win!'

"About that time, along come a little tugboat and hauled up on our weather quarter. Lookin' inshore,

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I see a bigger boat a-hustlin' hot-foot toward us.

"D'you want a tow?' sings out the Cap'n o' the little tug.

"'No, thank you, sir,' says I. 'Go back and pick up that other ship. Tell 'em, with my compliments, that they need a lift.'

"Then we got the big towboat, and beat 'em to quarantine by over an hour.

"The moment that the anchor fetched bottom, my courage ebbed. The day o' reckonin' was at hand.

"'Doctor comin' aboard,' says the pilot.

"'Talk to him a minute, till I see the Cap'n,' I says.

"I waited awhile in the forrard cabin, thinkin' it over. Says I to myself, 'The jig is up. You've got to swaller your medicine.' Then I unlocked the after cabin door.

"The Old Man Tripp sat in the armchair, readin' a book. He finished his page before he looked at me.

"'We're anchored off quarantine, sir,' I says, 'and we beat the *Paul Revere.*'

"'Did we? Did we?' says he. 'Well, now, I'm glad to hear it.'

"I hitched from one foot to the other. 'Cap'n,' I says at last, 'I want to apologize for what I've done. I couldn't help it, sir.'

"'Well, I guess you don't quite mean that you couldn't help it,' says he.

"'I couldn't stand it, sir,' says I, 'to be passed hove-to in the trades.'

"'Now, Mr. Noyes, you don't mean hove-to exactly,' he says.

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'the doctor is comin' aboard this minute, and I told the pilot you was sick abed; and now I don't know what to do.'

"He got up kind o' slow, and smiled. It takes a homely man to smile.

"'Well,' says he, 'I guess I'd better get to bed.'"

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

Roadways

By JOHN MASEFIELD

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river,
As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.

A wet road heaving, shining,
And wild with seagulls' cries.
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth.

To add more miles to the tally
Of gray miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

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By
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Woodcuts by
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The Wedding Jest

James Branch Cabell

I. Concerning Several Compacts

IT IS A TALE which they narrate in Poictesme, telling how love began between Florian de Puysange and Adelaide de la Forêt. They tell also how young Florian had earlier fancied other women for one reason or another; but that this, he knew, was the great love of his life, and a love which would endure unchanged as long as his life lasted.

And the tale tells how the Comte de la Forêt stroked a gray beard and said:

"Well, after all, Puysange is a good fief——"

"As if that mattered!" cried his daughter, indignantly. "My father, you are a deplorably sordid person."

"My dear," replied the old gentleman, "it does matter. Fiefs last."

So he gave consent to the match, and the two young people were married on Walburga's eve, on the last day of April.

And they narrate how Florian de Puysange was vexed by a thought that was in his mind. He did not know what this thought was. But something he had overlooked; something there was he had meant to do, and had not done; and a troubling consciousness of this lurked at the back of his mind like a small formless cloud. All day, while bustling about other matters, he had groped toward this thought.

Now he had it: Tiburce.

The young Vicomte de Puysange stood in the doorway, looking back into the bright hall where they of Storisende were dancing at his marriage feast. His wife, for a whole half-hour his wife, was dancing with handsome Etienne de Nérac. Her glance met Florian's, and Adelaide flashed him an especial smile. Her hand went out as though to touch him, for all that the width of the hall severed them.

Florian remembered presently to smile back at her. Then he went out of the castle into a starless night that was as quiet as an unvoiced menace. A small and hard and gnarled-looking moon ruled over the dusk's secrecy. The moon this night, afloat in a luminous, gray void, somehow reminded Florian of a glistening and unripe huge apple.

The foliage about him moved at most as a sleeper breathes as Florian descended eastward through the walled gardens, and so came to the graveyard. White mists were rising, such mists as the witches of Amneran notoriously evoked in these parts on each Walburga's eve to purchase recreations which squeamishness leaves undescribed.

FOR FIVE YEARS NOW Tiburce d'Arnaye had lain there. Florian thought of his dead comrade and of the love which had been between them—a love more perfect and deeper and brighter than commonly exists between men; and the thought came to Florian, and was petulantly thrust away, that Adelaide loved ignorantly where Tiburce d'Arnaye had loved with comprehension. Yes, he had known almost the worst of Florian de Puysange, this dear lad who, none the less, had flung himself between Black Torrismond's sword and the breast of Florian de Puysange. And it seemed to Florian unfair that all should prosper with him, and Tiburce lie there imprisoned in dirt which shut away the colour and variousness of things and

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the drollness of things, wherein Tiburce d'Arnaye had taken such joy. And Tiburce, it seemed to Florian—for this was a strange night—was struggling futilely under all that dirt, which shut out movement, and clogged the mouth of Tiburce, and would not let him speak, and was struggling to voice a desire which was unsatisfied and hopeless.

"O, comrade dear," said Florian, "you who loved merriment, there is a feast afoot on this strange night, and my heart is sad that you are not here to share in the feasting. Come, come, Tiburce, a right trusty friend you were to me; and, living or dead, you should not fail to make merry at my wedding."

Thus he spoke. White mists were rising, and it was Walburga's eve.

So A QUEER THING HAPPENED, and it was that the earth upon the grave began to heave and to break in fissures, as when a mole passes through the ground. And other queer things happened after that, and presently Tiburce d'Arnaye was standing there, gray and vague in the moonlight as he stood there brushing the mould from his brows, and as he stood there blinking bright, wild eyes. And he was not greatly changed, it seemed to Florian; only the brows and nose of Tiburce cast no shadows upon his face, nor did his moving hand cast any shadow there, either, though the moon was naked overhead.

"You had forgotten the promise that was between us," said Tiburce; and his voice had not changed much, though it was smaller.

"It is true. I had forgotten. I remember now." And Florian shivered a little, not with fear, but with distaste.

"A man prefers to forget these things when he marries. It is natural enough. But are you not afraid of me who come from yonder?"

"Why should I be afraid of you, Tiburce, who gave your life for mine?"

"I do not say. But we change yonder."

"And does love change, Tiburce? For surely love at least is immortal."

"Living or dead, love changes. I do not say love dies in us who may hope to gain nothing more from love. Still, lying alone in the dark clay, there is nothing to do as yet save to think of what life was, and of what sunlight was, and of what we sang and whispered in dark places when we had lips; and of how young grass and murmuring waters and the high stars beget fine follies now; and to think of how merry our loved ones still contrive to be even now with their new playfellows. Such reflections are not always conducive to philanthropy."

"TELL ME," said Florian then, "and is there no way in which we who are still alive may aid you to be happier yonder?"

"Oh, but assuredly," replied Tiburce d'Arnaye, and he discoursed of curious matters; and as he talked, the mists about the graveyard thickened. "And so," Tiburce said, in concluding his tale, "it is not permitted that I make merry at your wedding after the fashion of those who are still in the warm flesh. But now that you recall our ancient compact, it is permitted I have my peculiar share in the merriment, and I drink with you to the bride's welfare."

"I drink," said Florian as he took the proffered cup, "to the welfare of my beloved Adelaide, whom alone of women I have really loved, and whom I shall love always."

"I perceive," replied the other, "that you must still be having your joke."

Then Florian drank, and after him Tiburce. And Florian said:

"But it is a strange drink, Tiburce, and now that you have tasted it you are changed."

"You have not changed, at least," Tiburce answered, and for the first time he smiled, a little perturbingly by reason of the change in him.

"Tell me," said Florian, "of how you fare yonder."

So Tiburce told him of yet more curious matters. Now the augmenting mists had shut off all the rest of the world. Florian could see only vague, rolling grayednesses and a gray and changed Tiburce sitting there, with bright, wild eyes, and discoursing in a small chill voice. The appearance of a woman came, and sat beside him on the right. She, too, was gray, as became Eve's senior; and she made a sign which Florian remembered, and it troubled him. Tiburce said then:

"And now, young Florian, you who were once so dear to me, it is to your welfare I drink."

"I drink to yours, Tiburce."

Tiburce drank first: and Florian, having drunk in turn, cried out: "You have changed beyond recognition!"

"You have not changed," Tiburce d'Arnaye replied again. "Now let me tell you of our pastimes yonder."

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With that he talked of exceedingly curious matters. And Florian began to grow dissatisfied, for Tiburce was no longer recognizable, and Tiburce whispered things uncomfortable to believe; and other eyes, as wild as his, but lit with red flarings from behind, like a beast's eyes, showed in the mists to this side and to that side, and unhappy beings were passing through the mists upon secret errands which they discharged unwillingly. Then, too, the appearance of a gray man now sat to the left of that which had been Tiburce d'Arnaye, and this new-comer was marked so that all might know who he was; and Florian's heart was troubled to note how handsome and how admirable was that desecrated face even now.

"But I must go," said Florian, lest they miss me at Storisende, and Adelaide be worried."

"Surely it will not take long to toss off a third cup. Nay, comrade, who were once so dear, let us two now drink our last toast together. Then go, in Sclaug's name, and celebrate your marriage. But before that let us drink to the continuance of human mirth-making everywhere."

Florian drank first. Then Tiburce took his turn, looking at Florian as Tiburce drank slowly. As he drank, Tiburce d'Arnaye was changed even more, and the shape of him altered, and the shape of him trickled as though Tiburce were builded of sliding fine white sand. So Tiburce d'Arnaye returned to his own place. The appearances that had sat to his left and to his right were no longer there to trouble Florian with memories. And Florian saw that the mists of Walburga's eve had departed, and that the sun was rising, and that the graveyard was all overgrown with nettles and tall grass.

He had not remembered the place being thus, and it seemed to him the night had passed with unnatural quickness. But he thought more of the fact that he had been beguiled into spending his wedding-night in a graveyard in such questionable company, and of what explanation he could make to Adelaide.

II. Of Young Persons In May

The tale tells how Florian de Puysange came in the dawn through flowering gardens, and heard young people from afar, already about their maying. Two by two he saw them from afar as they went with romping and laughter into the tall woods behind Storisende to fetch back the May-pole with dubious old rites. And as they went they sang, as was customary, that song which Raimbaut de Vaqueiras made in the ancient time in honour of May's ageless triumph.

Sang they:

May shows with god-like showing
Today for each that sees
May's magic overthrowing
All musty memories
In him whom May decrees
To be love's own. He saith,
I wear love's liveries
Until released by death.

Thus all we laud May's sowing,
Nor heed how harvests please
When nowhere grain worth growing
Greets autumn's questing breeze,
And garnerers garner these—
Vain words and wasted breath
And spilth and tasteless lees—
Until released by death.

Unwillingly foreknowing
That love with May-time flees,
We take this day's bestowing,
And feed on fantasies
Such as love lends for ease
Where none but travaileth,
With lean, infrequent fees,
Until released by death.

And Florian shook his sleek, black head. "A very foolish and pessimistical old song, a superfluous song, and a song that is particularly out of place in the loveliest spot in the loveliest of all possible worlds."

Yet Florian took no inventory of the gardens. There was but a happy sense of green and gold, with blue topping all; of twinkling, fluent, tossing leaves and of the gray underside of elongated, straining leaves; a sense of pert bird-noises, and of a longer shadow than usual slanting before him, and a sense of youth and well-being everywhere. Certainly it was not a morning wherein pessimism might hope to flourish.

Instead, it was of Adelaide that Florian thought: of the tall, impulsive, and yet timid, fair girl who was both shrewd and innocent, and of her tenderly coloured loveliness, and of his abysmally unmerited felicity in having won her. Why, but what, he reflected, grimacing—what if he had too hastily married somebody else? For he had earlier fancied other women for one reason or another: but this, he knew, was the great love of his life, and a love which would endure unchanged as long as his life lasted.

III. What Comes of Marrying Happily

The tale tells how Florian de Puysange found Adelaide in the company of two ladies who were unknown to him. One of these was very old, the other an imposing matron in middle life. The three were pleasantly shaded by young oak-trees; beyond was a tall hedge of clipped yew. The older women were at chess, while Adelaide bent her meek, golden head to some of that fine needle-work in which the girl delighted. And beside them rippled a small sun-lit stream, which babbled and gurgled with silver flashes. Florian hastily noted these things as he ran laughing to his wife.

"Heart's dearest!" he cried. And he saw, perplexed, that Adelaide had risen with a faint, wordless cry, and was gazing at him as though she were puzzled and alarmed a very little.

"Such an adventure as I have to tell you of!" said Florian then.

"But, hey, young man, who are you that would seem to know my daughter so well?" demanded the lady in middle life, and she rose majestically from her chess-game.

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Florian stared, as he well might.

"Your daughter, madame! But certainly you are not Dame Melicent."

At this the old, old woman raised her nodding head.

"Dame Melicent? And was it I you were seeking, sir?"

Now Florian looked from one to the other of these incomprehensible strangers, bewildered; and his eyes came back to his lovely wife, and his lips smiled irresolutely.

"Is this some jest to punish me, my dear?" But then a new and graver trouble kindled in his face, and his eyes narrowed, for there was something odd about his wife also.

"I have been drinking in queer company," he said. "It must be that my head is not yet clear. Now certainly it seems to me that you are Adelaide de la Forêt, and certainly it seems to me that you are not Adelaide."

The girl replied:

"Why, no, messire; I am Sylvie de Nointel."

"Come, come," said the middle-aged lady, briskly, "let us have an end of this play-acting! There has been no Adelaide de la Forêt in these parts for some twenty-five years, as nobody knows better than I. Young fellow, let us have a sniff at you. No, you are not tipsy, after all. Well, I am glad of that. So let us get to the bottom of this business. What do they call you when you are at home?"

"Florian de Puysange," he answered, speaking meekly enough. This capable large person was to the young man rather intimidating.

"La!" said she. She looked at him very hard. She nodded gravely two or three times, so that her double chin opened and shut.

"Yes, and you favour him. How old are you?" He told her twenty-four. She said inconsequently: "So I was a fool, after all. Well, young man, you will never be as good-looking as your father, but I trust you have an honester nature. However, bygones are bygones. Is the old rascal still living, and was it he that had the impudence to send you to me?"

"My father, madame, was slain at the Battle of Marchfeld——"

"Some fifty years ago! And you are twenty-four. Young man, your parentage had unusual features, or else we are at cross-purposes. Let us start at the beginning of this. You tell us you are called Florian de Puysange, and that you have been drinking in queer company. Now let us have the whole story."

FLORIAN TOLD of last night's happenings, with no more omissions than seemed desirable with feminine auditors.

Then the old woman said:

"I think this is a true tale, my daughter, for the witches of Amneran contrive strange things, with mists to aid them, and with Lilith and Sclaug to abet. Yes, and this fate has fallen before to men that have been over-friendly with the dead."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the stout lady.

"But, no, my daughter. Thus seven persons slept at Ephesus, from the time of Decius to the time of Theodosius——"

"Still, Mother——"

"And the proof of it is that they were called Constantine and Dionysius and John and Malchus and Marcian and Maximian and Serapion. They were duly canonized. You cannot deny that this thing happened without asserting no less than seven blessed saints to have been unprincipled liars, and that would be a very horrible heresy——"

"Yet, Mother, you know as well as I do——"

"And thus Epimenides, another excellently spoken-of saint, slept at Athens for fifty-seven years. Thus Charlemagne slept in the Untersberg, and will sleep until the ravens of Miramon Lluagor have left his mountains. Thus Rhyming Thomas in the Eildon Hills, thus Ogier in Avalon, thus Oisin——"

The old lady bade fair to go on interminably in her gentle, resolute, piping old voice, but the other one interrupted.

"Well, Mother, do not excite yourself about it, for it only makes your asthma worse, and does no especial good to anybody. Things may be as you say. Certainly I intended nothing irreligious. Yet these extended naps, appropriate enough for saints and emperors, are out of place in one's own family. So, if it is not stuff and nonsense, it ought to be. And that I stick to."

"But we forget the boy, my dear," said the old lady. "Now listen, Florian de Puysange. Thirty years ago last night, to the month and the day, it was that you vanished from our knowledge, leaving my daughter a forsaken bride. For I am what the years have made of Dame Melicent, and this is my daughter Adelaide, and yonder is her daughter Sylvie de Nointel."

"La! Mother," observed the stout lady, "but are you certain it was the last of April? I had been thinking it was some time in June. And I protest it could not have been all of thirty years. Let me see now, Sylvie, how old is your brother Richard? Twenty-eight, you say. Well, Mother, I always said you had a marvelous memory for things like that, and I often envy you. But how time does fly, to be sure!"

And Florian was perturbed.

"For this is an awkward thing, and Tiburce had played me an unworthy trick. He never did know when to leave off joking; but such posthumous frivolity is past endurance. For, see now, in what a pickle it has landed me! I have outlived my friends, I may encounter difficulty in regaining my fiefs, and certainly I have lost the fairest wife man ever had. Oh, can it be, madame, that you are indeed my Adelaide!"

"Yes, every pound of me, poor boy, and that says much."

"And that you have been untrue to the eternal fidelity which you swore to me here by this very stream? Oh, but I cannot believe it was thirty years ago, for not a grass-blade or a pebble has been altered; and I perfectly remember the lapping of water under those lichened rocks, and that continuous file of ripples yonder, which are shaped like arrow-heads."

Adelaide rubbed her nose.

"Did I promise eternal fidelity? I can hardly remember that far back. But I remember I wept a great deal, and my parents assured me you were either dead or a rascal, so that tears could not help either

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way. Then Ralph de Nointel came along, good man, and made me a fair husband, as husbands go——"

"As for that stream," then said Dame Melicent, "it is often I have thought of that stream, sitting here with my grandchildren where I once sat with gay young men whom nobody remembers now save me. Yes, it is strange to think that instantly, and within the speaking of any simple word, no drop of water retains the place it held before the word was spoken; and yet the stream remains unchanged, and stays as it was when I sat here with those young men who are gone. Yes, that is a strange thought, and it is a sad thought, too, for those of us who are old."

"But, Mother, of course the stream remains unchanged," agreed Dame Adelaide. "Streams always do except at high water. Everybody knows that, and I see nothing remarkable about it. As for you, Florian, if you stickle for love's being an immortal affair," she added, with a large twinkle, "I would have you know I have been a widow for three years. So the matter could be arranged.

Florian looked at her sadly. To him the situation was incongruous with the terrible archness of a fat woman.

"But, madame, you are no longer the same person."

She patted him upon the shoulder.

"Come, Florian, there is some sense in you, after all. Console yourself, lad, with the reflection that if you had stuck manfully by your wife instead of mooning about graveyards, I would still be just as I am today, and you would be tied to me. Your friend probably knew what he was about when he drank to our welfare, for we should never have suited each other, as you can see for yourself. Well, Mother, many things fall out queerly in this world, but with age we learn to accept what happens without flustering too much over it. What are we to do with this resurrected old lover of mine?"

It was horrible to Florian to see how prosaically these women dealt with his unusual misadventure. Here was a miracle occurring virtually before their eyes, and these women accepted it with maddening tranquillity as an affair for which they were not responsible. Florian began to reflect that elderly persons were always more or less unsympathetic and inadequate.

"First of all," said Dame Melicent, "I would give him some breakfast. He must be hungry after all these years. And you could put him in Adhelmar's room——"

"But," Florian said wildly, to Dame Adelaide, "you have committed the crime of bigamy, and you are, after all, my wife!"

She replied, herself not unworried:

"Yes, but, Mother, both the cook and the butler are somewhere in the bushes yonder, up to some nonsense that I prefer to know nothing about. You know how servants are, particularly on holidays. I could scramble him some eggs, though, with a rasher. And Adhelmar's room it had better be, I suppose, though I had meant to have it turned out. But as for bigamy and being your wife," she concluded more cheerfully, "it seems to me the least said the soonest mended. It is to nobody's interest to rake up those foolish bygones, so far as I can see."

"Adelaide, you profane equally love, which is divine, and marriage, which is a holy sacrament."

"Florian, do you really love Adelaide de Nointel?" asked this terrible woman. "And now that I am free to listen to your proposals, do you wish to marry me?"

"Well, no," said Florian; "for, as I have just said, you are no longer the same person."

"Why, then, you see for yourself. So do you quit talking nonsense about immortality and sacraments."

"But, still," cried Florian, "love is immortal. Yes, I repeat to you, precisely as I told Tiburce, love is immortal."

Then said Dame Melicent, nodding her shriveled old head:

"When I was young, and served by nimbler senses and desires, and housed in brightly coloured flesh, there were many men who loved me. Minstrels yet tell of the men that loved me, and of how many tall men were slain because of their love for me, and of how in the end it was Perion who won me. For the noblest and the most faithful of all my lovers was Perion of the Forest, and through tempestuous years he sought me with a love that conquered time and chance; and so he won me. Thereafter he made me a fair husband, as husbands go. But I might not stay the girl he had loved, nor might he remain the lad that Melicent had dreamed of, with dreams bedrugging the long years in which Demetrios held Melicent a prisoner, and youth went away from her. No, Perion and I could not do that, any more than might two drops of water there retain their place in the stream's flowing. So Perion and I grew old together,

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friendly enough; and our senses and desires began to serve us more drowsily, so that we did not greatly mind the falling away of youth, nor greatly mind to note what shriveled hands now moved before us, performing common tasks; and we were content enough. But of the high passion that had wedded us there was no trace, and of little senseless human bickerings there were a great many. For one thing"—and the old lady's voice was changed—"for one thing, he was foolishly particular about what he would eat and what he would not eat, and that upset my housekeeping, and I had never any patience with such nonsense."

"Well, none the less," said Florian, "it is not quite nice of you to acknowledge it."

Then said Dame Adelaide:

"That is a true word, Mother. All men get finicky about their food, and think they are the only persons to be considered, and there is no end to it if once you begin to humour them. So there has to be a stand made. Well, and indeed my poor Ralph, too, was all for kissing and pretty talk at first, and I accepted it willingly enough. You know how girls are. They like to be made much of, and it is perfectly natural. But that leads to children. And when the children began to come, I had not much time to bother with him; and Ralph had his farming and his warfaring to keep him busy. A man with a growing family cannot afford to neglect his affairs. And certainly, being no fool, he began to notice that girls here and there had brighter eyes and trimmer waists than I. I do not know what such observations may have led to when he was away from me; I never inquired into it, because in such matters all men are fools. But I put up with no nonsense at home, and he made me a fair husband, as husbands go. That much I will say for him gladly; and if any widow says more than that, Florian, do you beware of her, for she is an untruthful woman."

"Be that as it may," replied Florian, "it is not quite becoming to speak thus of your dead husband. No doubt you speak the truth; there is no telling what sort of person you may have married in what still seems to me unseemly haste to provide me with a successor; but even so, a little charitable prevarication would be far more edifying."

He spoke with such earnestness that there fell a silence. The women seemed to pity him. And in the silence Florian heard from afar young persons returning from the woods behind Storisende, and bringing with them the May-pole. They were still singing.

Sang they:

> "Unwilling foreknowing
> That love with May-time flees,
> We take this day's bestowing,
> And feed on fantasies——"

IV. Youth Solves It

THE TALE TELLS how lightly and sweetly, and compassionately, too, then spoke young Sylvie de Nointel:

"Ah, but, assuredly, Messire Florian, you do not argue with my pets quite seriously. Old people always have some such queer notions. Of course love all depends upon what sort of person you are. Now, as I see it, mama and grandmama are not the sort of persons who have real love-affairs. Devoted as I am to both of them, I cannot but perceive they are lacking in real depth of sentiment. They simply do not understand such matters. They are fine, straightforward, practical persons, poor dears, and always have been, of course, for in things like that one does not change, as I have often noticed. And father, and grandfather, too, as I remember him, was kind-hearted and admirable and all that, but nobody could ever have expected him to be a satisfactory lover. Why, he was bald as an egg, the poor pet!"

And Sylvie laughed again at the preposterous notions of old people. She flashed an especial smile at Florian. Her hand went out as though to touch him, in an unforgotten gesture. "Old people do not understand," said Sylvia de Nointel in tones which took this handsome young fellow ineffably into confidence.

"MADEMOISELLE," said Florian, with a sigh that was part relief and all approval, "it is you who speak the truth, and your elders have fallen victims to the cynicisms of a crassly material age. Love is immortal when it is really love and one is the right sort of person. There is the love—known to how few, alas! and a passion of which I regret to find your mother incapable—that endures unchanged until the end of life."

"I am so glad you think so, Messire Florian," she answered demurely.

"And do you not think so, mademoiselle?"

"How should I know," she asked him, "as yet?" He noted she had incredibly long lashes.

"Thrice happy is he that convinces you!" says Florian. And about them, who were young in the world's recaptured youth, spring triumphed with an ageless rural pageant, and birds cried to their mates. He noted the red brevity of her lips and their probable softness.

Meanwhile the elder women regarded each other.

"It is the season of May. They are young and they are together. Poor children!" said Dame Melicent. "Youth cries to youth for the toys of youth, and saying, 'Lo! I cry with the voice of a great god!'"

"Still," said Madame Adelaide, "Puysange is a good fief."

But Florian heeded neither of them as he stood by the sunlit stream, in which no drop of water retained its place for a moment, and which yet did not alter in appearance at all. He did not heed his elders, for the excellent reason that Sylvie de Nointel was about to speak, and he preferred to listen to her. For this girl, he knew, was lovelier than any other person had ever been since Eve first raised just such admiring, innocent, and venturesome eyes to inspect what must have seemed to her the quaintest of all animals, called man. So it was with a shrug that Florian remembered how he had earlier fancied other women for one reason or another; since this, he knew, was the great love of his life, and a love which would endure unchanged as long as his life lasted.

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By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Kazan

James Oliver Curwood

Woodcut by Carroll Holliday

KAZAN LAY MUTE and motionless, his gray nose between his forepaws, his eyes half closed. A rock could have appeared scarcely less lifeless than he: not a muscle twitched; not a hair moved; not an eyelid quivered. Yet every drop of the wild blood in his splendid body was racing in a ferment of excitement that Kazan had never before experienced; every nerve and fiber of his wonderful muscles was tense as steel wire. Quarter-strain wolf, three-quarters "husky," he had lived the four years of his life in the wilderness. He had felt the pangs of starvation. He knew what it meant to freeze. He had listened to the wailing winds of the long Arctic night over the barrens. He had heard the thunder of the torrent and the cataract, and had cowered under the mighty crash of the storm. His throat and sides were scarred by battle, and his eyes were red with the blister of the snows. He was called Kazan, the Wild Dog, because he was a giant among his kind, and as fearless, even, as the men who drove him through the perils of a frozen world.

He had never known fear—until now. He had never felt in him before the desire to *run*—not even on that terrible day in the forest when he had fought and killed the big gray lynx. He did not know what it was that frightened him, but he knew that he was in another world, and that many things in it startled and alarmed him. It was his first glimpse of civilization. He wished that his master would come back into the strange room where he had left him. It was a room filled with hideous things. There were great human faces on the wall, but they did not move or speak, but stared at him in a way he had never seen people look before. He remembered having looked on a master who lay very quiet and very cold in the snow, and he had sat back on his haunches and wailed forth the death song; but these people on the walls looked alive, and yet seemed dead.

Suddenly Kazan lifted his ears a little. He heard steps, then low voices. One of them was his master's voice. But the other—it sent a little tremor through him! Once, so long ago that it must have been in his puppyhood days, he seemed to have had a dream of a laugh that was like the girl's laugh—a laugh that was all at once filled with a wonderful happiness, the thrill of a wonderful love, and a sweetness that made Kazan lift his head as they came in. He looked straight at them, his red eyes gleaming. At once he knew that she must be dear to his master, for his master's arm was about her. In the glow of the light he saw that her hair was very bright, and that there was the colour of the crimson *bakneesh* vine in her face, and the blue of the *bakneesh* flower in her shining eyes. Suddenly she saw him, and with a little cry darted toward him.

"Stop!" shouted the man. "He's dangerous! Kazan——"

She was on her knees beside him, all fluffy and sweet and beautiful, her eyes shining wonderfully, her hands about to touch him. Should he cringe back? Should he snap? Was she one of the things on the wall, and his enemy? Should he leap at her white throat? He saw the man running forward, pale as death. Then her hand fell upon his head and the touch sent a thrill through him that quivered in every nerve of his body. With both hands she turned up his head. Her face was very close, and he heard her say, almost sobbingly:

"And you are Kazan—dear old Kazan, my Kazan, my hero dog—who brought him home to me when all the others had died! My Kazan—my hero!"

And then, miracle of miracles, her face was crushed down against him, and he felt her sweet warm touch.

IN THOSE MOMENTS Kazan did not move. He scarcely breathed. It seemed a long time before the girl lifted her face from him. And when she did, there were tears in her blue eyes, and the man was standing above them, his hands gripped tight, his jaws set.

"I never knew him to let anyone touch him—with their naked hand," he said in a tense, wondering voice. "Move back quietly, Isobel. Good heaven—look at that!"

Kazan whined softly, his bloodshot eyes on the girl's face. He wanted to feel her hand again; he wanted to touch her face. Would they beat him with a club, he wondered, if he *dared!* He meant no harm now. He would kill for her. He cringed toward her, inch

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by inch, his eyes never faltering. He heard what the man said—"Good heaven! Look at that!"—and he shuddered. But no blow fell to drive him back. His cold muzzle touched her filmy dress, and she looked at him, without moving, her wet eyes blazing like stars.

"See!" she whispered. "See!"

Half an inch more—an inch, two inches, and he gave his big gray body a hunch toward her. Now his muzzle traveled slowly upward—over her foot, to her lap, and at last touched the warm little hand that lay there. His eyes were still on her face: he saw a queer throbbing in her bare white throat, and then a trembling of her lips as she looked up at the man with a wonderful look. He, too, knelt down beside them, and put his arm about the girl again, and patted the dog on his head. Kazan did not like the man's touch. He mistrusted it, as nature had taught him to mistrust the touch of all men's hands, but he permitted it because he saw that it in some way pleased the girl.

"Kazan, old boy, you wouldn't hurt her, would you?" said his master softly. "We both love her, don't we, boy? Can't help it, can we? And she's ours, Kazan, all *ours!* She belongs to you and to me, and we're going to take care of her all our lives, and if we ever have to we'll fight for her like hell—won't we? Eh, Kazan, old boy?"

For a long time after they left him where he was lying on the rug, Kazan's eyes did not leave the girl. He watched and listened—and all the time there grew more and more in him the craving to creep up to them and touch the girl's hand, or her dress, or her foot. After a time his master said something, and with a little laugh the girl jumped up and ran to a big, square, shining thing that stood crosswise in a corner, and which had a row of white teeth longer than his own body. He had wondered what those teeth were for. The girl's fingers touched them now, and all the whispering of winds that he had ever heard, all the music of the waterfalls and the rapids and the trilling of birds in spring-time, could not equal the sounds they made. It was his first music. For a moment it startled and frightened him, and then he felt the fright pass away and a strange tingling in his body. He wanted to sit back on his haunches and howl, as he had howled at the billion stars in the skies on cold winter nights. But something kept him from doing that. It was the girl. Slowly he began slinking toward her. He felt the eyes of the man upon him, and stopped. Then a little more—inches at a time, with his throat and jaw straight out along the floor! He was half-way to her—half-way across the room—when the wonderful sounds grew very soft and very low.

"Go on!" he heard the man urge in a low, quick voice. "Go on! Don't stop!"

THE GIRL TURNED HER HEAD, saw Kazan cringing there on the floor, and continued to play. The man was still looking, but his eyes could not keep Kazan back now. He went nearer, still nearer, until at last his outreaching muzzle touched her dress where it touched the floor. And then—he lay trembling, for she had begun to sing. He had heard a Cree woman crooning in front of her tepee; he had heard the wild chant of the caribou song—but he had never heard anything like this wonderful sweetness that fell from the lips of the girl. He forgot his master's presence now. Quietly, cringingly, so that she would not know, he lifted his head. He saw her looking at him; there was something in her wonderful eyes that gave him confidence, and he laid his head in her lap. For the second time he felt the touch of a woman's hand, and he closed his eyes with a long sighing breath. The music stopped. There came a little fluttering sound above him, like a laugh and a sob in one. He heard his master cough.

"I've always loved the old rascal—but I never thought he'd do that," he said; and his voice sounded queer to Kazan.

WONDERFUL DAYS FOLLOWED for Kazan. He missed the forests and deep snows. He missed the daily strife of keeping his team-mates in trace, the yapping at his heels, the straight, long pull over the open spaces and the barrens. He missed the "Koosh—koosh—Hoo-yah!" of the driver, the spiteful snap of his twenty-foot caribou-gut whip, and that yelping and straining behind him that told him he had his followers in line. But something had come to take the place of that which he missed. It was in the room, in the air all about him, even when the girl or his master was not near. Wherever she had been, he found the presence of that strange thing that took away his loneliness. It was the woman scent, and sometimes it made him whine softly when the girl herself was actually with him. He was not lonely nights, when he should have been out howling at the stars. He was not lonely, because one night he prowled about until he found a certain door, and when the girl opened that door in the morning she found him curled up tight against it. She had reached down and hugged him, the thick smother of her long hair falling all over him in a delightful perfume; thereafter she placed a rug before the door for him to sleep on. All through the long nights he knew that she was just beyond the door, and he was content. Each day he thought less and less of the wild places, and more of her.

Then there came the beginning of the change. There was a strange hurry and excitement around him, and the girl paid less attention to him. He grew uneasy. He sniffed the change in the air, and he began to study his master's face. Then there came the morning, very early, when the babiche collar and the iron chain were fastened to him again. Not until he had followed his master out through the door and into the street did he begin to understand. They were sending him away! He sat suddenly back on his haunches and refused to budge.

"Come, Kazan," coaxed the man. "Come on, boy."

He hung back and showed his white fangs. He expected the lash of a whip or the blow of a club, but neither came. His master laughed and took him back to the house. When they left it again, the girl was with them and walked with her hand touching his head. It was she who persuaded him to leap up through a big dark hole into the still darker interior of a car, and it was she who lured him to the darkest

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corner of all, where his master fastened his chain. Then they went out, laughing like two children. For hours after that, Kazan lay still and tense, listening to the queer rumble of wheels under him. Several times those wheels stopped, and he heard voices outside. At last he was sure that he heard a familiar voice, and he strained at his chain and whined. The closed door slid back. A man with a lantern climbed in, followed by his master. He paid no attention to them, but glared out through the opening into the gloom of night. He almost broke loose when he leaped down upon the white snow, but when he saw no one there, he stood rigid, sniffing the air. Over him were the stars he had howled at all his life, and about him were the forests, black and silent, shutting them in like a wall. Vainly he sought for that one scent that was missing, and Thorpe heard the low note of grief in his shaggy throat. He took the lantern and held it above his head, at the same time loosening his hold on the leash. At that signal there came a voice from out of the night. It came from behind them, and Kazan whirled so suddenly that the loosely held chain slipped from the man's hand. He saw the glow of other lanterns. And then, once more, the voice——

"Kaa-aa-zan!"

He was off like a bolt. Thorpe laughed to himself as he followed.

"The old pirate!" he chuckled.

When he came to the lantern-lighted space back of the caboose, Thorpe found Kazan crouching down at a woman's feet. It was Thorpe's wife. She smiled triumphantly at him as he came up out of the gloom.

"You've won!" he laughed, not unhappily. "I'd have wagered my last dollar he wouldn't do that for any voice on earth. You've won! Kazan, you brute, I've lost you!"

His face suddenly sobered as Isobel stooped to pick up the end of the chain.

"He's yours, Issy," he added quickly, "but you must let me care for him until—we *know*. Give me the chain. I won't trust him even now. He's a wolf. I've seen him take an Indian's hand off at a single snap. I've seen him tear out another dog's jugular in one leap. He's an outlaw—a bad dog—in spite of the fact that he hung to me like a hero and brought me out alive. I can't trust him. Give me the chain——"

He did not finish. With the snarl of a wild beast, Kazan had leaped to his feet. His lips drew up and bared his long fangs. His spine stiffened, and with a sudden cry of warning, Thorpe dropped a hand to the revolver at his belt.

Kazan paid no attention to him. Another form had approached out of the night, and stood now in the circle of illumination made by the lanterns. It was McCready, who was to accompany Thorpe and his young wife back to the Red River camp, where Thorpe was in charge of the building of the new Trans-continental. The man was straight, powerfully built, and clean shaven. His jaw was so square that it was brutal, and there was a glow in his eyes that was almost like the passion in Kazan's as he looked at Isobel.

Her red and white stocking-cap had slipped free of her head and was hanging over her shoulder. The dull blaze of the lanterns shone in the warm glow of her hair. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes, suddenly turned to him, were as blue as the bluest *bakneesh* flower and glowed like diamonds. McCready shifted his gaze, and instantly her hand fell on Kazan's head. For the first time the dog did not seem to feel her touch. He still snarled at McCready, the rumbling menace in his throat growing deeper. Thorpe's wife tugged at the chain.

"Down, Kazan—down!" she commanded.

At the sound of her voice he relaxed.

"Down!" she repeated, and her free hand fell on

Woodcut by M. J. Gallegher

He's an outlaw—a bad dog.

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come this way. By morning it would cover everything, even the fire, if he allowed it to die down. McCready drank again, out in the darkness. Low words of an insane joy burst from his lips. His head was hot with a drunken fire. His heart beat madly, but scarcely more furiously than did Kazan's when the dog saw that McCready was returning *with a club!* The club he placed on end against a tree. Then he took a lantern from the sledge and lighted it. He approached Thorpe's tent-flap, the lantern in his hand.

"Ho, Thorpe—Thorpe!" he called.

There was no answer. He could hear Thorpe breathing. He drew the flap aside a little and raised his voice.

"Thorpe!"

Still there was no movement inside, and he untied the flap strings and thrust in his lantern. The light flashed on Isobel's golden head, and McCready stared at it, his eyes burning like red coals, until he saw that Thorpe was awakening. Quickly he dropped the flap and rustled it from the outside.

"Ho, Thorpe!—Thorpe!" he called again.

This time Thorpe replied.

"Hello, McCready—is that you?"

McCready drew the flap back a little and spoke in a low voice.

"Yes. Can you come out a minute? Something's happening out in the woods. Don't wake up your wife!"

He drew back and waited. A minute later Thorpe came quietly out of the tent. McCready pointed into the thick spruce.

"I'll swear there's some one nosing around the camp," he said. "I'm certain that I saw a man out there a few minutes ago, when I went for a log. It's a good night for stealing dogs. Here—you take the lantern! If I wasn't clean fooled, we'll find a trail in the snow."

He gave Thorpe the lantern and picked up the heavy club. A growl rose in Kazan's throat, but he choked it back. He wanted to snarl forth his warning, to leap at the end of his leash, but he knew that if he did that, they would return and beat him. So he lay still, trembling and shivering and whining softly. He watched them until they disappeared—and then waited—listened. At last he heard the crunch of snow. He was not surprised to see McCready come back alone. He had expected him to return alone. For he knew what a club meant!

McCready's face was terrible now. It was like a beast's. He was hatless. Kazan slunk deeper in his shadow at the low, horrible laugh that fell from his lips—for the man still held the club. In a moment he dropped that and approached the tent. He drew back the flap and peered in. Thorpe's wife was sleeping, and as quietly as a cat he entered and hung the lantern on a nail in the tent-pole. His movement did not awaken her, and for a few moments he stood there, staring—staring.

OUTSIDE, CROUCHING in the deep shadow, Kazan tried to fathom the meaning of these strange things that were happening. Why had his master and McCready gone out into the forest? Why had not his master returned? It was his master, and not McCready, who belonged in that tent. Then why was McCready there? He watched McCready as he entered, and suddenly the dog was on his feet, his back tense and bristling, his limbs rigid. He saw McCready's huge shadow on the canvas, and a moment later there came a strange, piercing cry. In the wild terror of that cry he recognized *her* voice—and he leaped toward the tent. The leash stopped him, choking the snarl in his throat. He saw the shadows struggling now, and there came cry after cry. She was calling to his master, and with his master's name she was calling *him!*

"*Kazan—Kazan——*"

He leaped again, and was thrown upon his back. A second and a third time he sprang the length of the leash into the night, and the babiche cord about his neck cut into his flesh like a knife. He stopped for an instant, gasping for breath. The shadows were still fighting. Now they were upright! Now they were crumpling down! With a fierce snarl he flung his whole weight once more at the end of the chain. There was a snap, as the thong about his neck gave way.

In half a dozen bounds Kazan made the tent and rushed under the flap. With a snarl he was at McCready's throat. The first snap of his powerful jaws was death, but he did not know that. He knew only that his mistress was there, and that he was fighting for her. There came one choking, gasping cry that ended with a terrible sob; it was McCready. The man sank from his knees upon his back, and Kazan thrust his fangs deeper into his enemy's throat; he felt the warm blood.

The dog's mistress was calling to him now. She was pulling at his shaggy neck. But he would not lose his hold—not for a long time. When he did, his mistress looked down once upon the man and covered her face with her hands. Then she sank down upon the blankets. She was very still. Her face and hands were cold, and Kazan muzzled them tenderly. Her eyes were closed. He snuggled up close against her, with his ready jaws turned toward the dead man. Why was she so still, he wondered?

A LONG TIME PASSED, and then she moved. Her eyes opened. Her hand touched him.

Then he heard a step outside.

It was his master, and with that old thrill of fear—fear of the club—he went swiftly to the door. Yes, there was his master in the firelight—and in his hand he held the club. He was coming slowly, almost falling at each step, and his face was red with blood. But he had *the club!* He would beat him again—beat him terribly for hurting McCready; so Kazan slipped quietly under the tent-flap and stole off into the shadows. From out the gloom of the thick spruce he looked back, and a low whine of love and grief rose and died softly in his throat. They would beat him always now—after *that*. Even *she* would beat him. They would hunt him down and beat him when they found him.

From out of the glow of the fire he turned his wolfish head to the depths of the forest. There were

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no clubs or stinging lashes out in that gloom. They would never find him there.

For another moment he wavered. And then, as silently as one of the wild creatures whose blood was partly his, he stole away into the blackness of the night.

There was a low moaning of the wind in the spruce-tops as Kazan slunk off into the blackness and mystery of the forest. For hours he lay near the camp, his red and blistered eyes gazing steadily at the tent wherein the terrible thing had happened a little while before.

He knew now what death was. He could tell it farther than man. He could smell it in the air. And he knew that there was death all about him, and that he was the cause of it. He lay on his belly in the deep snow and shivered, and the three-quarters of him that was dog whined in a grief-stricken way, while the quarter that was wolf still revealed itself menacingly in his fangs and in the vengeful glare of his eyes.

Three times the man—his master—came out of the tent and shouted loudly, "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!"

Three times the woman came with him. In the firelight Kazan could see her shining hair streaming about her, as he had seen it in the tent, when he had leaped up and killed the other man. In her blue eyes there was the same wild terror, and her face was white as the snow. And the second and third time she too called, "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!" and all that part of him that was dog, and not wolf, trembled joyously at the sound of her voice, and he almost crept in to take his beating. But fear of the club was greater, and he held back, hour after hour, until now it was silent again in the tent, and he could no longer see their shadows, and the fire was dying down.

Cautiously he crept out from the thick gloom, working his way on his belly toward the packed sledge and what remained of the burned logs. Beyond that sledge, hidden in the darkness of the trees, was the body of the man he had killed, covered with a blanket. Thorpe, his master, had dragged it there.

Woodcut by M. J. Gallegher

McCready.

He lay down, with his nose to the warm coals and his eyes leveled between his forepaws, straight at the closed tent-flap. He meant to keep awake, to watch, to be ready to slink off into the forest at the first movement there. But a warmth was rising from out of the gray ash of the fire-bed, and his eyes closed. Twice—three times—he fought himself back into watchfulness; but the last time his eyes came only half open and closed heavily again.

And now, in his sleep, he whined softly, and the splendid muscles of his legs and shoulders twitched, and sudden shuddering ripples ran along his tawny spine. Thorpe, who was in the tent, if he had seen him, would have known that he was dreaming. And Thorpe's wife, whose golden head lay close against his breast, and who shuddered and trembled now and then even as Kazan was doing, would have known what he was dreaming about.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped like castanets of steel—and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not escape——

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and paused, flat and hidden, with only his head showing from behind a tree. He knew that his master would not spare him. Three times Thorpe had beaten him for snapping at McCready. The last time he would have shot him if the girl had not saved him. And now he had torn McCready's throat. He had taken the life from him, and his master would not spare him. Even the woman could not save him.

Kazan was sorry that his master had returned, dazed and bleeding, after he had torn McCready's jugular. Then he would have had her always. She

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And now, in his sleep, he whined softly, and the splendid muscles of his legs and shoulders twitched, and sudden shuddering ripples ran along his tawny spine. Thorpe, who was in the tent, if he had seen him, would have known that he was dreaming. And Thorpe's wife, whose golden head lay close against his breast, and who shuddered and trembled now and then even as Kazan was doing, would have known what he was dreaming about.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped like castanets of steel—and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not escape——

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and paused, flat and hidden, with only his head showing from behind a tree. He knew that his master would not spare him. Three times Thorpe had beaten him for snapping at McCready. The last time he would have shot him if the girl had not saved him. And now he had torn McCready's throat. He had taken the life from him, and his master would not spare him. Even the woman could not save him.

Kazan was sorry that his master had returned, dazed and bleeding, after he had torn McCready's jugular. Then he would have had her always. She

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would have loved him. She did love him. And he would have followed her, and fought for her always, and died for her when the time came. But Thorpe had come in from the forest again, and Kazan had slunk away quickly—for Thorpe meant to him what all men meant to him now: the club, the whip, and the strange things that spat fire and death. And now——

Thorpe had come out from the tent. It was approaching dawn, and in his hand he held a rifle. A moment later the girl came out, and her hand caught the man's arm. They looked toward the thing covered by the blanket. Then she spoke to Thorpe and he suddenly straightened and threw back his head.

"H-o-o-o-o— Kazan —Kazan— Kazan!" he called.

A shiver ran through Kazan. The man was trying to inveigle him back. He had in his hand the thing that killed.

"Kazan—Kazan—Ka-a-a-a-zan!" he shouted again.

Kazan sneaked cautiously back from the tree. He knew that distance meant nothing to the cold thing of death that Thorpe held in his hand. He turned his head once and whined softly, and for an instant a great longing filled his reddened eyes as he saw the last of the girl.

He knew, now, that he was leaving her forever, and there was an ache in his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club or whip, of cold or hunger, but which was greater than them all, and which filled him with a desire to throw back his head and cry out his loneliness to the gray emptiness of the sky.

Back in the camp the girl's voice quivered.

"He is gone."

The man's strong voice choked a little.

"Yes, he is gone. *He knew*—and I didn't. I'd give —a year of my life—if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and last night. He won't come back."

Isobel Thorpe's hand tightened on his arm.

"He will!" she cried. "He won't leave me. He loved me, if he was savage and terrible. And he knows that I love him. He'll come back——"

"Listen!"

From deep in the forest there came a long, wailing howl, filled with a plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

AFTER THAT CRY KAZAN sat for a long time on his haunches, sniffing the new freedom of the air and watching the deep black pits in the forest about him, as they faded away before dawn. Now and then, since the day the traders had first bought him and put him into sledge-traces away over on the Mackenzie, he had often thought of this freedom longingly, the wolf blood in him urging him to take it. But he had never quite dared. It thrilled him now. There were no clubs here, no whips, none of the man-beasts whom he had first learned to distrust and then to hate. It was his misfortune—that quarter-strain of wolf; and the clubs, instead of subduing him, had added to the savagery that was born in him. Men had been his worst enemies. They had beaten him time and again until he was almost dead. They called him "bad," and stepped wide of him, and never missed the chance to snap a whip over his back. His body was covered with scars they had given him.

He had never felt kindness, or love, until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head, and had snuggled her face close down to his, while Thorpe—her husband—had cried out in horror. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch and her sweet voice had sent through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And now it was a man who was driving him from her, away from the hand that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper into the forest.

HE CAME TO THE EDGE of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been filled with a strange uneasiness, and light did not quite dispel it. At last he was free of men. He could detect in the air nothing that reminded him of their hated presence. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back as he could remember they had always been a part of his life.

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridge-mountains, and the spruce and cedar grew low and thick—so thick that there was almost no snow under them, and day was like twilight. Two things he began to miss more than all others—food and company. Both the wolf and the dog that was in him demanded the first, and that part of him that was dog longed for the latter. To both desires the wolf blood that was strong in him rose responsively. It told him that somewhere in this silent world between the two ridges there was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat, and ended there in a whine. It was the wolf howl, not quite yet born.

Food came more easily than voice. Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log and killed it. The warm flesh and blood was better than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, and the feast he had gave him confidence. That afternoon he chased many rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight of pursuing and killing at will, even though he did not eat all he killed.

But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of killing them passed away after a time. He wanted something bigger. He no longer slunk along as if he were afraid, or as if he wanted to remain hidden. He held his head up. His back bristled. His tail swung free and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in his body quivered with the electric energy of life and action. He traveled north and west. It was the call of early days—the days away up on the Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a thousand miles away.

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the hoofs of moose and caribou, and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and red-

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dened with blood. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings, and entrails lying here, and he knew that there were other hunters abroad besides himself.

Toward evening he came upon tracks in the snow that were very much like his own. They were quite fresh, and there was a warm scent about them that made him whine, and filled him again with that desire to fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of night deepened in the forest. He had traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about the night, now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose. And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce-tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

For a long time he sat and listened after that howl. He had found voice—a voice with a strange new note in it, and it gave him still greater confidence. He had expected an answer, but none came. He had traveled in the face of the wind, and as he howled, a bull moose crashed through the scrub timber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the tattoo of a clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

Twice Kazan howled before he went on, and he found joy in the practice of that new note. He came then to the foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glistening in the moonlight, and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

And then every muscle in his body grew tense, and his blood leaped. From far off in the plain there came a cry. It was *his* cry—the wolf-cry. His jaws snapped. His white fangs gleamed, and he growled deep in his throat. He wanted to reply, but some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was already becoming master of him. In the air, in the whispering of the spruce-tops, in the moon and the stars themselves, there breathed a spirit which told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf *call*.

The other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning—but ending in a staccato of quick, sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a fiery excitement that it had never known before. The same instinct told him that this was the call—the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The hunt-pack was gathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling.

He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split the world for him. Down there it was new, and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, and whined. It was the dog-whine now. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call and desire to go down into the plain. For he could also see many men waiting for him with clubs, and he could hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. And then, at last, he turned and went down into the plain.

All that night he kept close to the hunt-pack, but never quite approached it. This was fortunate for him. He still bore the scent of traces and of man. The pack would have torn him into pieces. The first instinct of the wild is that of self-preservation. It may have been this, a whisper back through the years of savage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and then where the feet of the pack had trod the thickest.

THAT NIGHT THE PACK killed a caribou on the edge of the lake and feasted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The smell of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of bones. But the instinct was stronger than the temptation.

Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, did he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, entrails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and remained all that day close to it, saturating himself with the scent of it.

That night, when the moon and the stars came out again, he sat back with fear and hesitation no longer in him, and announced himself to his new comrades of the great plain.

The pack hunted again that night, or else it was a new pack that started miles to the south and came up with a doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The night was almost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run out on the lake a third of a mile away. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slowly closing in.

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He was directly in the path of the fleeing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open jaws. Kazan was in with the second leader, and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was his first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his clamped teeth.

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Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself out from under her chest and forelegs. He had killed a rabbit that day and was not hungry. So he sat back in the snow and waited, while the ravenous pack tore at the dead doe. After a little he came nearer, nosed in between two of them, and was nipped for his intrusion.

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big gray form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his throat. He had just time to throw his shoulder to the attack, and for a moment the two rolled over and over in the snow. They were up before the excitement of sudden battle had drawn the pack from the feast. Slowly they circled about each other, their white fangs bare, their yellowish backs bristling like brushes. The fatal ring of wolves drew about the fighters.

It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge-dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip, it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waiting, white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hemmed him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh, there was now silence. Soft-footed and soft-throated mongrel dogs from the South would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid forward instead of back, their tails free and bushy.

Suddenly the wolf struck in with the swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and like knives his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip at the throat—and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound told Kazan that his enemy was old in the game of fighting. He crouched low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood—to shield his throat and wait.

TWICE THE WOLF circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped, and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back.

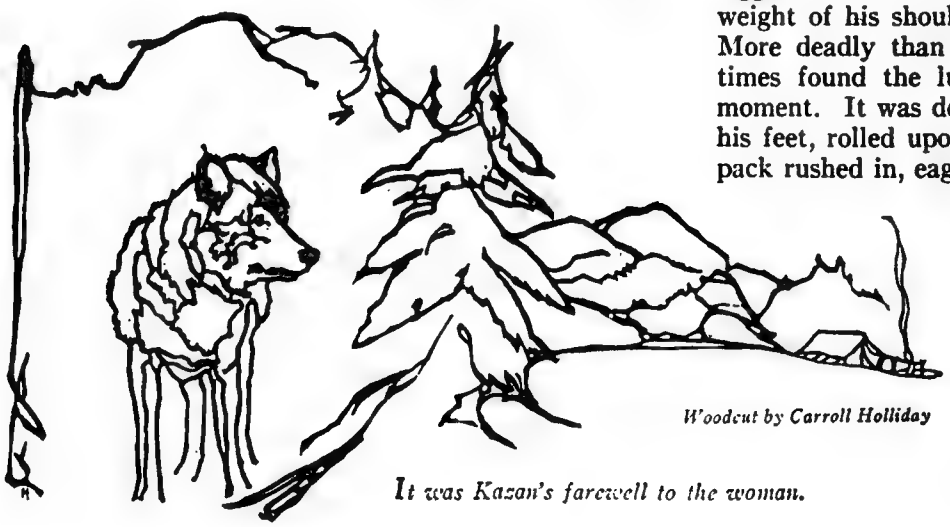
The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed, and with the whole weight of his body Kazan flung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for the throat hold. It was another miss—by a hair's breadth—and before he could recover, the wolf's teeth were buried in the back of his neck.

For the first time in his life Kazan felt the terror and the pain of the death-grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped blindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body. There was a cracking of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of waiting wolves grew tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but awaited that fatal fall as a signal to leap in to the death.

Only the thickness of hair and hide on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whip-lash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had Kazan sometimes found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

From out of that gray, snarling, bloody-lipped mass Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious sickness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infallible instinct warned him not to betray that weakness. From out



Woodcut by Carroll Holliday

It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

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of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and sniffed at his wounds.

She was young and strong and beautiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was looking, at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the feast. He heard again the cracking of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that hereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat back on his haunches and called to the moon and the stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He circled twice about the caribou and the pack and then trotted off to the edge of the black spruce forest.

When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidly, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood, nor the perfume of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. And its presence seemed to be a part of Gray Wolf.

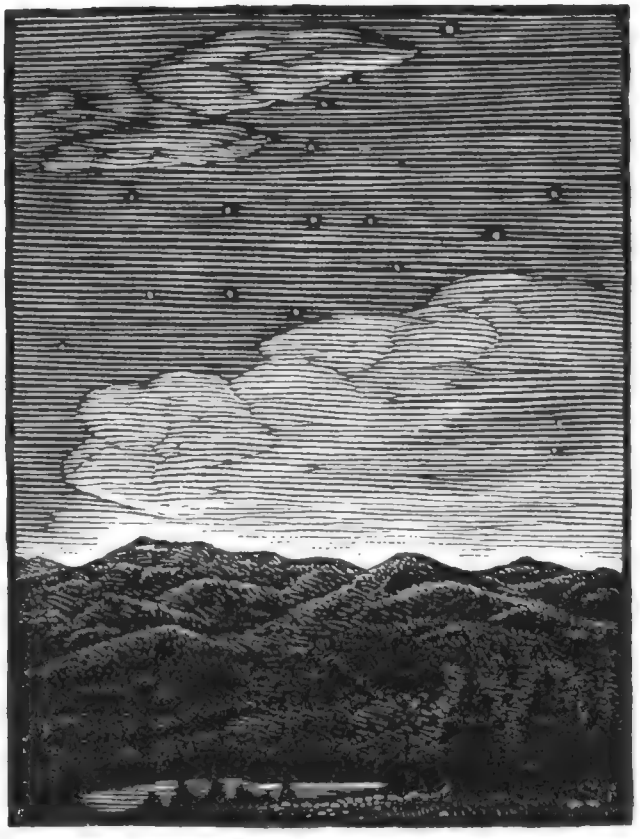
He looked at her, and he found Gray Wolf's eyes alert and questioning. She was young—so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppyhood. Her body was strong and slim and beautifully shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whined at the red staring light in Kazan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He felt her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

Not much of his life had been spent at the posts. Most of it had been on the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had stirred only him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch, in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the tender caress of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defiant of the wilderness which he faced. Gray Wolf trotted close at his side as they entered into the gloom of the forest.

Solitude

THERE IS COMMONLY sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbour is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun, and moon, and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveler passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man, unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left "the world to darkness and to me," and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighbourhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung and Christianity and candles have been introduced.



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Walden, or Life in the Woods.
HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

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So They Say

G. K. Chesterton:
English author

"People generally quarrel because they cannot argue."

Ethel Barrymore:
popular American actress

"It is a tradition of the stage that we actors play until we die; but as we grow old we grow poor."

Harvey O'Higgins:
just before his death, in an interview on Life and Religion for the "Outlook and Independent"

"For more than half a lifetime I have been fumbling my way . . . and I come out at last on a sublimity of ignorance more uplifting than faith and as bottomless as despair."

Roger W. Babson:
statistician and financier, after predicting a motor car that can run sideways, finds it is already on the market

"The chief difficulty in forecasting nowadays is to announce a dream of the future quickly enough so that you will not receive a catalogue of it in the next mail."

William Henry Chamberlain:
former newspaper representative in Soviet Russia

"If farming ability could be parceled out as evenly as land, the Soviet system would ensure the maximum of equality among the peasants."

Arthur Brisbane:
chief editorial writer for Mr. Hearst's newspapers

"Moving pictures, with their captions, have taught millions of brains to work more rapidly."

Magistrate Jean H. Norris:
states her opinion of the modern girl

"She likes to assume a pose of sophistication, although as a matter of fact her knowledge of the essential facts of life is refreshingly wholesome and entirely free from morbidness."

"Neue Freie Presse":
of Vienna, editorially, on the death of Marshal Foch

"He accomplished his immense task with true human greatness and humility. No enemy can avoid bowing before his coffin."

Thomas Garrigue Masaryk:
President of Czechoslovakia

"Nations are regenerated from below, not from above, and monarchism and aristocracy lead always and everywhere to decline."

Mrs. Victoria Tultrio:
of Chicago, exonerated in court for shooting at Officer Thomas McCarthy, explains—

"I thought it was my husband."

Edwin L. James:
New York "Times" foreign correspondent, on our vacillating League policy

"She (America) gave Europe the League of Nations and then quit it. She announced through the mouth of the newly elected President in 1920 that the League was dead, and ever since she has been dealing with this corpse."

Homer M. Green:
of Middletown, N. Y., attends an annual dinner in New York, and refuses to be embarrassed by his lack of dinner clothes

"This meal was a swell affair, and while I was about the only one in working clothes, I had the satisfaction of knowing I wasn't taken for one of them waiters."

Francis D. McMullen:
financial writer, commenting on the army of women now "playing the market"

"Let it be said for women, however, that they take a break quietly, neither fainting nor dissolving in tears. The women's department of one firm has a most inviting lounge for fainters, which has never been used for that purpose, though in one of the men's branches three customers have been known to 'pass out' in one day."

William Bolitho:
critic and writer

"In spite of all the cynics say, the infallible means of inducing a sense of wrongdoing is by making laws."

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Russel Crouse: *columnist on the New York "Evening Post"*
"Scotch spinsters, we assume, are the result of fathers who refuse to give the bride away."

William Soskin: *literary critic, after reading "The Cradle of the Deep," by Joan Lowell*
"Now, I am all for rescuing thousands of girls from private schools, governesses, and campuses to place them on clipper boats where they can learn about women from female sharks."

Blanche Ring: *stage comédienne*
"My idea of a worthwhile mission in life is to get a lot of people to laugh their heads off at me, and afterward collect."

Justice Holmes: *of the U. S. Supreme Court, asked on his 88th birthday when he expects to retire*
"I do not mean to retire until requested by the Almighty himself."

Mary Garden: *operatic singer, learns that Gene Howe, in the Amarillo (Texas) "News-Globe," reports her as having arrived at a tottering old age*
"I've never heard of this Howe . . . but you may tell him that when he's tottering I'll still be singing."

St. John Ervine: *English playwright and dramatic critic*
"I see nothing in the life of a rich man which the workman need envy, outside the regularity and security of his existence."

Edgar Wallace: *writer of mystery stories*
"There is so much nastiness in modern literature that I like to write stories which contain nothing worse than a little innocent murdering."

Bertrand Russell: *English philosopher and writer*
"One does not find that believers in a future life are less afraid of illness or are more courageous in battle than those who think that death ends all."

Dr. Harold F. Clark: *of Teachers' College, Columbia University, says the supply of college-educated persons far exceeds the demand*
"Education is just as much a commodity as wheat, and must be governed by the laws of economics."

Booth Tarkington: *author, whose heroic fight against total blindness has won nation-wide sympathy*
"It is hard for anyone who has not been blind to realize what a thrill it is not to have to see everything."

Norman Thomas: *author, editor, minister, and Socialist candidate for high offices over a period of many years*
"Socialism with the passage of the years has come to mean different things to its own adherents. It stands in need of a vigorous re-statement of its philosophy."

C. Harold Smith: *millionaire American manufacturer, who is offering a prize for the best suggestion for the disposal of his huge fortune*
"Nothing could be a more dangerous perversion of the laws of nature than universal elementary education—unless it is universal free feeding, or universal free medical care. It upsets the fundamental law of nature, which is that the struggle for survival is the great force that has developed the human being from the elementary protoplasm, and which also acts as a balance in regulating the numbers of all forms of life."

Mary Roberts Rinehart: *writer, considers Mrs. Herbert Hoover preëminently fitted for her new position*
"What is not generally known is that while we *elect* our Presidents, we *draft* their wives to quite as definite a public service."

John Strachey: *English writer, after defining "ambivolence" as "neither love nor hate, but an emotion which turns easily to one or the other"*
"Ambivolence seems to me at present the dominant attitude toward this country (England) of a great many Americans."

Harold J. Laski: *in an article on "The Academic Mind," in "Harper's"*
". . . There is nothing duller than the dull academic mind except the dull practical man. We meet mediocrity everywhere; and perhaps because the average university offers special prospects of security, in the university it is too often enthroned."

"The Daily Herald": *English Labourite paper, refuses to be placated by Mr. Churchill's abolition of the age-old tax on tea*
"Mr. Churchill leaves the Treasury as he entered it, bankrupt of ideas on how to alleviate the gravest social evil (unemployment) of our day."

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman: *gives of his syndicated counsel to a reader who asks concerning the necessity of assent to any particular creed*
"Authoritarian churches prefer an elaborate system of dogma. The Protestant churches cannot attain unity by such a system. Therefore, if their creed is to contribute to oneness, it must be simple, brief, inclusive; thus enabling Christians who hold diversified opinions on minor matters to unite under a few commanding and vital articles."

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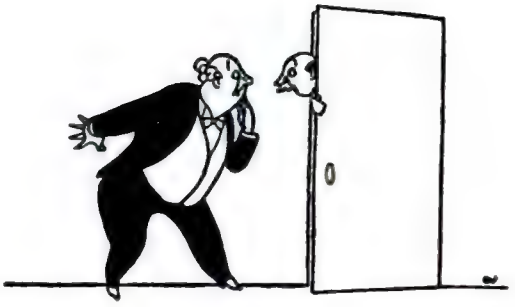

The Tortures of

Robert Benchley

THE PRESENT LABOUR SITUATION shows to what a pretty pass things may come because of a lack of understanding between the parties involved. I bring in the present labour situation just to give a touch of timeliness to this thing. Had I been writing for the Christmas number, I should have begun as follows: "The indiscriminate giving of Christmas presents shows to what a pretty pass things may come because of a lack of understanding between the parties involved."

The idea to be driven home is that things may come to a pretty pass by the parties involved in an affair of any kind if they do not come to an understanding before commencing operations.

I hope I have made my point clear. Especially is this true (watch out carefully now, as the whole nub of the article will be coming along in just a minute), especially is this true in the relations between host and guest on week-end visits. (There, you have it! In fact, the title to this whole thing might very well be, "The Need for a Clearer Definition of Relations between Host and Guest on Week-End Visits," and not be at all overstating it, at that.)

The logic of this will be apparent to anyone who has ever been a host or a guest at a week-end party, a classification embracing practically all Caucasians over eleven years of age who can put powder on the nose or tie a bow-tie. Who has not wished that his host would come out frankly at the beginning of the visit and state, in no uncertain terms, the rules and preferences of the household in such matters as the breakfast hour? And who has not sounded his guest to find out what he likes in the regulation of his diet and *modus vivendi* (mode of living)? Collective bargaining on the part of labour unions and capital makes it possible for employers to know just what the workers think on matters of common interest. Is collective bargaining between host and guest so impossible, then?

Take, for example, the matter of arising in the morning. Of course, where there is a large house-party the problem is a simple one, for you can always hear the others pattering about and brushing their teeth. You can regulate your own arising by the number of people who seem to be astir. But if you are the only guest there is apt to be a frightful misunderstanding.

"At what time is breakfast?" you ask.

"Oh, any old time on Sundays," replies the hostess with a generous gesture. "Sleep as late as you like. This is 'Liberty Hall.'"

The sentiment in this attitude is perfectly bully, but there is nothing that you can really take hold of in it. It satisfies at the time, but in the morning there is a vagueness about it that is simply terrifying.

Let us say that you awake at eight. You listen and hear no one stirring. Then, over on the cool pillow again until eight-twenty. Again up on the elbow, with head cocked on one side. There is a creak in the direction of the stairs. They may all be up and going down to breakfast! It is but the work of a moment to bound out of bed and listen at the door. Perhaps open it modestly and peer out. Deathlike silence, broken only, as the phrase goes, by the ticking of the hall clock, and not a soul in sight. Probably they are late sleepers. Maybe eleven o'clock is their Sunday rising hour. Some people *are* like that.

SHUT THE DOOR and sit on the edge of the bed. More sleep is out of the question. Let's take a look at the pictures in the guest-room, just to pass the time. Here's one of Lorna Doone. How d'e do, Lorna? Here's a group—taken in 1902—showing your host in evening clothes, holding a mandolin. Probably a member of his college musical-club. Rather unkempt looking bunch, you *must* say. Well, how about this one? An etching, showing suspicious-looking barges on what is probably the Thames. Fair enough, at that.

Back to the door and listen again. Tick-tock-tick-tock. Probably, if you started your tub, you'd wake the whole house. Let's sit down on the edge of the bed again.

Hello, here are some books on the table. *Fifty Famous Sonnets,* illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. Never touch a sonnet before breakfast. *My Experiences in the Alps,* by a woman mountain-climber who has written on the fly-leaf, "To my good friend

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Drawings by
Gluyas Williams

Week-End Visiting

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

the Elbridges, in memory of many happy days together at Chamonix. October, 1907." That settles *that*. *Essay on Compensation*, in limp leather, by R. W. Emerson, published by Houghton Mifflin & Co. Oh, very well! You suppose they thought that would be over your head, did they? Well, we'll just show them! We'll read it just for spite. Opening, to the red ribbon:

"Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon——"

By the way, it must be nearly noon now! Ten minutes past nine, only! Well, the only thing to do is get dressed and go out and walk about the grounds. Eliminate the tub as too noisy. And so, very cautiously, almost clandestinely, you proceed to dress.

And now, just to reverse the process. Suppose you are the host. You have arisen at eight and listened at the guest's door. No sound. Tip-toe back and get dressed, talking in whispers to your wife (the hostess) and cramming flannel bears into the infant's mouth to keep him from disturbing the sleeper.

"Bill looked tired last night. Better let him sleep a little longer," you suggest. And so, downstairs on your hands and knees, and look over the Sunday papers. Then a bracing walk on the porch, resulting in a terrific appetite.

A GLANCE AT THE WATCH shows nine o'clock. Sunday breakfast is usually at eight-thirty. The warm aroma of coffee creeps in from the kitchen and, somewhere, *some one* is baking muffins. This is awful! You suppose it feels something like this to be caught on an ice-floe without any food and so starve to death. Only there you can't smell coffee and muffins. You sneak into the dining-room and steal one of the property oranges from the sideboard, but little Edgar sees you and sets up such a howl that you have to give it to him. The hostess suggests that your friend may have the sleeping-sickness. Weakened by hunger, you hotly resent this, and one word leads to another.

"Oh, very well, I'll go up and rout him out," you snarl.

Upstairs again, and poise, in listening attitude, just in front of the guest's door. Slowly the door opens, inch by inch, and, finally his head is edged cautiously out toward yours.

"Hello, Bill," you say flatly, "what are you getting up this time of the morning for? Thought I told you to sleep late."

"Morning, Ed," he says, equally flatly, "hope I haven't kept you all waiting." Then you both lie and eat breakfast.

SUCH A MISUNDERSTANDING is apt to go to almost any length. I once knew of a man on a week-end visit who spent an entire Sunday in his room, listening at his door to see if the family were astir, while, in the meantime, the family were, one by one, tip-toeing to his door to see if they could detect any signs of life from him.

Each thought the other needed rest.

Along about three in the afternoon the family threw all hospitality aside and ate breakfast, deadening the sound of the cutlery as much as possible, little dreaming that their guest was looking through the "A Prayer for Each Day" calendar for the ninth time and seriously considering letting himself down from the window on a sheet and making for the next train. Shortly after dark persistent rumours got abroad that he had done away with himself, and everyone went up and sniffed for gas. It was only when the maid, who was not in on the secret, bolted into the room to turn down his bed for the night, that she found him tip-toeing about, packing and unpacking his bag and listening eagerly at the wall. (Now don't ask how it happened that the maid didn't know that his bed hadn't been made that morning. What difference does it make, anyway? It is such questions as *that*, that blight any attempt at individual writing in this country.)

Don't think, just because I have taken all this space to deal with the rising-hour problem that there are no other points to be made. Oh, not at all. There is, for instance, the question of exercise. After dinner the host says to himself: "Something must be done. I

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wonder if he likes to walk." Aloud, he says: "Well, Bill, how about a little hike in the country?"

A hike in the country being the last thing in the world that Bill wants, he says, "Right-o! Anything you say." And so, although walking is a tremendous trial to the host, who has weak ankles, he bundles up with a great show of heartiness and grabs his stick as if this were the one thing he lived for.

AFTER ABOUT A MILE of hobbling along the country-road the host says, hopefully: "Don't let me tire you out, old man. Any time you want to turn back, just say the word."

The guest, thinking longingly of the fireside, scoffs at the idea of turning back, insisting that if there is one thing in all the world that he likes better than walking it is running. So on they jog, hippity-hop, hippity-hop, each wishing that it would rain so that they could turn about and go home.

Here again the thing may go to almost tragic lengths. Suppose neither has the courage to suggest the return move. They might walk on into Canada, or they might become exhausted and have to be taken into a roadhouse and eat a "$2 old-fashioned Southern dinner of fried chicken and waffles." The imagination revolts at a further contemplation of the possibilities of this lack of coöperation between guest and host.

I once visited a man who had an outdoor swimming-pool on his estate. (Consider that as very casually said.) It was in April, long before Spring had really understood what was expected of her. My first night there my host said:

"Are you a morning plunger?"

Thinking that he referred to a tub plunge in a warm bathroom, I glowed and said: "You bet."

"I'll call for you at seven in the morning, then," he said, "and we'll go out to the pool."

It was evidently his morning custom, and I wasn't going to have it said of me that a middle-aged man could outdo me in virility. So, at seven in the morning, in a dense fog (with now and then a slash of cold rain), we picked our way out to the pool and staged a vivid Siberian moving picture scene, showing naked peasants bathing in the Nevsky. My visit lasted five days, and I afterward learned, from one to whom my host had confided, that it was the worst five days he had ever gone through, and that he has chronic joint-trouble as a result of those plunges. "But I couldn't be outdone by a mere stripling," he said, "and the boy certainly enjoyed it."

ALL OF THIS might have been avoided by the posting of a sign in a conspicuous place in my bedroom, reading as follows: "Personally, I dislike swimming in the pool at this time of the year. Guests wishing to do so may obtain towels at the desk." How very simple and practical!

The sign system is the only solution I can offer. It is crude and brutal, but it admits of no misunderstanding. A sign in each guest-room, giving the hours of meals, political and religious preferences of the family, general views on exercise, etc., etc., with a blank for the guest to fill out, stating his own views on these subjects, would make it possible to visit (or entertain) with a sense of security thus far unknown upon our planet.

The Height of the Ridiculous

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

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The False Gems

By GUY de MAUPASSANT

Guy de Maupassant

Monsieur Lantin had met the young girl at a reception at the house of the second head of his department, and had fallen head over heels in love with her.

She was the daughter of a provincial tax collector, who had been dead several years. She and her mother came to live in Paris, where the latter, who made the acquaintance of some of the families in her neighbourhood, hoped to find a husband for her daughter.

They had very moderate means, and were honourable, gentle, and quiet.

The young girl was a perfect type of the virtuous woman into whose hands every sensible young man dreams of one day entrusting his happiness. Her simple beauty had the charm of angelic modesty, and the imperceptible smile which constantly hovered about her lips seemed to be the reflection of a pure and lovely soul. Her praises resounded on every side. People never tired of repeating: "Happy the man who wins her love! He could not find a better wife."

Monsieur Lantin, then chief clerk in the Department of the Interior, enjoyed a snug little salary of three thousand five hundred francs, and he proposed to this model young girl, and was accepted.

He was unspeakably happy with her. She governed his household with such clever economy that they seemed to live in luxury. She lavished the most delicate attentions on her husband, coaxed and fondled him; and so great was her charm that six years after their marriage Monsieur Lantin discovered that he loved his wife even more than during the first days of their honeymoon.

He found fault with only two of her tastes: Her love for the theatre and her taste for imitation jewelry. Her friends (the wives of some petty officials) frequently procured for her a box at the theatre, often for the first representations of the new plays; and her husband was obliged to accompany her, whether he wished it or not, to these entertainments, which bored him excessively after his long, hard day's work at the office.

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

After a time, Monsieur Lantin begged his wife to request some lady of her acquaintance to accompany her, and to bring her home after the theatre. She opposed this arrangement, at first; but, after much persuasion, finally consented, to the infinite delight of her husband.

Now, with her love for the theatre, came also the desire for ornaments. Her costumes remained as before, simple, in good taste, and always modest; but she soon began to adorn her ears with huge rhinestones, which glittered and sparkled like real diamonds. Around her neck she wore strings of false pearls, on her arms bracelets of imitation gold, and combs set with glass jewels.

Her husband frequently remonstrated with her, saying:

"My dear, as you cannot afford to buy real jewelry, you ought to appear adorned with your beauty and modesty alone, which are the rarest ornaments of your sex."

But she would smile sweetly and say:

"What can I do? I am so fond of jewelry. It is my only weakness. We cannot change our natures."

Then she would roll around her fingers the pearl necklace, make the facets of the crystal gems sparkle, and say:

"Look! are they not lovely? One would swear they were real."

Monsieur Lantin would then answer, smilingly:

"You have bohemian tastes, my dear."

Sometimes, of an evening, when they were enjoying a a *tête-à-tête* by the fireside, she would place on the tea-table the morocco leather box containing the "trash," as Monsieur Lantin called it. She would examine the false gems with a passionate attention, as though they imparted some deep and secret joy; and she often persisted in passing a necklace around her husband's neck, and, laughing heartily, would exclaim: "How droll you look!" Then she would throw herself into his arms and kiss him affectionately.

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One evening, in winter, she had been to the opera, and returned home chilled through and through. The next morning she coughed, and eight days later she died of inflammation of the lungs.

Monsieur Lantin's despair was so great that his hair became white in one month. He wept unceasingly; his heart was broken as he remembered her smile, her voice, every charm of his dead wife.

TIME DID NOT ASSUAGE his grief. Often, during office hours, while his colleagues were discussing the topics of the day, his eyes would suddenly fill with tears, and he would give vent to his grief in heart-rending sobs. Everything in his wife's room remained as it was during her lifetime; all her furniture, even her clothing, being left as it was on the day of her death. Here he was wont to seclude himself daily and think of her who had been his treasure—the joy of his existence.

But life soon became a struggle. His income, which, in the hands of his wife, covered all household expenses, was now no longer sufficient for his own immediate wants; and he wondered how she could have managed to buy such excellent wine and rare delicacies, which he could no longer procure with his modest resources.

He incurred some debts, and was soon reduced to absolute poverty. One morning, finding himself without a cent in his pocket, he resolved to sell something, and immediately the thought occurred to him of disposing of his wife's paste jewels, for he cherished in his heart a sort of rancour against these "deceptions," which had always irritated him in the past. The very sight of them spoiled, somewhat, the memory of his lost darling.

To the last days of her life she had continued to make purchases, bringing home new gems almost every evening, and he turned them over some time before finally deciding to sell the heavy necklace, which she seemed to prefer, and which, he thought, ought to be worth about six or seven francs; for it was of very fine workmanship, though only imitation.

He put it in his pocket, and started out in search of what seemed a reliable jeweler's shop. At length he found one, and went in, feeling a little ashamed to expose his misery, and also to offer such a worthless article for sale.

"Sir," said he to the merchant, "I should like to know what this is worth."

The man took the necklace, examined it, called his clerk, and made some remarks in an undertone; he then put the ornament back on the counter, and looked at it from a distance to judge of the effect.

Monsieur Lantin, annoyed at all these ceremonies, was on the point of saying: "Oh! I know well enough it is not worth anything," when the jeweler said: "Sir, that necklace is worth from twelve to fifteen thousand francs; but I could not buy it unless you can tell me exactly where it came from."

The widower opened his eyes wide and remained gaping, not comprehending the merchant's meaning. Finally he stammered: "You say—are you sure?" The other replied, dryly: "You can search elsewhere, and see if anyone will offer you more. I consider it worth fifteen thousand at the most. Come back here, if you cannot do better."

Monsieur Lantin, beside himself with astonishment, took up the necklace and left the store. He wished time for reflection.

Once outside, he felt inclined to laugh, and said to himself: "The fool! Oh, the fool! Had I only taken him at his word! That jeweler cannot distinguish real diamonds from the imitation article."

A few minutes after, he entered another store in the Rue de la Paix. As soon as the proprietor glanced at the necklace, he cried out:

"Ah, *parbleu!* I know it well; it was bought here."

Monsieur Lantin, greatly disturbed, asked:

"How much is it worth?"

"Well, I sold it for twenty thousand francs. I am willing to take it back for eighteen thousand, when you inform me, according to our legal formality, how it came to be in your possession."

This time, Monsieur Lantin was dumfounded. He replied:

"But—but—examine it well. Until this moment I was under the impression that it was imitation."

The jeweler asked:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Lantin—I am in the employ of the Minister of the Interior. I live at number sixteen Rue des Martyrs."

The merchant looked through his books, found the entry, and said: "That necklace was sent to Madame Lantin's address, sixteen Rue des Martyrs, July 20, 1876."

The two men looked into each other's eyes—the widower speechless with astonishment; the jeweler scenting a thief. The latter broke the silence.

"Will you leave this necklace here for twenty-four hours?" said he; "I will give you a receipt."

Monsieur Lantin answered hastily: "Yes, certainly." Then, putting the ticket in his pocket, he left the store.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets, his mind in a state of dreadful confusion. He tried to reason, to understand. His wife could not afford to purchase such a costly ornament. Certainly not. But, then, it must have been a present!—a present!—a present, from whom? Why was it given to her?

HE STOPPED, AND REMAINED standing in the middle of the street. A horrible doubt entered his mind—— She? Then, all the other jewels must have been presents, too! The earth seemed to tremble beneath him—the tree before him to be falling; he threw up his arms, and fell to the ground, unconscious. He recovered his senses in a pharmacy, into which the passers-by had borne him. He asked to be taken home, and, when he reached the house, he shut himself up in his room and wept until midnight. Finally, overcome with fatigue, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun awoke him next morning, and he began to dress slowly to go to the office. It was hard to work after such shocks. He sent a letter to his employer, requesting to be excused. Then he remembered that he had to return to the jeweler's. He did not like the idea; but he could not leave the necklace with that man. He dressed and went out.

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It was a lovely day; a clear, blue sky smiled on the busy city below. Men of leisure were strolling about with their hands in their pockets.

Monsieur Lantin, observing them, said to himself: "The rich, indeed, are happy. With money it is possible to forget even the deepest sorrow. One can go where one pleases, and in travel find that distraction which is the surest cure for grief. Oh! if I only were rich!"

He perceived that he was hungry, but his pocket was empty. He again remembered the necklace. Eighteen thousand francs! Eighteen thousand francs! What a sum!

He soon arrived in the Rue de la Paix, opposite the jeweler's. Eighteen thousand francs! Twenty times he resolved to go in, but shame kept him back. He was hungry, however—very hungry—and not a cent in his pocket. He decided quickly, ran across the street, in order not to have time for reflection, and rushed into the store.

The proprietor immediately came forward and politely offered him a chair; the clerks glanced at him knowingly.

"I have made inquiries, Monsieur Lantin," said the jeweler, "and if you are still resolved to dispose of the gems, I am ready to pay you the price I offered."

"Certainly, sir," stammered Monsieur Lantin.

Whereupon the proprietor took from a drawer eighteen large bills, counted and handed them to Monsieur Lantin, who signed a receipt; and, with trembling hand, put the money into his pocket.

As he was about to leave the store, he turned toward the merchant, who still wore the same knowing smile, and, lowering his eyes, said:

"I have—I have other gems, which came from the same source. Will you buy them also?"

The merchant bowed: "Certainly, sir."

Monsieur Lantin said gravely: "I will bring them to you." An hour later, he returned with the gems.

The large diamond earrings were worth twenty thousand francs; the bracelets, thirty-five thousand; the rings, sixteen thousand; a set of emeralds and sapphires, fourteen thousand; a gold chain with solitaire pendant, forty thousand—making the sum of one hundred and forty-three thousand francs.

The jeweler remarked, jokingly:

"There was a person who invested all her savings in precious stones."

Monsieur Lantin, impassive and blushing, replied seriously:

"It is only another way of investing one's money."

That day he lunched at Voisin's, and drank wine worth twenty francs a bottle. Then he hired a carriage and made a tour of the Bois. He gazed at the various turnouts with a kind of disdain, and could hardly refrain from crying out to the occupants:

"I, too, am rich!—I am worth two hundred thousand francs."

Suddenly he thought of his employer. He drove up to the bureau and entered gaily, saying:

"Sir, I have come to resign my position. I have just inherited three hundred thousand francs."

He shook hands with his former colleagues and confided to them some of his projects for the future; he then went off to dine at the Café Anglais.

He seated himself beside a gentleman of aristocratic bearing; and, during the meal, informed the latter confidentially that he had just inherited a fortune of four hundred thousand francs.

For the first time in his life he was not bored at the theatre, and spent the remainder of the night in a gay frolic.

Six months afterward he married again. His second wife was a very virtuous woman; but had a violent temper. She caused him much sorrow.

The Dog *and the* Meat

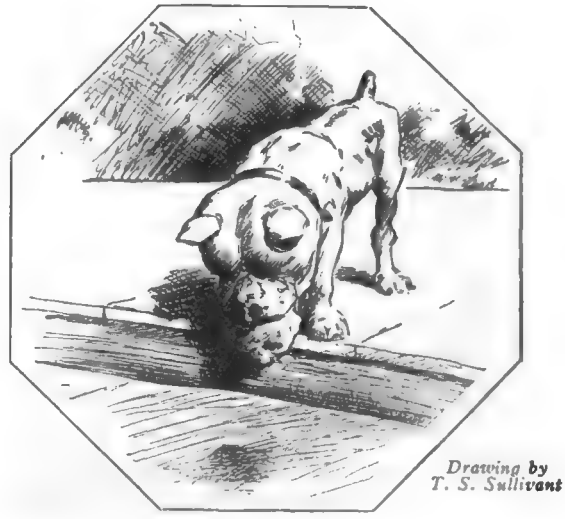
By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

A dog with a piece of meat in his mouth was crossing a bridge over a placid stream. On looking down he saw another dog with a precisely similar piece of meat in the water below him. "That's a singular incident," he thought to himself as he prepared to jump in.

"But hold a minute! The angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection. Upon reflection, I find that the other dog and the meat are only optical phenomena."

And he trotted on his way to Boston without further thought about the matter.

Fables for the Times.



Drawing by T. S. Sullivant

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The Journey to Troy

By DAVID P. BERENBERG

I

She was so cold in Menelaus' halls.
What was it Paris thought? He dreamed her face
Framed in the sombreness of Troy's gray walls—
Troy would go mad with her smooth, slender grace.

Troy would go mad with envy. His alone,
Her eyes, her hair, her skin like ivory.
Her kiss—her arms—her love, were all his own.
Was it of this he thought upon the sea?

Or did he think of agony and death
And Priam's sorrow? Was she worth all this?
She! Even Helen with the fragrant breath,
Her round, soft arms, and her half-dreaming kiss?

Or did he think of Spartan men, and Spartan spears,
And war-drums throbbing on old Priam's ears?

II

She saw great ships that rode the wingèd gale,
And Menelaus, clad in shining wrath:
Swift-riding ships, with white, full-bellied sail
Came crowding up the narrow green sea-path.

She saw gray desert wastes, where now Troy bloomed,
The Troy she had not seen, the shining town.
She dreamed where Sparta, cold and silent, loomed
On sombre cliffs that watch the sea, and frown.

Or did she dream of Paris, and his hair
Blacker than night—the night-black of his eyes?
His arms were warm, and while she slumbered there
She had no heart for thoughts unloverwise.

The walls of Troy shone out upon the night
Under the moon. And they were cold and white.

III

Who spoke unto the men who manned the oars
At night when Paris slept in soft white arms?
What did they whisper of onrushing wars,
Of battle-clangour, and of her warm charms?

They who would wed the bed of death for these,
And never taste the fragrance of her lips;
They who would slay, to give these two heart's-ease,
Strange men, strange lovers, riding long white ships—

What did they think? The ship was riding free,
And on the deep was nothing but their barque.
They, too, had dreams, these slave-men of the sea
Bearing the seed of sorrow through the dark.

What did they say to wives and friends in Troy,
These men who envied him his stolen joy?

IV

And she who knelt by Helen's silken bed,
Who combed her golden hair, and bathed her face;
Whose face was white, whose lips were carmine-red,
Who knew how sweet could be this man's embrace.

What did she whisper, when the night was old,
To him who steered the barque by far, pale stars?
What thought-wraiths came to turn her warm blood cold
With night-born dreams of him, and Troy, and Mars?

She, too, was dreaming when the morning light
Faintly and golden glimmered on the foam
She who had waked the watches of the night,
What was she dreaming as the barque rode home?

Cold was her face, and cold her shining eye,
Cold was her heart, that dreamed of ways to die.

V

Who watched with Menelaus when he crept
To scan the far sea, on the broken shore?
Who bore his silence, while the sea-wind swept
To all of Greece, the oath of death he swore?

He set his lips—he made his armour bright—
He made his sword shine like the evening star,
While over Sparta hung the warm, sweet night—
And over all, the heavy doom of war.

What was he dreaming? Was she worth all this?
The blast of death across the narrow sea?
Her round white breasts, the burden of her kiss,
Would they keep hold of him eternally?

Who walked with him the night his peace was broken,
And gave him comfort with warm words unspoken?

C. B. Fe"

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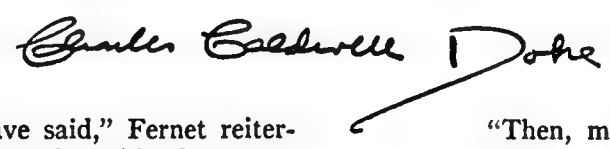
The Open Window

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE



"IT HAPPENED just as I have said," Fernet reiterated, tossing the wine-dregs from his glass.

The company at the table looked instinctively toward the kitchen. Berthe was bringing a fresh pot of coffee. They all followed Fernet's example, lifting their empty glasses for her to serve them in their turn.

The regular boarders of the Hôtel de France, after the fashion of folks who find their meal a duty to be promptly despatched, had departed, but the transients still lingered over their *café noir* and cognac in the hope that something exciting might materialize.

As the sound of Fernet's voice died away, a man who had been sitting in an extreme corner of the room scraped back his chair and rose. Fernet looked up. The man was a hunchback, and, instead of paying for his meal and leaving, he crossed over and said to Fernet, in the most perfect French imaginable:

"I see, my young fellow, that you are discussing something of interest with your friends here. Would it be impertinent for me to inquire into the subject?"

Fernet drew out a chair for the newcomer, who seated himself.

"By no means. We were discussing a murder and suicide. The murdered man was an Italian fisherman who lodged at the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes, the suicide was a musician named Suvaroff."

"Ah," said the hunchback, cracking his fingers. "Why a murder and suicide? Why not two murders?"

"Because," returned Fernet, pompously, "it was abundantly proved to the contrary. This man Suvaroff suffered from neuralgia; the Italian fisherman was given to playing the accordion at all hours of the night. Suvaroff was, in addition, a musician—a high-strung person. The Italian's playing was abominable—even his landlady says as much. In short, Suvaroff deliberately killed this simple-minded peasant because of his music. Then, in a fit of remorse, he killed himself. I leave it to anyone here to dispute the fact. Besides, I was on the coroner's jury. I should know what I am talking about."

"Oh, without doubt," agreed the hunchback, smiling amiably. "But, as I remember, the knives in both cases were plunged hilt-deep into the backs of the victims. One does not usually commit suicide in this fashion."

Fernet coldly eyed the curiously handsome face of his antagonist. "It seems you know more about this thing than a coroner's jury," he sneered.

"It seems I do—granting that such an important item was left out of the evidence."

"Then, my good sir, will you be good enough to tell me who *did* kill Suvaroff, since you do not admit that he died by his own hand?"

The hunchback cracked his fingers again. "That is simple enough. Suvaroff was killed by the same person who stabbed the Italian."

"And who might that be, pray?"

The hunchback rose with a malignant smile. "Ah, if I told you that you would know as much as I do, my friend."

And with that he walked calmly over to the proprietor, put down thirty-five cents for his meal upon the counter, and without another word left the room.

A SILENCE FELL UPON the group. Everybody stared straight ahead, avoiding the eye of his neighbour. It was as if something too terrifying to be remarked had passed them.

Finally, a thick-set man at Fernet's right, with a purple wart on his cheek, said, uneasily, "Come, I must be going."

The others rose; only Fernet remained seated.

"What," said another, "haven't you finished?"

"Yes," returned Fernet, gloomily, "but I am in no hurry."

He sat there for an hour, alone, holding his head between his hands. Berthe cleared off the soiled plates, wiped the oilcloth-covered tables, began noisily to lay the pewter knives and forks for the morning meal. At this Fernet stirred himself and, looking up at her, said:

"Tell me, who was the hunchback who came and sat with us? Does he live here—in San Francisco?"

"His name is Flavio Minetti," she replied, setting the lid back upon an uncovered sugar-bowl. "Beyond that I know nothing. But they tell me that he is quite mad."

"Ah, that accounts for many things," said Fernet, smiling with recovered assurance. "I must say he is strangely fascinating."

Berthe looked at him sharply and shrugged. "For my part, he makes me shiver every time I see him come in the door. When I serve him my hand shakes. And he continually cracks his fingers and says to me: 'Come, Berthe, what can I do to make you smile? Would you laugh if I were to dance for you? I would give half my life only to see you laughing. Why are you so sad?' . . . No, I wish he would never come again."

"Nevertheless, I should like to see him once more."

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"He comes always on Thursdays for chicken."

"Thanks," said Fernet, as he put on his hat.

Fernet walked directly to his lodgings that night. He had a room in an old-fashioned house on the east side of Telegraph Hill. The room was shabby enough, but it caught glimpses of the bay and there was a gnarled pepper-tree that came almost to its windows and gave Fernet a sense of eternal, though grotesque, spring. Even his landlord was unusual—a professional beggar who sat upon the curb, with a ridiculous French poodle for company, and sold red and green pencils.

This landlord was sitting out by the front gate as Fernet entered.

"Ah, Pollitto," said Fernet, halting before the old man and snapping his fingers at the poodle, who lay crouched before his master, "I see you are enjoying this fine warm night."

"You are wrong," replied the beggar. "I am merely sitting here hoping that some one will come along and rent my front room."

"Then it is vacant?"

"Naturally," replied the old man, with disagreeable brevity, and Fernet walked quickly up to his room.

"Why do I live in such a place?" he asked himself, surveying the four bare walls. "Everything about it is abominable, and that beggar, Pollitto, is a scoundrel. I shall move next week."

He crossed over to the window and flung it open. The pepper-tree lay before him, crouching in the moonlight. He thought at once of Flavio Minetti.

"He is like this pepper-tree," he said, aloud, "beautiful even in his deformity. No, I would not trade this pepper-tree for a dozen of the straightest trees in the world." He stepped back from the window, and, lighting a lamp, set it upon a tottering walnut table. "Ah, André Fernet," he mused, chidingly, "you are always snared by what is unusual. You should pray to God that such folly does not lead you to disaster."

He went to the window and looked out again. The pepper-tree seemed to be bending close to the ground, as if seeking to hide something. Presently the wind parted its branches and the moonlight fell at its feet like a silver moth before a blackened candle.

André Fernet shivered and sighed. "Yes," he repeated, again and again, "they are alike. They both are at once beautiful and hideous, and they have strange secrets. . . . Well, I shall go on Thursday again, and maybe I shall see him. Who knows, if I am discreet he may tell me who killed this ridiculous musician Suvaroff."

And with that he suddenly blew out the light.

On the next Thursday night, when Fernet entered the dining-room of the Hôtel de France his glance rested immediately upon Flavio Minetti. To his surprise, the hunchback rose, drawing a chair out as he did so, and beckoning Fernet to be seated next him. For a moment Fernet hesitated. Berthe was just bringing on the soup.

"What! Are you afraid?" she said, mockingly, as she passed.

This decided Fernet. He went and sat beside Minetti without further ado.

"Ah, I was expecting you!" cried the hunchback, genially, as he passed the radishes.

"Expecting *me?*" returned Fernet. His voice trembled, though he tried to speak boldly.

"Yes. Women are not the only inquisitive animals in the world. What will you have—some wine?"

Fernet allowed Minetti to fill his glass.

Other boarders began to drift in. Minetti turned his back upon Fernet, speaking to a newcomer at his left. He did not say another word to his companion all evening.

Fernet ate and drank in silence. "What did I come for and why am I staying?" he kept asking himself. "This man is mocking me. First of all, he greets me as if I were his boon companion, and next he insults me openly and before everybody in the room. Even Berthe has noticed it and is smiling. As a matter of fact, he knows no more than I do about Suvaroff's death."

But he continued to sit beside the hunchback all through the meal, and as fruit was put on the table he touched Minetti on the arm and said, "Will you join me in a *café royal?*"

"Not here . . . a little later. I can show you a place where they really know how to make them. And, besides, there are tables for just two. It is much more private."

Fernet's heart bounded and sank almost in one leap. "Let us go now, then," he said, eagerly.

"As you wish," replied Minetti.

Fernet paid for two dinners, and they reached for their hats.

"Where are you going?" asked Berthe, as she opened the door.

Fernet shrugged. "I am in his hands," he answered, sweeping his arm toward Minetti.

"You mean you will be," muttered the hunchback, in an undertone.

Fernet heard him distinctly.

"Perhaps I had better leave him while there is yet time!" flashed through his mind. But the next instant he thought, contemptuously: "What harm can he do me? Why, his wrist is no bigger than a pullet's wing. Bah! You are a fool, André Fernet!"

They stepped out into the street. A languorous note was in the air; the usual cool wind from the sea had not risen. A waning moon silvered the roof-tops, making a pretense of hiding its face in the thin line of smoke above Telegraph Hill.

The hunchback led the way, trotting along in a fashion almost Oriental. At the end of the second block he turned abruptly into a wine-shop; Fernet followed. They found seats in a far corner, away from the billiard-tables. A waiter came forward. They gave their orders.

"Be sure," said Minetti to the waiter, "that we have plenty of anisette and cognac in the coffee."

The man flicked a towel rather contemptuously and made no answer.

"Now," Minetti continued, turning a mocking face toward Fernet, "what can I do for you, my friend?"

Fernet was filled with confusion. "I . . . you . . ." he stammered. "Really, there is nothing. Believe me."

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"Nonsense," interrupted Minetti. "You wish to know who killed Suvaroff. But I warn you, my friend, it is a dreadful thing to share such a secret."

He looked at Fernet intently. The younger man shuddered. "Nevertheless, I should like to know," Fernet said, distinctly.

"Well, then, since you are so determined—it was I who killed him."

Fernet stared, looked again at the hunchback's puny wrists, and began to laugh. *"You!* Do you take me for a fool?" And as he said this he threw back his head and laughed until even the billiard-players stopped their game and looked around at him.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the hunchback, narrowing his eyes.

Fernet stopped. He felt a sudden chill as if someone had opened a door. "I am laughing at you," he answered.

"I am sorry for that," said Minetti, dryly.

"Why?"

The hunchback leaned forward confidentially. "Because I kill everyone who laughs at me. It—it is a little weakness I have."

The waiter came with two glasses of steaming coffee. He put them down on the table, together with a bottle of cognac and a bottle of anisette.

"Ah, that is good!" cried the hunchback, rubbing his hands together. "The proprietor is my friend. He is going to let us prepare our own poison!"

Fernet felt himself shivering. "Come," he thought, "this will never do! The man is either mad or jesting." He reached for the anisette.

"Let me pour it for you," suggested Flavio Minetti. "Your hand is shaking so that you will spill half of it on the floor."

The hunchback's voice had a note of pity in it. Fernet relinquished his hold upon the bottle.

"Don't look so frightened," continued Minetti. "I shall not kill you here. The proprietor is a friend of mine, and, besides——"

"What nonsense!" cried Fernet, with a ghastly smile. "But I must confess, you did make my blood run cold just for a minute."

Minetti stirred some cognac into his glass. "And, besides," he finished, coldly, "I give everybody a sporting chance. It adds to the game."

THAT NIGHT André Fernet was restless. He lay on his bed looking out at the blinking lights of the harbour. "I must stop drinking coffee," he muttered to himself.

Finally he fell asleep, and when he did he had a strange dream. It seemed that the pepper-tree outside his window suddenly began to move in the night breeze and its long green boughs became alive, twisting like the relentless tentacles of a devil-fish. Its long green boughs became alive, crawling along the ground, flinging themselves into the air, creeping in at André Fernet's open window. He lay upon the bed as he had done earlier in the evening, watching the harbour lights. Slowly the green boughs writhed over the faded carpet, scaled the bedpost, and fell upon the bed. André Fernet waited, motionless. He felt the green tentacles close about his legs, clasp his hands, slide shudderingly across his throat. Yet he made no move to free himself. It was only when he felt a breath upon his cheek that he turned slightly, and instead of the tentacle-like boughs of the pepper-tree he fancied himself staring down at the hands of Flavio Minetti. . . . He awoke with a start. The sun was pouring in at the open window. He got up quickly. A noisy clatter issued from the passageway. Fernet opened his door. Two men were carrying a trunk up the stairs. Pollitto, the beggar, walked behind.

"Ah, I see you have rented your front room," said Fernet, stepping out.

"Yes," returned the other. "It was taken as early as six o'clock this morning—by a hunchback."

Fernet stopped breathing. "A hunchback? Was his name Flavio Minetti?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Fernet tried to smile. "He is a friend of mine," he answered, as he walked back into his room. "Perhaps it would be better if I moved away," he thought. "I do not like this room. Heaven knows why I have stayed this long. Is this fellow Minetti really mad, or merely making sport of me? I should not like to have him think that I am afraid of him. As for his story about Suvaroff, that is, of course, ridiculous. If I thought otherwise, I should go at once to the . . . No, it is all a joke! I shall stay where I am. I shall not have it said that a little, mad, puny, twisted fellow frightened André Fernet out of his lodgings. Besides, it will be curious to watch his little game. What a beautiful morning it is, after all! And the pepper-tree —how it glistens in the sun! I should miss that pepper-tree if I moved away. But I must stop drinking *cafés royals*. They upset one. I do not know whether it is the coffee, or the cognac, or the anisette, or all three. Of course, that dream I had toward morning means nothing—but such dreams are unpleasant. I hate this place. But I shall not move now. No, I shall wait and see what happens."

Fernet did not see Minetti for some days. Indeed, he had dismissed the whole thing from his mind, when one night, returning home early to get out of a drizzle, who should stop him on the stairway but the hunchback.

"Ah, so here you are!"

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called out Fernet, gaily, in spite of his rapidly beating heart. "I have been waiting for you to call on me ever since I heard that you were lodging under the same roof."

"I have been busy," replied the hunchback, laconically.

Fernet threw open his bedroom door and waved Minetti in.

"Busy?" he echoed, as he struck a light. "And what do you find that is so absorbing, pray?"

"You know my specialty," replied Minetti, flinging off his cap.

Fernet looked up sharply. A malignant look had crept into the hunchback's face.

"Oh, there is no doubt of it, he is quite mad!" said Fernet to himself. Then aloud: "Yes, I have been wanting to talk to you more about this. Take a seat and I shall make some coffee. For instance, do you always employ the knife in despatching your——"

"Scarcely," interrupted Minetti, quickly. "Slow poison has its fascinations. There is a very delicate joy in watching a gradual decline. It is like watching a green leaf fading before the breath of autumn. First a sickly pallor, then a yellowing, finally the sap dries completely, a sharp wind, a fluttering in the air, and it is all over. I have tried nearly every slow way—except mental murder. I fancy that, too, would be exquisite."

"Mental murder. . . . I do not understand."

Minetti stretched himself out and yawned. "Accomplishing the thing without any weapon save the mind."

Fernet picked up the coffee-pot and laughed. "Why, my dear fellow, it is too absurd! The thing cannot be done. You see, I am laughing at you again, but no matter."

"No, as you say, it is no matter. You can die only once."

Fernet's laughter stopped instantly. He went on with his preparation for coffee. Minetti changed the subject.

It turned out that there was no sugar in the cracked bowl. Fernet was putting on his hat to go out for some, when the hunchback stopped him.

"Sugar will not be necessary," he said. And as he spoke he drew a vial from his vest pocket and laid it upon the table beside the cups. "You know what these are, of course."

"Saccharine pellets?" inquired Fernet as he threw aside his hat.

Minetti replied with a grunt. Fernet poured out the coffee, set a spoon in each saucer, laid three French rolls upon a blue plate. Then he sat down.

"Permit me!" said Minetti, reaching for the vial and rolling a tiny pellet into his palm.

Fernet held up his cup; the hunchback dropped the pellet into it. Then he corked the vial tightly and laid it aside.

"You forgot to serve yourself," said Fernet.

"So I did!" answered Minetti, nonchalantly. "Well, no matter. I very often drink my coffee so—without sweetening."

Fernet drew back suddenly. Could it be possible that . . . The hunchback was staring at him, an ironical smile was on his lips. Fernet shuddered.

"Drink your coffee!" Minetti commanded, sneeringly. "You are on the verge of a chill."

Fernet obeyed meekly. He felt for all the world like an animal caught in a trap. He tried to collect his thoughts. What had the hunchback been talking about?

"Slow poison!" muttered Fernet, inaudibly to himself.

"What is that you are saying?" demanded the other.

"You were speaking of slow poison. How do you go about it?"

"OH, THAT IS EASY! For instance, once in London I lodged next door to my victim. We became capital friends. And he was always calling me in for a bite of something to eat. Nothing elaborate—a bun and a cup of tea, or coffee and cake. Very much as we are doing now. He died in six months. It is no trick, you know, to poison a man who eats and drinks with you—especially drinks!"

As he said this the hunchback reached for the coffee-pot and poured Fernet another cupful. Then he uncorked the vial again and dropped a pellet into the steaming liquid.

"I do not think that I wish any more," protested Fernet.

"Nonsense! You are still shivering like an old woman with the palsy. Hot coffee will do you good."

"No," said Fernet, desperately, "I never drink more than one cup at a sitting. It keeps me awake, and next morning my hand shakes and I am fit for nothing. I need a steady hand in my business."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"At present I am a draftsman. Some day, if I live long enough, I hope to be an architect."

"If you live long enough? You forget that you have laughed at *me*, my friend."

Fernet tried to appear indifferent. "What a droll fellow you are!" he cried, with sudden gaiety, rubbing his hands together. And without thinking, he reached for his coffee-cup and downed the contents in almost one gulp. He laid the cup aside quickly. He could feel the sweat starting out upon his forehead.

"There, you see," said Minetti, "the coffee has done you good already. You are perspiring, and that is a good sign. A hot drink at the right moment works wonders."

The next morning Pollitto stopped Fernet as he swung out the front gate to his work.

"What is the matter with you?" exclaimed the beggar, in a surprised tone.

"Why . . . what?" demanded Fernet, in a trembling voice. "Do I look so . . .? Pray, tell me, is there anything unusual about me?"

"Why, your face . . . Have you looked at yourself in the glass? Your skin is the colour of stale pastry."

Fernet tried to laugh. "It is nothing. I have been drinking too much coffee lately. I must stop it."

It was a fine morning. The sun was shining and the air was brisk and full of little rippling breezes. The bay lay like a blue-green peacock ruffling its gilded feathers. The city had a genial, smiling countenance. But Fernet was out of humour with all this

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full-blown content. He had spent a wretched night—not sleepless, but full of disturbing dreams. Dreams about Minetti and his London neighbour and the empty sugar-bowl. All night he had dreamed about this empty sugar-bowl. It seemed that as soon as he had it filled Minetti would slyly empty it again. He tried stowing sugar away in his pockets, but when he put his hand in to draw out a lump a score or more of pellets spilled over the floor. Then he remembered saying:

"I shall call on Minetti's London neighbour. Maybe he will have some sugar."

He walked miles and miles, and finally beat upon a strange door. A man wrapped in a black coat up to his eyebrows opened to his knock.

"Are you Flavio Minetti's London neighbour?" he demanded, boldly.

The figure bowed. Fernet drew the cracked sugar-bowl from under his arm.

"Will you oblige me with a little sugar?" he asked, more politely.

The black-cloaked figure bowed and disappeared. Presently he came back. Fernet took the sugar-bowl from him. It struck him that the bowl felt very light. He looked down at his hands. The bowl had disappeared; only a glass vial lay in his palm. He removed the cork—a dozen or more tiny round pellets fell out. He glanced up quickly at Minetti's London neighbour; a dreadful smile glowed through the black cloak. Fernet gave a cry and hurled the vial in the face of his tormentor. Minetti's London neighbour let the black cloak fall, and André Fernet discovered that he was staring at himself. . . . He awakened soon after that and found that it was morning. .

WHEN HE BRUSHED HIS HAIR his hand had shaken so that the brush fell clattering to the floor. And he had spilled the cream for his morning coffee over the faded strip of carpet before the bureau. It had ended by his eating no breakfast at all. But he had drunk glass after glass of cold water.

After Pollitto's words he trembled more and more like a man with the ague, and before every saloon-door mirror he halted and took a brief survey of his face. Pollitto was right—his skin was dead and full of unhealthy pallor. It was plain that he could not work in his present condition. His trembling fingers could scarcely hold a pencil, much less guide it through the precise demands of a drafting-board. He decided to go to the library and read. But the books on architecture which always enthralled him could not hold his shifting attention. Finally, in despair, he went up to the librarian and said:

"Have you any books on poison?"

The woman eyed him with a cold, incurious glance.

"Historical or medical?" she snapped out, as she went on stamping mysterious numbers in the pile of books before her.

"Both!"

She consulted a catalogue and made a list for him.

He sat all day devouring books which the librarian had recommended. He did not even go out for lunch. He read historical and romantic instances with a keen, morbid relish; but when it came to the medical books his heart quickened and he followed causes and effects breathlessly. By nightfall he had a relentless knowledge of every poison in the calendar. He knew what to expect from arsenic or strychnine or vitriol. He learned which poisons destroyed tissues, which acted as narcotics, which were irritants. He identified the hemlock, the horse-chestnut, the deadly toadstools. In short, he absorbed and retained everything on the subject. It seemed that the world teemed with poisons; one could be sure of nothing. Even beautiful flowers were not to be trusted.

HE WAS SO UPSET by all he had read that he could scarcely eat dinner. He went to an obscure *pension* in a wretched basement, where he was sure he would be unknown, and, after two or three mouthfuls of soup and a spoonful of rice boiled with tomato, he rose, paid for his meal, and went out to tramp up and down past the tawdry shops of middle Kearny Street. He was trotting aimlessly in the direction of Market Street when he felt a tug at his coat-sleeve. He turned. Minetti was smiling up at him.

"Come," said the hunchback, "what is your hurry? Have you had coffee yet? I was thinking that——"

Fernet's heart sank at once. And yet he managed to say boldly: "I have given up drinking coffee. You can see for yourself what a wretched complexion I have. And today I have scarcely eaten."

"Pooh!" cried Minetti. "A cup of coffee will do you good."

Fernet began to draw away in futile terror. "No!" he protested, with frightened vehemence. "No, I tell you! I won't drink the stuff! It is useless for you to——"

Minetti began to laugh with scornful good-humour. "What has come over you?" he drawled, half-closing his eyes. "Are you afraid?"

And as he said this Fernet glanced instinctively at the puny wrist, no bigger than a pullet's wing, and replied, boldly:

"Afraid? Of what? I told you last night I need a steady hand in my business, and today I have not been able to do any work."

Minetti's mirth softened into genial acquiescence. "Well, maybe you are right. But I must say you are not very companionable. Perhaps the coffee you have been drinking has not been made properly. You should take *something*. You do look badly. A glass of brandy? . . . No? . . . Ah, I have it—coffee made in the Turkish fashion. Have you ever drunk that?"

"No," replied Fernet, helplessly, wondering all the time why he was foolish enough to tell the truth.

"Well, then," announced the hunchback, confidently, "we shall cross over to Third Street and have some Turkish coffee. I know a Greek café where they brew a cup that would tempt the Sultan himself. Have you ever seen it made? They use coffee pounded to a fine powder—a teaspoonful to a cup, and sugar in the same proportion. It is all put in together and brought to a boil. The result is indescribable! Really, you are in for a treat."

"If it is sweetened in the making," flashed through Fernet's mind, "at least we shall have no more of that pellet business."

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"Yes—the result is quite indescribable," Minetti was repeating, "and positively no bad effects."

And as he said this he slipped his arm into Fernet's and guided him with gentle firmness toward the Greek café in question. Fernet felt suddenly helpless and incapable of offering the slightest objection.

A girl took their orders. She had a freckled nose and was frankly Irish. Naturally, she did not fit the picture, and Fernet could see that she was scornful of the whole business.

"Two coffees . . . medium," Minetti repeated, decisively. "And will you have a sweet with it? They sell taffy made of sesame seeds and honey. Or you can have Turkish delight or a pastry dusted with powdered sugar. Really, they are all quite delicious."

Fernet merely shrugged. Minetti ordered Turkish delight. The girl wiped some moisture from the marble table-top and walked toward the coffee-shelf.

"So you were not able to work today?" Minetti began, affably. "How did you put in the time?"

"At the library, reading."

"Something droll? A French novel or——"

"Books on *poison!*" Fernet shot out with venomous triumph. "I know more than I did yesterday."

"How distressing!" purred Minetti. "Ignorance is more invulnerable than one fancies. Of course we are taught otherwise, but knowledge, you remember, was the beginning of all trouble. But you choose a fascinating subject. Some day when we get better acquainted I shall tell you all I know about it. Poison is such a subtle thing. It is everywhere—in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. And it is at once swift and sluggish, painful and stupefying, obvious and incapable of analysis. It is like a beautiful woman, or a great joy, or love itself."

Fernet glanced up sharply. The hunchback had slid forward in his seat and his eyes glowed like two shaded pools catching greedily at the yellow sunlight of midday. Fernet shuddered and looked about the room. Groups of swarthy men were drinking coffee, or sipping faintly-red draughts of cherry syrup and sweet soda. At a nearby table a group of six shuffled cards and marked their scores upon a slate. And, of course, there were those who played backgammon, rattling the dice and making exaggerated gestures as they spurred on their adversaries with genial taunts.

The girl came back carrying cups of thick steaming coffee and soft lemon-coloured sweetmeats speared with two tiny silver forks. She set the tray down. Minetti reached for his coffee greedily, but Fernet sat back in his seat and allowed the waitress to place the second cup before him. As she did so the table shook suddenly and half of the hot liquid spilled over on the marble table-top. Fernet jumped up to escape the scalding trickle; the girl gave an apologetic scream; Minetti laughed strangely.

"It is all my fault!" cried the hunchback. "What stupidity! Pray be seated. My young woman, will you give the gentleman this coffee of mine? And get me another."

"Pardon me," Fernet protested, "but I cannot think of such a thing!" And with that he attempted to pass the coffee in question back to Minetti. But the hunchback would have none of it. Fernet broke into a terrified sweat.

"He has dropped poison into it!" he thought, in sudden panic. "Otherwise why should he be so anxious to have me drink it? He kicked the table deliberately, too. And this cup of his—why was it not spilled also? No, he was prepared—it is all a trick!"

"Come, come, my friend," broke in Minetti, briskly, "drink your coffee while it is still hot! Do not wait for me. I shall be served presently. And try the sweetmeats; they are delicious."

"I am not hungry," replied Fernet, sullenly.

"No? Well, what of that? Sweetmeats and coffee are not matters of hunger. Really, you are more droll than you imagine!" Minetti burst into a terrifying laugh.

"He thinks I am afraid!" muttered Fernet.

And out of sheer bravado he lifted the cup to his lips. Minetti stopped laughing, but a wide smile replaced his diabolical mirth. The girl brought fresh coffee to the hunchback. He sipped it with frank enjoyment, but he did not once take his gaze from Fernet's pale face.

"Well," thought Fernet, "one cup of poison more or less will not kill me. . . . It is not as if he has made up his mind to finish me at once. He is counting on the exquisite joys of a prolonged agony." And he remembered Minetti's words: "It is like watching a green leaf fading before the breath of autumn. First a sickly pallor, then a yellowing, a sharp wind, a fluttering in the air. . . ." He tossed off the coffee in one defiant gulp. "He thinks that he has me in his power. But André Fernet is not quite a fool. I shall go away tomorrow!"

They went home as soon as Minetti finished his coffee. Fernet felt a sudden nausea; by the time he reached his lodgings his steps were unsteady and his head reeled. Minetti was kindness itself.

"Let me help you into bed," he insisted. "You must have a congestion. Presently I shall heat some water and give you a hot gin."

Fernet was too sick to protest. Minetti started the gas-stove and filled the kettle and went into his room for gin. Fernet dragged himself out of his clothes and crawled in between the sheets. Minetti came back. Fernet lay with his eyes half-closed, shivering. Finally the water boiled, and the hunchback brought Fernet a huge tumbler of gin and water with bits of lemon-peel and cloves floating in it. It tasted so good that Fernet forgot his terror for the moment. But when the tumbler was empty he felt helpless; he could scarcely lift his arms; so he lay flat upon his back, staring up at the ceiling. He tried to recall scraps of what he had been reading all afternoon. What was the name of the poison that left one paralyzed? He could not remember. He found his movements becoming more and more difficult; he could scarcely turn in bed. Minetti brewed another toddy. Fernet could not hold the glass. He tried to push the tumbler away from his lips, but his efforts were useless. Minetti hovered above him with a bland, gentle smile, and Fernet felt the warm liquid trickling into his mouth and down his

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throat. In the midst of all this he lost consciousness. . . . Once or twice during the night Fernet had a wakeful interlude. Whenever he opened his eyes he saw Minetti sitting before the open window, gazing down at the twisted pepper-tree.

"Yes, they are both alike!" passed dimly through his mind. "They both are at once beautiful and hideous, and they have strange secrets! It is no use, I must go away—tomorrow."

In the morning Minetti was standing by the bed. "I have sent for the doctor," he said. But his voice sounded like that of one speaking from very far away.

Drawings by V. De Pauw

THE DOCTOR CAME shortly after ten o'clock. He was a little wizened, dried-up old man with a profound air.

"He is a fraud!" thought Fernet. "He knows nothing!"

"Ah," said the doctor, putting a sly finger against his sharp nose, "our friend here has a nervous collapse. He should have a nurse!"

"A nurse!" exclaimed Minetti, with indignation. "And, pray, what do you call me? Do you not think that——"

"Well, we shall see! we shall see!" replied the doctor, rubbing his hands together. "But he will need all sorts of delicacies and——"

Minetti moistened his lips with sleek satisfaction. "You cannot name a dish that I am not able to prepare."

"How about a custard? Today he should eat something light."

"A custard is simplicity itself," answered the hunchback, and he cracked his fingers.

Minetti went out with the doctor, and came back shortly, carrying eggs and a bottle of vanilla extract and sugar. Fernet lay helpless, watching him bustling about. Finally the delicacy was made and set away in a pan of water to cool. At noon Minetti brought a blue bowl filled with custard to the bedside. It looked inviting, but Fernet shook his head.

"I am not hungry," he lied.

The hunchback set the bowl down on a chair so that Fernet gazed upon it all day. The hunchback did not leave the room. He sat before the open window, reading from a thick book. Toward nightfall Fernet said to him:

"What do you find so interesting?"

Minetti darted a sardonic glance at his patient. "A book on *poison*. I did not realize that I had grown so rusty on the subject. Why, I remember scarcely enough to poison a field-mouse!"

He rose and crossed over to the bedside. "Do you not feel ready for the custard?"

Fernet cast a longing eye upon the yellow contents of the blue bowl.

"No. To tell the truth, I never eat it."

Minetti shrugged.

"But I should like a glass of water."

The hunchback drew water from the faucet. Fernet watched him like a ferret.

"At least," thought Fernet, "he cannot drop poison in the water secretly. It is well that I can see every move he makes at such a time. I should not like to die of thirst."

A little later Minetti removed the bowl and threw out its contents. Fernet looked on with half-closed eyes.

"What better proof could I have?" he mused. "If the custard were harmless he would eat it himself. I must get away tomorrow."

But the next day he felt weaker than ever, and when the doctor came Minetti said, in answer to questions:

"I made a delicious custard yesterday and he ate every bit. . . . An oyster stew? . . . with milk? I shall see that he has it at noon."

"God help me!" muttered Fernet. "Why does he lie like this? I must get the doctor's ear and tell him how things stand. I shall eat nothing—nothing! Thank Heaven, I can drink water without fear."

At noon the oyster stew was ready. But Fernet would have none of it. "Oysters make me ill!" he said.

Minetti merely shrugged as he had done the previous day, and set the savoury dish upon a chair before the bed. It exuded tantalizing odours, until Fernet thought he would go mad with longing. Toward evening Minetti threw out the stew. And as before, when the doctor called the hunchback said:

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"He ate a quart of stew, and there were plenty of oysters in it, I can tell you. Do you think that a chicken fried in olive-oil would be too hearty?"

Fernet groaned. "This is horrible—horrible!" he wept to himself. "I shall die like a starving rat with toasted cheese dangling just beyond reach. God help me to rouse myself! Surely the effects of the poison he has given me must soon wear off. . . . There he is, reading from that big book again. Perhaps he is contriving a way to put poison in my water even though I am able to watch him when he draws me a drink. . . . Poison—poison everywhere. It can even be administered with the prick of a needle. Why did I read about it? Chicken fried in olive-oil . . . what torture!"

THE CHICKEN FRIED in olive-oil was a triumph—Fernet knew all this by the wisps of appetizing fragrance which drifted from the sizzling pan. Minetti made a great stir over the preparations. The tender flesh had to be rubbed thoroughly with garlic and well dusted with salt and pepper. And a quarter of a bottle of yellow-green olive-oil was first placed in the pan. When everything was ready and the chicken cooked to a turn, Minetti carried it to Fernet with a great flourish. Fernet gritted his teeth and turned his face away. He did not have the courage to invent an excuse. Minetti laid it on the chair as usual. For two hours Fernet was tortured with the sight of this tempting morsel, but at the sound of the doctor's step upon the stair the hunchback whisked away the chicken.

"His appetite?" Minetti said, echoing the doctor's query. "Why, one could not wish for better! Only this morning he despatched a chicken as if it had been no more than a soft-boiled egg. As a matter of fact, he is always hungry."

"Well, well," beamed the doctor, "that is the best of signs, and it happens that way very often in nervous cases. You are a capital nurse, my good man, and by the end of the week, if you keep feeding him up in this fashion, he should be as hearty as a schoolboy."

At that moment Minetti was called downstairs by his landlord. Fernet struggled to lift himself; the doctor bent toward him.

"This hunchback," Fernet gasped, "he is trying to poison me. Already I have drunk four or five of his concoctions, and that is why I am in this condition . . . helpless. And he is lying when he says that I have eaten. I have touched nothing for three days."

The doctor laid the patient back upon the pillow.

"Poison you, my friend? And for what reason?"

"Because I laughed at him. In God's name, Doctor, see that you keep a straight face in his presence or else——"

The doctor patted Fernet's hand and straightened the sliding bedclothes. By this time Minetti had come back. The doctor and the hunchback whispered together in a far corner. Minetti laughed and tapped his head. At the door Fernet heard the doctor say:

"Just keep up the good work and the idea will pass. It happens that way in nervous cases. I shall not look in until the first of next week unless. . . ."

Fernet groaned aloud.

"I must get away tomorrow. . . . I must get away tomorrow!" he kept on repeating.

By the end of the week the smell of food held no temptations for Fernet. Minetti stopped cooking. And when a glass of water was drawn from the faucet, Fernet had difficulty in forcing his vision to answer the strain of a searching gaze.

"When my sight fails me," Fernet thought, dimly, "I shall either die of thirst or take the consequences."

When the doctor finally came again Fernet closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

"He seems thinner," remarked the doctor, as if he had made an important discovery.

"Well, to tell the truth," replied the hunchback, "he has lost his appetite. I have fed him milk and eggs, but——"

"There is nothing to do but be patient," said the doctor. "Medicine will do him no good. Just rest and food. Even a little starvation will not hurt him. People eat too much, anyway."

At this Fernet opened his eyes and broke into a laugh that startled even Minetti. The doctor looked offended.

"Well, he is in your hands," the old fraud said, pompously, to the hunchback. "Just keep up the good work——"

Fernet laughed again.

"He is hysterical," proclaimed the doctor, with an air of supreme wisdom. "It happens that way very often in nervous cases."

And he walked out with great solemnity.

"Ah, I have offended him!" thought Fernet. "Well, now they will finish me—*together!*"

THERE FOLLOWED DAYS of delicious weakness. Fernet lay for the most part wrapped in the bliss of silver-blue visions. It seemed as if years were passing. He built shining cities, received the homage of kings, surrendered himself to the joys of ripe-lipped beauties. There were lucid intervals shot through with the malignant presence of Minetti and the puttering visits of the doctor. But these were like waking moments between darkness and dawn, filled with the half-conscious joy of a sleeper secure in the knowledge of a prolonged respite. In such moments Fernet would stir feebly and think:

"I must get away tomorrow!"

And there would succeed almost instantly a languid ecstasy at the thought that tomorrow was something remote and intangible that would never come.

At times the hunchback seemed like nothing so much as a heartless gaoler who, if he would, might open the door to some shining adventure. Gradually this idea became fixed and elaborated. Fernet's sight grew dimmer and dimmer, until he followed the presence of Minetti by the sounds he made.

"He is jingling something," Fernet would repeat, weakly. "Ah, it must be his keys! He is searching for the one that will set me free! . . . Now he is oiling the lock. . . . He has shut the door again. I am to be held a while longer. . . . I am a caged bird and just beyond is the pepper-tree. It must be glistening now in the sunlight. Well, let him lock the

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door, for all the good it will do him. Is not the window always open? When the time comes I shall fly out the window and leave him here—alone. Then we shall see who has the best of this bargain."

And all the silver-blue visions would steal over him again, to be pierced briefly by the arrival of the wizened doctor.

"It is he who keeps me here!" Fernet would say to himself. "If it were not for him I could fly away—forever. Well, presently even he will lose his power."

One day a strange man stood at his bedside. Minetti was there also, and the old fraud of a doctor. The strange man drew back the covers and put his ear to Fernet's fluttering heart and went through other tiresome matters. . . . Finally he smoothed back the covers again, and as he did so he shook his head. He spoke softly, but Fernet heard him distinctly.

"It is too late. You should have called me sooner. He wishes to die. . . . There is nothing to be done."

"Yes, yes—it happens this way very often in nervous cases."

"I have done my best. I have given him food and drink. I have even starved him. But nothing seemed to do any good."

"No," said the stranger; "it is his mind. He has made up his mind that. . . . You can do nothing with a man who . . ."

Fernet closed his eyes.

"A man! They think I am a man. What stupidity! Can they not see that I am a bird? . . . They have gone out. He is locking the door again. . . . I can hear the keys jingle. . . . Well, let him lock the door if it gives him any pleasure. The window is open, and tonight . . ."

The footsteps of the departing visitors died away. A chuckling sound came to André Fernet and the thump of ecstatic fists brought down upon a bare table-top. The voice of Flavio Minetti was quivering triumphantly like the hot whisper of a desert wind through the room:

"Without any weapon save the mind! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Fernet turned his face toward the wall. "He is laughing at *me* now. Well, let him laugh while he may. . . . Is not the window open? Tomorrow I shall be free . . . and he? . . . No, *he* cannot fly—he has a broken wing. . . . The window is open, André Fernet!"

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

The Essence of Literature

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

To turn events into ideas is the function of literature. . . . Literary art in the end rejects all unmeaning flourishes, all complications that have no counterpart in the things of this world or no use in expressing their relations; at the same time it aspires to digest that reality to which it confines itself, making it over into ideal substance and material for the mind. It looks at natural things with an incorrigibly dramatic eye, turning them into permanent unities (which they never are) and almost into persons, grouping them by their imaginative or moral affinities and retaining in them chiefly what is incidental to their being, namely, the part that they may chance to play in man's adventures.

Such literary art demands a subject-matter other than the literary impulse itself. The literary man is an interpreter, and hardly succeeds, as the musician may, without experience and mastery of human affairs. His art is half genius and half fidelity. He needs inspiration; he must wait for automatic musical tendencies to ferment in his mind, proving it to be fertile in devices, comparisons, and bold assimilations. Yet inspiration alone will lead him astray, for his art is relative to something other than its own formal impulse; it comes to clarify the real world, not to encumber it; and it needs to render its native agility pertinent to the facts and to attach its volume of feeling to what is momentous in human life. Literature has its piety, its conscience; it cannot long forget, without forfeiting all dignity, that it serves a burdened and perplexed creature, a human animal struggling to persuade the universal Sphinx to propose a more intelligible riddle. Irresponsible and trivial in its abstract impulse, man's simian chatter becomes noble as it becomes symbolic; its representative function lends it a serious beauty, its utility endows it with moral worth.

Little Essays. (Edited by Logan Pearsall Smith.)

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Ethics in a Business Suit

Paid In Full

R purchased paint from the A—— Company to the value of $200. On the first of the following month he received a statement for this amount, and returned the statement, together with a remittance for $100, to the A—— Company's office, by mail. The company's bookkeeper accepted the remittance, but, through error, stamped the statement "Paid in full," and dated, signed, and returned it to R. In the meantime, the paint purchased had proved unsatisfactory, and when, after several months, a collector called on R for the $100 balance due, the latter showed him the receipted bill, and said that so far as he was concerned the transaction was completed and the matter closed.

The proprietor of the A—— Company, knowing the futility of attempting to collect the balance due from R, because of the unsatisfactory goods, withheld this amount from the salary of the bookkeeper, claiming that it was through his error that the sum could not be collected.

Was R right in taking advantage of a not uncommon clerical error, even though he was legitimately entitled to an adjustment of approximately the amount in question for the unsatisfactory merchandise?

S. W.

Two Gentlemen From Pittsburgh

Two young fellows whom I knew were in the soft coal business in Pittsburgh. They were clever and they worked hard—and Fortune was kind to them. Soon, times being exceptionally good, they accumulated a half million-dollar surplus. Things were sailing along smoothly; they had lots of business booked on contracts. But these contracts were just the trouble. Strikes broke out at the coal mines, car shortages occurred, post-war inflation developed, and the price of coal soared. Everybody was caught short. Mines, wholesalers, jobbers—all were repudiating their contracts right and left. Those sources of supply with which they had made contracts broke them sweetly, without a flicker of conscience; the two partners had to go out into the open market and buy coal to fulfil their own contracts—which they refused to abrogate—sometimes at double what they had contracted to sell it for!

It cleaned them out. Never a whimper. Never a suggestion between the two that they do anything else but kept their pledged word. Yet everybody around them was welshing. $500,000! Neither one of them will ever see that much money again as long as he lives. I do business with one of these middle-aged men today, and it gives me a thrill of confidence every time I think of what he did.

If not public opinion, would not at least public practice have seemed to justify the repudiation of their business promises?

H. B. B.

Down on the Farm

Two farmers, living directly opposite each other on a crossroads, about a mile distant from the state highway along which ran an electric power line, desired electric power and lights.

The power company stated, upon consultation, that in order to have electric power, they (the farmers) would have to pay the cost of erecting the line to their houses. One of the farmers agreed to do this. The other, however, said that he did not care to have the power under such terms; he was perfectly willing to pay for what power he used, but not for the erection of the line, as he thought the company should do that.

The first farmer stood all the expense of the construction of the line, which, together with the cost of wiring his house, amounted to quite a sum.

He enjoyed the benefits of electric power for about a year, when the second farmer, having had his buildings wired, hooked onto the line, the cost of whose erection had been borne entirely by the first farmer. When approached with the request that he share the original expense, he stated that he was not obligated to do so, as he had the consent of the company to obtain power from the line previously constructed.

L. B. C.

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"Once Upon a Time—"

By JULIUS MORITZEN

And the "wise" old woman from the city almshouse looked knowingly at the cards on the table and examined the coffee grounds in the cup before her. Then she spoke: "Your son will be a great man. In honour of him, Odense will one day be illuminated!"

There, in that lowly home, young Hans Christian Andersen and his bent, worn mother were awaiting the verdict of the "oracle" to decide if it would be safe for the boy to go out from the little town of Odense into the world.

Yes, Odense—and all Denmark—were more than once illuminated and bedecked with flags in honour of Andersen after he had won the world's acclaim. No literary star ever rose higher from low beginnings than Hans Christian Andersen. His very entrance into the world is pathos personified. We read in his own words how his young father, the cobbler, set up housekeeping, and how Hans himself was born: "The young man had himself made his shoe-making bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping. This bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had only a short time before borne the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the woodwork kept the fact still in remembrance.

"Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax lights, here lay, on the second day of April, 1805, a living and weeping child—that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen."

This is the child, then, that the whole world—familiar with the Andersen stories and fairy-tales—will honour on his one hundredth and twenty-fifth birthday anniversary, in April of next year. But how many who delight in Hans Andersen's exquisite stories realize what trials and tribulations beset the Danish poet before he achieved literary and social success? It is only necessary to read between the lines of what he has written to see him mirrored there among tears and smiles, gay happenings and sad events. In fact, there is so little disguise of persons or environments that there is no difficulty in recognizing his living models. Take, for instance, his appealing story, "She Was Good for Nothing." His own mother, the poor Odense washerwoman, must have sat for the pathetic picture: They "brought her to the cemetery, the cemetery of the poor. Maren planted a small rosebush on the grave. The boy stood at her side.

"'My dear mother!' he cried, tears streaming down his cheeks. 'Is it true that she was good for nothing?'

"'No, it is not true! She was worthy. I know it from all the past years, and from what happened last night. I say she was worthy, and the good Lord in heaven says the same. Let the world, if it wants, say: 'She was good for nothing!'"

It has become the fashion of modern biography to remove some of the glamour with which writers in the past have invested notable persons, and in the effort after truth Hans Christian Andersen's life-story, as portrayed by others as well as by himself, has come under critical examination. In *The True Story of My Life*, Hans Andersen has dealt gently with such facts as his mother's love of drink. But even in the light of modern biographical treatment the picture of himself withstands the acid test. For the real Hans Andersen need hide none of his qualifications or his weaknesses. He was ambitious, and he may have been vain, but, as a recent biographer, Professor H. St. Holbech, puts it: "He was actuated by a burning ambition and a noble striving after success. But just because there was so long denied him the recognition so essential to his very existence, his self-assertion had to find expression the best way it could. By giving himself over to unrestrained feelings and sentiments, he may perhaps have lost in manly stature, but on the other hand, it may have enabled him to rise to the heights of the poet that he was."

Andersen—from a contemporary cartoon.

It is the boyhood of Hans Christian Andersen in that ancient and historic city of Odense that furnished the after-world with a wealth of material by which to estimate his character and idiosyncracies. He carried the impressions of his birthplace with him to his last hour when death, whom he often employed as a stock in trade, found him in the capital, Copenhagen. Every babbling stream, every tree hoary with age, the solemn stork that walks

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majestically across the meadows of Odense, speaks the language of the poet today as things inanimate and animate spoke it those long years past. The writer may be pardoned for recalling to memory localities where in all probability Hans Andersen dreamed away the hours while preparing himself for his future greatness.

There was an incident which occurred at the time of Hans Christian's confirmation that speaks volumes for the childish delight in little things which runs like a red thread through his stories and his own life. It can be told in no better words than his own: "An old female tailor altered my deceased father's greatcoat into a confirmation suit for me. Never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also for the first time in my life a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great. My only fear was that everybody could not see them, and therefore I drew them up over my trousers, and thus I marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the congregation would hear that they were new."

If we want to get a still closer view of his inner self, there is the story of "The Ugly Duckling." Hans Andersen recognized the fact that he was no paragon of beauty, but he wished to emphasize that beauty is only skin deep when he turned the ugly duckling into a snow-white swan. None of his tales carry a greater moral, except perhaps "The Emperor's New Clothes," which is a travesty on humankind in all ages and in all climes.

Before Hans Andersen discovered his true vocation in life, during those years of his boyhood in Odense, he had ambitions other than those of becoming an author. He saw in himself the stuff for a great actor. And it was with the view of gaining fame and fortune on the stage that the tall and ungainly boy of fourteen consulted the oracle and set forth on his quest.

It is not to be supposed that those creaky boots of Hans Andersen, which we may well believe created a sensation in that austere Danish congregation, passed out of his life with his entrance into the great city of Copenhagen. No, still burning with ambition for the stage, he presented himself at the home of Mme. Schall, the noted dancer, to whom he had a letter of introduction from a resident of Odense entirely unknown to her.

"On the day after my arrival," he writes, "I dressed myself in my confirmation suit, nor were the boots forgotten, although this time they were worn under my trousers, and thus in my best attire, with a hat which fell half over my eyes, I hastened to present my letter of introduction."

Is it to be wondered at that the noted dancer looked in amazement at her visitor? And how her amazement must have increased when, on asking Hans Christian what he could do, he replied that he thought he could play the part of Cinderella! He had seen the piece performed in his native town and felt that he could act the part perfectly from memory.

A letter from Charles Dickens to Hans Christian Andersen

My dear and Worthy Hans,

I am extremely sorry that I cannot show your friend, Mr. Bille, the attention and interest that it would indeed be a great pleasure to testify to any friend of yours. But I have left London for the summer, in order that I may work the more freely and pleasantly in the midst of a pretty garden here. You know, dear fellow labourer, what the distractions of a London life are, and what a relief it is to escape from them. You will not be surprised at my remaining from it as long as I can, and not intending to return to London until late in October.

I cannot write to explain this to Mr. Bille myself, because I have not received with your letter (which he left at my house in town) any card of his, and consequently I do not know his address. But when you next see him or communicate with him pray do me the favour to tell him, how glad I should have been to have tried to make his visit to London more domestic and agreeable, if I had been there. You have too much modesty to be able to tell him, how delightfully and cordially I should have taken a hand that had been lately in your grasp—so I will tell him that myself when he comes again.

And you, my friend, when are you coming again? Nine years (as you say) have flown away, since you were among us. In those nine years you have not faded out of the hearts of the English people, but have become even better known and more beloved, than when you saw them for the first time. When Aladdin shall have come out of those caves of science to run a triumphant course on earth and make us all wiser and better—as I know you will—you ought to come for another visit. You ought to come to me, for example, and stay in my house. We would do our best to make you happy.

I am hard at work at Little Dorrit, and she will hold me prisoner for another nine or ten months. She is a wonderful favourite in England. The mention of my country's name reminds me to say, that you now write English most admirably, and that this letter of yours now lying on my desk is a perfect Englishman's.

Mrs. Dickens wishes me to tell you that she would have been mortally offended if you had suspected her of forgetting you, and that you only do her justice in supposing that you live in her remembrance. Such of my children as you saw at Broadstairs by the sea, and especially my two daughters, who are now young women, are very indignant at your dreaming of the possibility of their forgetting Hans Christian Andersen. They say, that if you know them half as well as they have for years known Tommelise in the Ugly Duckling, you would know better. However, they send you their love and forgiveness.

My dear Andersen, I have had the heartiest pleasure in hearing from you again, and I assure you that I love and esteem you more than I could tell you on as much paper as would pave the whole road from here to Copenhagen.

Ever your affectionate friend,

Boulogne,
July 5, 1856.

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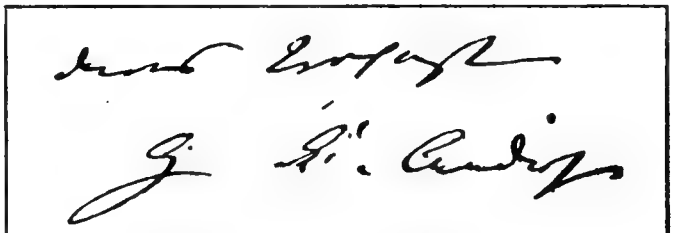
"I asked permission," he says, "to take off my boots, otherwise I was not light enough for this character, and then taking up my broad hat for a tambourine, I began to dance and sing: 'Here below, nor rank nor riches are exempt from pain and woe.'

"My strange gestures and my great activity caused the lady to think me out of my mind, and she lost no time getting rid of me."

No man ever lived who had greater confidence in his fellow men than Hans Christian Andersen. But he was sensitive beyond measure, and especially to criticism of his work. Already as a boy this trait brought him much misery. A pupil in the poorest school of the city, he became the butt of his schoolmates on every possible occasion, not only because of his ungainly appearance, but on account of his shyness and desire to be by himself. Even when his fame brought him the companionship of kings and the wealthy, he could take offense where none was meant, and show the irritation of a child which could not have its own way.



In this manner the weaver of fairy tales signed himself when at home in the city of Copenhagen.

George Brandes tells of an anecdote that illustrates how Andersen never forgot anyone who humiliated him. It happened that the minister who was to prepare him for his first communion thought him too poor to bother about and sent him to his vicar.

"Now," as Brandes relates it, "towards the end of the year 1844 Hans Andersen was several times invited to visit the Danish royal family, which was then spending some time on the island of Foehr. Andersen learned that the minister who had passed him by had been transferred to Foehr.

" 'Then I asked the King,' Hans Andersen said to Brandes, 'to let me have the use of the royal carriage with coachmen, outriders, and footmen in the royal scarlet livery. The King replied: "With the greatest pleasure," and so I rode in the royal carriage to the minister's house, and during my whole visit the carriage was waiting outside. That was my revenge.' "

Much of Andersen's best work was done while he was traveling in the south of Europe. The stage having refused him after several attempts to attain fame in that direction, he nevertheless made use of his love for the theatre by writing a number of plays of undoubted dramatic merit. His muse was also more than kind to him when he tried to write novels. Finally he settled on the fairy-tale as his literary medium.

Andersen was thirty years old when he wrote to the poet Ingemann that he had begun writing what he called "fairy-tales told to children," and that he believed he had been successful in this endeavour. He could not have imagined at that time that he had entered the path which was to bring him world fame. And still, there was nothing very strange about this. From his earliest years he had lived in a dream-world. He never succeeded wholly in moving out of that magic circle. Whenever he was invited anywhere, it was always the children of the household that interested him and claimed his attention. His proficiency in cutting figures from paper was in a way an inherited talent from his father, who in order to amuse Hans Christian made dolls for him to play with. The theme for "Little Ida's Flowers" he derived from a visit to the family of J. M. Thiele in Charlottenborg. It was during Andersen's student days, and he was very fond of the little Thiele girl, Ida. As the story starts: " 'My poor flowers are dying,' said the little Ida. 'They were so beautiful last evening, and now all the leaves are withered. Why is this?' she questioned the student who was sitting next to her on the lounge. For she was very fond of him. He could tell the most wonderful stories, and cut out such interesting pictures, hearts, and little women that danced; flowers and big castles, with doors that could be opened. He was such a nice student."

That was just one incident taken from real life and made into prose poetry. Many of his stories originated in a similar manner. The child in Hans Andersen never left him.

One of Hans Christian Andersen's several love affairs was with Jenny Lind. He had made the acquaintance of the Swedish singer when returning from an extended tour of the Orient. The poet wrote in his diary after meeting her: "In the evening was together with Jenny Lind at Bournonvilles. They drank a toast to her and me. In love." The following day the poet sent her a poem written in her honour. That night he wrote in his diary: "I love her. Came home at 1.30."

Jenny Lind never took her ardent wooer seriously, however. They did maintain a considerable correspondence until the singer married the pianist Goldschmidt. Between 1871 and 1872 only a few letters passed between them, but in the last of these letters Jenny Lind expressed the desire to once more show him her "Christian sister-love." She survived him by twelve years. In the story "Beneath the Willows," Andersen makes some direct allusions to the days when the forty-year-old poet worshipped the young and brilliant singer, the "Swedish Nightingale."

Andersen died on August 4, 1875, leaving to his native country of Denmark a heritage which has continued to bring fame to this little country wherever books are read, for there is hardly a language, including the Japanese, into which his fairy-tales have not been translated. Hans Christian Andersen speaks with fine spiritual perception and acutely practical sense the universal language that touches the heartstrings.

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Scissors-cuts by Hans Andersen, with the making of which he amused himself during his entire life.

The Emperor's New Clothes

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

MANY YEARS AGO there lived an Emperor who was so excessively fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theatre, and liked only to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," so they always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day came many strangers; one day two rogues came: they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff anyone could imagine. Not only were their colours and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to anyone who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

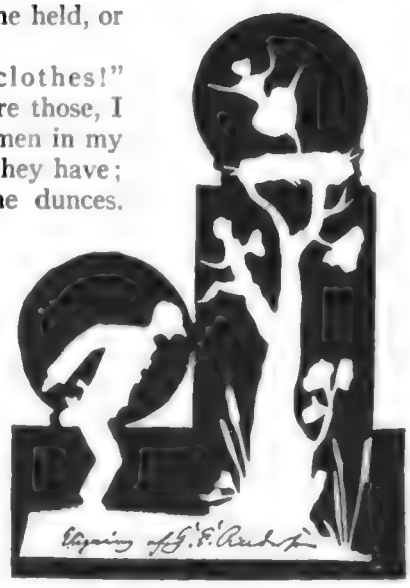
"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever from the dunces. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two rogues a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbours were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."



Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I can see nothing at all!" But he did not say so. Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colours and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

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"O, it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colours! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colours, and explained the strange pattern. The old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the Emperor came. And he did so.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put it all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

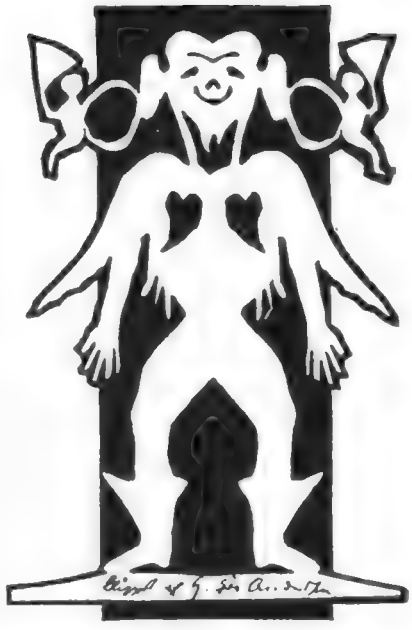
"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man; "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colours and charming pattern. "Yes, it is most enchanting," he told the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main without fibre or thread.

"Is not that splendid?" said the two statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colours?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. O, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our highest approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing. The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the Emperor, they said, "That is pretty!" and counseled him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the Emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.



The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to take off your clothes?" said the rogues; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"O, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colours! That *is* a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession!" announced the Head Master of the Ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The two chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands toward the floor; just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing at all.

So the Emperor

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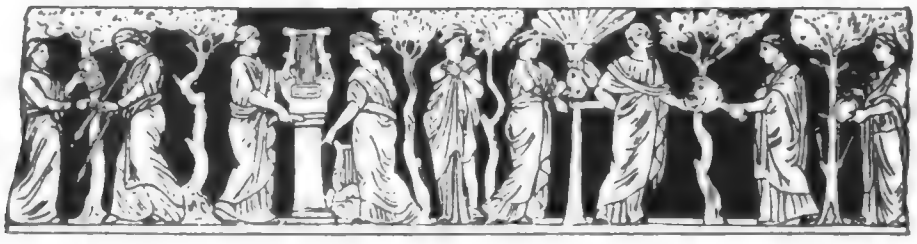
went in procession under the rich canopy, and everyone in the streets said, "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes! what a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!" No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last. And those about her were listening.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father: and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher, and the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.



The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

Will the gentleman who had the car with the heater on that sat by the lady in the World Theater Monday night, address O-484, World-Herald?

Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald.

Over the meat place the vegetables in layers. Add the other teaspoon of salt. Pour tomato soup or pulp over all and cover pan lightly. Cook slowly for two and one-half years. Water may be needed to prevent burning.

Jersey Journal (Jersey City, N. J.)

All kinds of domesticated female help wanted and supplied, references. Mrs. P. Montee du Zouave.

Montreal (Canada) Daily Star.

China closet for sale; perfect condition, hydraulic brakes; will sacrifice, $255. Call Brandywine 0400.

Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post-Gazette.

Rev. W——, the new pastor of the First Methodist church, filled his first appointment at the church Sunday morning and preached to a good congregation.

Mr. W—— is fast becoming acquainted and says that he likes our town and H. W. Giese, Misses Frances Miller, Fay Rowland, Winnie Welsh, Judith Black and Master Jack Helms.

Daily Ardmorite (Ardmore, Okla.).

SECRETARIAL POSITION wanted by young lady with eight years' business experience to her credit. Can be as dumb as men expect a girl to be, or, if necessary, can show signs of unusual intelligence.

Minneapolis (Minn.) Journal.

LOST OR STOLEN

Two beautiful ladies, diamond rings. Handsome reward for their return. R. C. Hoblitzel, Williamstown, Phone 6121.

Parkersburg (W. Va.) News.

Those who have not tasted lemon-nog have a delightful surprise in store for them:

Half cup ice water.

One or two shrdlushrdlushrdlushrs.

Winnipeg (Man.) Pree Press.

The tail of Darwin's monkey has been given another twist. Arkansas has placed the ban on the teaching of elocution in the state schools.

Vancouver (B. C.) Province.

Orvill and Emmitt Bishop are digging a basement under the J. E. Hornbaker home. The Hornbaker's will put in a furnace when the basement is completed and arrange other inconveniences to make their home more modern. *Grand Junction (Colo.) Sentinel.*

NEED SOME READY CASH?

We will loan you on your auto, furniture, piano, radio, etc., at awful rates. You can repay loan on small monthly payments from 1 to 20 months.

——— Loan Co.

Albia (Iowa) Union-Republican.

Fine golden oak davenport with imitation leather upholstery, open to a bull size bed. Bargain $10. EASY TERMS. East End Furniture Co., 416 E. Federal St.

Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator.

John Hendrichson has recently purchased two cows and a horse.

The expected wedding bells have rung and congratulations are in season.

Putnam (Conn.) Patriot.

FOR SALE—Nice warm brass bed, springs and mattress in good, clean condition. Must be cash, but not much. O, Journal.

Muscatine (Iowa) Journal and News-Tribune.

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The Funnel

By A. E. COPPARD

Yours sincerely
A. E. Coppard

HENRY LAPWING was a small pallid boy who grew into a small pallid person with thick red lips and very dark eyes. When he began to be a man a black mustache presumed to grow on him, and he let it grow. It bore, you might say, a charmed life, for the hair of his head began then to decline, until at thirty there was a bare baldness on him as big as a little saucer; at forty it was the shape of a little shovel. That is how he was now. Henry Lapwing, a timid man, not afraid of anything actual like pain or misfortune or people, but afraid, just simply, of life itself, something he could not name. Railway clerks, especially those of the lower grades, are often like that. He was, too, an unreflective man; it was enough to have survived so many years; most of his experiences were forgotten as soon as their momentary turbulence, pleasant or otherwise, had subsided; he had almost entirely forgotten his childhood. There was just one time he could remember of those far-off days, a summer morning when he was six or seven years old; he was rambling in a country lane, very sunny it was, he could smell something. Then he came upon two men lounging in a ditch, and between them squatted a bear, a large black bear! Both men must have been Swiss—they had such fine sweeping mustaches and pink faces, and they were wearing conical velvet hats. One was playing on a clarionet, the other was feeding the bear with a piece of bread and jam. It had a chain on its muzzle. It was very sunny and he could smell the bear. Such claws it had!

And that is all about the bear. He had not been afraid of it, he had never been afraid of anything, but at school he was so stupid that if a boy playfully knocked him over Henry would remain on the ground and say "Don't!" so pathetically that his assailant would cease to annoy him. And so when he grew up and engaged in the most serious hazard of life by marrying a high-spirited Irish girl who soon treated him in a similar way, Henry merely said "Don't!" Instead of stamping upon his meek, pale face his wife permitted him to live—but not with her, not any longer. They had no children—Bridget could not forgive him that; and he had no ambitions. Bridget was full of ambition, and she had no child. She would not, she said, put up with it any longer. She would have, she said, no more to do with him. Bridget her name was, and she bade him leave her and seek his lot elsewhere. It did not fall to Henry to contest her dispensation—she was a substantial Hibernian—and he went that same night; it had all happened over supper, very unpleasant and very inconvenient. Henry forsook her and went seeking, and though he never found what you might call a fortune he did invent a funnel, a funnel which . . . but that was a long while after this affair.

The first emotion that engaged Henry after he had secured lodgings with a man who was a plumber by day and a Socialist by night (his wife and numerous children being neither the one nor the other), the very first emotion that engaged Henry was an anxiety about Bridget's fidelity. Henry had no jealous qualms at all, and he knew Bridget had none, but he also knew that Bridget hadn't any means, that she was alone, that she was attractive (ten years younger than himself), that she pined for a child—well, I ask you? How she proposed to live he did not know, and indeed he was far from caring, except for just one thing—that she should "keep straight." That was essential to him. Pride, I suppose it was.

A night or two after their separation he went round to their old home. It was a very little house in a very long street, 72 Turnbull Street; there were seventy-one more houses exactly like it, and seventy-two others, taking it all in all, not so very dissimilar— just a gross of them. At the end of the street, behind a hedge and some trees, was an open space often occupied by a "fair" with a couple of roundabouts, some swings, and a coconut-shy. It was there now; he could see the glare of the naphtha lamps and hear the interminable melancholy drone of the organ pleading to an audience too meagre for mirth and too poor for patronage. In front of every Turnbull house there grew a railed garden with evergreens and a concrete path; each had a window upstairs, a window and a door below, and No. 72 had the gas-lamp facing it, so there was never a candle required at bedtime—not if you left the blind up.

Henry paced up and down the path a few moments before knocking; an autumn night it was, the leaves of the evergreens were quite chill, and the wind blew. When Bridget answered his knock she exclaimed:

"Oh," very slowly; "Henry!"

"I come for my overcoat," said he.

"Well, come in for your overcoat, you."

In the kitchen she helped him on with his overcoat, but then he sat down. The kitchen looked exactly the same; it had not altered at all. Nor had Bridget, the red-haired, big-bosomed creature. Handsome as a marigold.

"How are you getting on?"

"I'm well," said she; and she looked very well with her hands on her fine hips; it was in the days when women had small waists and wore tight bodices. A

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smile of contemptuous contentment she gave: "I'm well."

Henry told her where he had gone to dwell now, and so on.

"How," he asked, "are you going to manage?"

"I'll manage," Bridget declared.

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'll manage," said she.

"Keeping the house on?"

"God help you, what else can I do? But I don't want you in it."

"I dunno," said he. "I suppose you'll want money?"

"No," Bridget said, "none of yours, and I don't want you."

"I'll have to share my salary with you," said Henry.

"I'll not be wanting that."

"But . . . you must have money!"

"Wouldn't I earn it?"

"How?" Henry did not look at Bridget while he interrogated her. All he desired to convey was the notion that he did not want on his conscience the crime of having sent a woman to the devil. There was nothing offensive in that. But he could not explain, not to Bridget, why he thought that was her inevitable destination; it was not the kind of thing for a follower of Christianity. Besides, she was growing furious.

"You want to keep a holt on me, do you! Well, then, I'll not have it. It's my independence I want, not you or your money at all, do you see that?"

Half of the furniture had been provided by Bridget, a good half, but some was his, and so, although he did not want it, he wondered.

"How are you going to earn money?"

"I've my plans."

What a cunning woman she was! But Henry was not to be fobbed off.

"Are you going out to a job?"

"I am not."

"What job can you do here?"

"Why! Is it to do with you at all?"

Henry was silent. "Eh?" asked Bridget.

He took the plunge and said meaningly: "Oh, I know it is easy for a woman to get money, it's easy for a woman to go wrong."

"Go wrong!" she shouted. "Why, what's on you, you dirty rot-sock? If you weren't the fool of the world you'd know I'm be going to let lodgings to the young girls at the factory, good and decent, if you're wanting to know. I'll get three or four, maybe; there's a score I could have if I liked, but three or four will do me neat and nice. An' that's how I'll keep the grace of God on my bones, if you're wanting to know, and no dirty capers. Yah, why'd I bother about what you think!"

No, no, Henry declared, he was only animated by kind intentions.

"Kind! Yah, I know you! It's to wash your little mushy soul in your own spittle, that's all."

"And," he ventured mildly, "you may not be as lucky as you think for. You might have an illness, or be swindled, there's that. And you won't work forever; there's old age."

"Age!" Oh, but it was ridiculous talking of age to a brisk woman in her early prime.

"Yes, or I might die too," he went on.

"You'll never live to match Methuselah."

"Some people live longer than others," sighed Henry; "I don't know for why. And this money will be a nest-egg. I'm fixed on that, you must have it. I'm fixed on that."

"Not a graineen. You may take your nest-egg," said Bridget, "and pay old Scratch. So don't sit there picking your nose, be off now—or must I take the poker to ye?" That was not necessary.

WELL, FOR THE SATISFACTION of Henry's soul it did not matter what Bridget said about the allowance, or what she did with it; the debt would be paid, and the payment would absolve him. Folly? Oh, it was indeed! But Folly is a prison where no charter of deliverance ever comes. So every week he sent her the money, and at last Bridget, tired of ineffectual protests, put the money in a bank. It was a strain, a great strain, but the notable thing about Lapwing was that nothing could really daunt him, he could adapt himself to the turn of fortune when fortune took a bad turn. He had lost Bridget, lost home, resigned half his income, but his boots were well-heeled and his collar was clean for the most of the week. You could notice no difference in him, but there was no denying it was a great sacrifice, it pulled him down, it almost annihilated him, and all his thoughts turned on ways of acquiring some wealth in some easy fashion—lotteries, competitions, gambling, and the like. All these methods were utterly beyond his means, but there was an astonishing section of things, so he heard, which would fetch you a hundred pounds if your could accomplish any one of them. If you could, for instance, smoke a whole cigar without damaging the ash, you would get a hundred pounds for that (from some American). Or if you found and produced without damage a kingfisher's nest, you would get a hundred pounds (from the British Museum). Or a million omnibus tickets would fetch you a hundred pounds (from some hospital)—only the tickets must be all different. The world was full of such violent enigmatic beliefs. And there were certain sorts of foreign stamps. In his boyhood Henry had collected foreign stamps; he kept them, he still had them, and they were in a little book with a brown embossed cover and yellow leaves. Now and again he looked at them, wondering what he could do about them. He did nothing.

Not from one year's end to the other did he set eyes on Bridget; he was as friendless a man as you could wish—as they say—to meet in a day's march. Each week he wrapped the half of his money in an envelope and dropped it into her letter-box. Whether she was doing well or ill he did not know; he fancied she was thriving; and, to be sure, she *was* still living in No. 7[illegible] Turnbull Street. At odd times, on Saturday afternoons, he would go to watch a football match which the Locomotive Club played against some other station, but even then he would be alone; no one accompanied, and no one accosted him as he stood on the field with his little legs wide apart, his hands in his trousers pockets, his pince-nez cunningly perched, his face frowning. Sometimes his wan cheeks would fluster into a pink, his fists would grind in his pockets.

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and forgetting his isolation he would shout quite loudly: "Where are your eyes, referee? Can't you see, damn you? What are you up to?" And although neither the referee nor the players regarded him at all, the spectators would observe him and imagine him to be the very devil of a judge of a true football match, and they, too, would begin to bellow at the referee.

Two years after he had left Bridget, Henry went one morning to the barber's. The barber was a Swiss, he reminded Henry of the men with the bear he had seen when a child, he was just such another—barring the hat and the bear and the clarionet—and that was the reason why Henry patronized his saloon. As he entered, the barber was replenishing a paraffin lamp with oil, and the oil overflowed because he could not see beyond the funnel he was using.

"Blast it," muttered the barber. "Good morning."

Henry said good morning and hung up his hat.

The barber wiped his hands upon his apron and hung up the lamp.

"Hair-cut?" demanded the Swiss.

"Yes," said Henry meditatively, and the barber began to crop the little hair Henry did not want. As he sat there Henry invented in his mind a funnel that would prevent any such mishaps; invented it complete; it was most ingenious, an inspiration, he saw the solution at once, plainly, as plainly as he smelt paraffin that seemed to be oozing from his hair.

"Shampoo?"

"What?" asked the dreaming inventor.

The Swiss put his thick forefinger on a showcard: SHAMPOO, 5*d*. "Good for debauchery," he declared acridly, staring at Henry in the mirror, "and profligacy."

Henry was baffled. "I'm all right," he whispered.

"If your head aches," the barber continued, "shampoo is very beneficial."

"It don't ache," Henry said. "I don't drink, and I don't have anything to do with women."

For the first time the barber now smiled at him, compassionately too. "Aw, what they say? A nature's nobleman; full of virtue—and other vices."

"How much?" asked Henry, standing up and adjusting his pince-nez. He paid the barber his two pence and went hurriedly off to work.

Among sheaves of waybills and consignment notes he spent a harassing forenoon; there was always some merchandise missing or damaged or delayed; such things were his special province; a depot only two stations down the line had mislaid a ton and a half of marmalade, and a woman whose perambulator had been smashed in transit could not have stormed at Lapwing more violently if her baby had been smashed too. Nevertheless he managed to scratch numerous drawings of funnels upon odd pieces of paper, funnels and funnels, the new Idea, the Lapwing Adjustable Funnel. During the next few weeks he not merely tinkered with funnels; he lived and moved and had his being with funnels; then slept with them and dreamed of them, indeed he dreamed of one that was supremely useful in cases of debauchery and profligacy; you poured in virtue and it never overflowed; you poured in vice and it came out virtue. At last the thing was perfect; it worked: worked with any liquid. He tried it with milk, tried it with paraffin, with soup, cocoa, and codliver oil—nothing could overflow. It only remained to get the thing manufactured and marketed.

What a difficulty that was! Here was a man with an implement of perfection, there was a public burning to experience its benefits. But Lapwing was a canny person; he was not so unwise as to show his invention to any living soul until he was protected from all chance of the beautiful idea being stolen from him, and that meant a large sum for patent fees. For a time the problem stupefied him; indeed he was almost tempted to poach on that half of his salary which he always gave to Bridget, but in the midst of his bewilderment the notion came to him that Bridget herself might be able to help. It was not *impossible* for her to have that much money; he would go to her and ask; if she failed him—well, no harm was done, he would think of something else. So off he went to Bridget.

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

Good Lord! she was astonishing; she had not aged an hour. Oh, she was full and fine and flourishing, with eight or nine girl lodgers; she had to rent the next-door house as well, she had to have a servant to help her; opulent she was, positively opulent!

"And what do *you* want?" she said when she saw him at her door.

"I want to show you something."

"You're thin," Bridget commented, "aren't you well? Come in here."

She took him into a very

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tidy parlour with a lot of new furniture in it.

"What do you want to show me?"

"My funnel," replied Henry, producing it. "And perhaps you could do me a favour."

The upshot was that Bridget—not as a favour, not as a speculation, but solely to get rid of him and keep clear of him, handed him twenty pounds. She actually wrote him a cheque for it.

Before he went away she told him very kindly that she did not want him to go on sending that weekly money to her, it was not necessary, and it was almost a nuisance now. But Henry was adamant about that: O yes, he must go on doing that—it signified.

"But can't you see," cried Bridget irritably, "that I've no call for it? Look at me, look at my furniture and my business and my servant!"

"No." Henry was immovable. "Responsibility is responsibility; right is right all the world over."

He went away with the twenty pounds and patented the funnel, and then it did not take long to find a firm which was so impressed by the possibilities of his invention that they, as it were, discreetly darted at Henry and his funnel. They offered a handsome sum for it outright, but Lapwing would not sell, he would only give them a license to manufacture it on royalty terms. With this they had to be content and do their best. Catby, Meagle and Timms was the firm, and they did magnificently. Before a year was gone the funnel was produced in brass, iron, tin, copper, zinc, and aluminum; it was displayed in shop windows, advertised in newspapers, billed on the hoardings, The Lapwing Adjustable Funnel, and success was such that Henry soon received a royalty cheque for £100.

The receipt of this threw him into a desperate perspiration lasting for an hour, after which the first thing he did was to ask Catby, Meagle and Timms to prepare a model of the funnel entirely of silver, and despatch it with his compliments to Mrs. Henry Lapwing, 72 Turnbull Street. Then he debated long on what best to do with that hundred pounds. Good God, what could he do with such a sum! It was so vast, so commanding, so pristine, it would be a sacrilege to break into it and spend a halfpenny of it! In the end he sent that, too, to Bridget, with a letter saying that it was her share of the proceeds of his invention; that he would now discontinue sending her the weekly sum. That was the most gratifying outcome to Henry, he need not any longer share his income with Bridget—at any rate for a long time to come. Nothing could exceed the gratification of that; it was just like having his income doubled; he would be well off, never so well in his life as now. With a twinge of guilt he remembered that a short time before his weekly salary had been increased by half-a-crown, and he had not shared it with Bridget. Responsibility was a good thing, a steadying thing, as no one could deny, but it was also a difficult thing. Now, for a couple of years at least his responsibility to Bridget was already discharged, the burden fallen from his shoulders, and his own income, in a sense, was doubled. He had done a splendid thing for himself; whichever way he looked at it he came out with profit.

Coincident with this agreeable state of affairs Lapwing was transferred to another station forty miles down the line, and he left his old town in winter without a word to Bridget, without a regret. Henry had no imagination, he could never see faces in the fire, and he lived as aptly in the new town as he had lived in the old. There was only one slight disturbing result: on chill dark nights when the wind seemed to hang in the great trees, he could sometimes faintly hear among their uproar a music, far off, very, very far off, thin but just audible, and he would lie in his bed striving to catch that echoing delight, for it was but an echo whose source was stupidly confused. The only music he could remember was the music of the organ on the fair ground at the bottom of Turnbull Street. A thousand times he had savoured its dispiriting tunes; they were never changed, but he had listened to their melancholy clamour, especially on windy nights, with a strange pleasure. Now again the flames of the naphthas would flicker in the gusty air, and he could recall how he had heard in that most musical quiet when the organ stopped, the scratching of rags of paper blowing along the gritty road.

At the end of his first year in the new town he received another cheque from Catby, Meagle and Timms; larger, much larger than before. Three hundred and fifty pounds! The walls of his world seemed to burn about him and break in cinders, while a golden palace reared up into the sky. But, alas, a letter from Catby himself contained tragic news. It appeared that the enormous success of the Lapwing Funnel had inspired many other inventors, and cheap imitations were now flooding the market; in particular there was a rival funnel which, being naturally automatic instead of scientifically adjustable like the Lapwing, could be sold at less than half the price of Henry's invention. Messrs. Catby, while congratulating themselves and Henry upon their past success, now feared that unless he could devise a much cheaper funnel there was little prospect of any more royalties; in point of fact their sales had now practically ceased.

"I'm glad," murmured Henry when the shock had been partially absorbed, "damn glad I sent her that hundred pounds. I'd 'a been in a pretty pickle soon if I hadn't, shouldn't I?" Which reflection shows that Henry was contented with his lot, he had been beyond cares, he was enjoying life. So completely convinced was he of the rightness of his earlier action that he could now do no other than send the second cheque straight off to Bridget. By the time that was exhausted he would be somewhere within hail of retiring age, a pension, and then . . .? Well, then he did not know: you could not get blood out of a stone, but at present it did not matter.

There was no reply from Bridget. For two years he had not seen her, for a whole year they had lived in different towns; he knew she was well, he was quite content, he was safe for seven or eight years at least.

How vain are all attempts to impose on destiny! Within a few months Lapwing became disastrously involved in a conspiracy to defraud the railway company. He had been made the innocent tool of a set of villains, riff-raff of the uniformed staff, who had swindled the company through his unconscious compliance. It was impossible to suspect him, but his

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superiors could not see their way to entrust their affairs any longer to one so easily duped. Lapwing was discharged.

He was stoical at first, but after a week or two of unemployment he perceived that he was ruined, irretrievably ruined. Well on into middle age and discharged for incompetence! Black indeed was the outlook. One could not go on inventing funnels—there were no more to invent. Just when his resources were almost gone, and his mind had begun to glance furtively at the idea of all the money he had sent Bridget, he received a letter from the servant at Turnbull Street informing him that Bridget was ill, and suggesting his immediate attendance. At once he packed his belongings, burned his boats, left the tragic town for good and returned to Turnbull Street, not with any resolution, but with a vague hope.

It was dark in the evening when he got there. The servant who opened the door recognized him and exclaimed: "Oh, sir, she's gone!"

"Gone?" Henry stared dubiously.

"Half-past four," wailed the girl, bursting into tears. Then Henry realized that his wife was dead. As he stood dazed in the doorway a familiar sound began to woo his ears, the sound of the organ on the fair ground at the bottom of the street. Bright and lively it sounded!

"Would you like to see her?" inquired the girl, wiping her eyes.

He walked in and stood his bag in the passage. The girl brought a lighted candle and showed him up to Bridget's room. The door was shut; the girl paused, looked at Henry, and then knocked very quietly upon the door. She began to weep again and handed the candlestick to the man. "In there," she said, and watched him enter the room before she descended the stairs.

There was nobody in the room, nobody but himself and Bridget. She lay on the bed under a sheet. All the rites were done, a nurse had seen to it. Although he feared greatly, the man lifted the sheet. He dropped it quickly in place again. Well, that's how it was, she was dead, she could not wrangle with him any more. Upon the mantelpiece was a doctor's certificate.

"Pneumonia." Henry perused it and put it in his pocket. Before leaving he surveyed the room; it was better furnished now, there were knickknacks, and Bridget had had her photograph taken recently. Comfortable it looked. At the foot of the stairs the girl met him again, and taking the candle from him blew it out with a sigh.

"Would you like some supper, sir?"

"Yes," said Henry, and she led him into the kitchen. There, while Henry ate, he listened to her account of Bridget's illness. He said at last:

"I've come to stop. We shall have to carry on, of course. What about the lodgers, are there many? You can manage, I suppose?"

"I'll try, sir. Seven," the girl said.

There was no bedroom available for him, so he slept on a sofa in the parlour. He woke early next morning, but did not interfere with the household routine in any way. The seven young lodger girls had their breakfast in the adjoining house. But after breakfast Henry began an inspection of things; in the parlour were two other new photographs of Bridget—what a stupid craze! And there was a bureau he had not seen before. Having found the keys he opened the bureau and in a drawer he discovered two bank books, one relating to a current account showing £120, and the other a deposit account of £600. On examining the latter he perceived that it was made up of just those sums he had sent Bridget since their separation. Lapwing's eyes grew misty and his brow moist; his hands shook and his heart seemed to rattle. She had been a wonderful, contriving woman, he acknowledged it.

Later in the morning he called at the registrar's office to record his wife's demise, visited a tailor to order a suit of mourning, and requested an undertaker to bury his dead; but so many other anxieties and the like occupied him on the day of the funeral that he quite forgot to order a wreath. However, there was a beauty subscribed for by the seven young lodgers, and a little bunch of flowers from the servant; everything was reasonable and right. When all was over his bag was taken up to the vacant bedroom, and he slept once again in the bed that had been Bridget's and his.

THE FOLLOWING DAY he put the two bank books in his pocket and went to the bank. Lapwing explained his business to a young clerk; the clerk took him to the manager; the manager sent him to a solicitor a few doors away; the solicitor intimated to Henry that Bridget had made a will, leaving the whole of her money, property, and effects to a purser in the mercantile marine.

Bridget's solicitor talked so rapidly: it seemed to Henry that his heart was being torn from his breast and flung to the ground; it was being flogged. Something within him murmured "Don't!" but the only utterance that crossed his lips was: "Oh, I see."

"I must communicate with this gentleman at once," said the solicitor, a tall, lean, stern man with a harsh voice and a lot of collar. "I am the sole executor." He went on talking and talking and talking. "I hope we shall not inconvenience you, Mr. Lapwing. The law must take its course, I fear; its operations are purely automatic. . . . As a human being I could wish they were more . . . er . . . more . . ."

"Adjustable?" said Henry.

"Exactly, adjustable. But as a lawyer, no; you see, no." He sighed.

"Um . . . ah . . . that's all," and Henry got up to go.

"You had better," cried the solicitor, "leave those bank books with me." Henry handed them to him.

"I'll send my clerk round to Turnbull Street this morning. You'll be there?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"Good morning, Mr. Lapwing," and he suddenly smiled so charmingly.

But the widower did not meet the solicitor's clerk; he never went back to Turnbull Street. He just hurried off to the station, took a ticket to the deuce knows where, and was never seen or heard of again. And that was hasty of him, too hasty, for if he had stayed but a few days longer he would have learned that the purser had been drowned in the sea some little time before.

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The Age of Miracles

Melville D. Post

THE GIRL was standing apart from the crowd in the great avenue of poplars that led up to the house. She seemed embarrassed and uncertain what to do, a thing of April emerging into Summer.

Abner and Randolph marked her as they entered along the gravel road.

They had left their horses at the gate, but she had brought hers inside, as though after some habit unconsciously upon her.

But half way to the house she had remembered and got down. And she stood now against the horse's shoulder. It was a black hunter, big and old, but age marred no beauty of his lines. He was like a horse of ebony, enchanted out of the earth by some Arabian magic, but not yet by that magic awakened into life.

The girl wore a long, dark riding-skirt, after the fashion of the time, and a coat of hunter's pink. Her dark hair was in a great wrist-thick plait. Her eyes, too, were big and dark, and her body firm and lithe from the out-of-doors.

"Ah!" cried Randolph, making his characteristic gesture, "Prospero has been piping in this grove. Here is a daughter of the immortal morning! We grow old, Abner, and it is youth that the gods love."

My uncle, his hands behind him, his eyes on the gravel road, looked up at the bewitching picture.

"Poor child," he said; "the gods that love her must be gods of the valleys and not gods of the hills."

"Ruth amid the alien corn! Is it a better figure, Abner? Well, she has a finer inheritance than these lands; she has youth!"

"She ought to have both," replied my uncle. "It was sheer robbery to take her inheritance."

"It was a proceeding at law," replied the Justice. "It was the law that did the thing, and we cannot hold the law in disrespect."

"But the man who uses the law to accomplish a wrong, we can so hold," said Abner. "He is an outlaw, as the highwayman and the pirate are."

He extended his arm toward the great house sitting at the end of the avenue.

"In spite of the sanction of the law, I hold this dead man for a robber. And I would have wrested these lands from him, if I could. But your law, Randolph, stood before him."

"Well," replied the Justice, "he takes no gain from it; he lies yonder waiting for the grave."

"But his brother takes," said Abner, "and this child loses."

The Justice, elegant in the costume of the time, turned his ebony stick in his fingers.

"One should forgive the dead," he commented in a facetious note; "it is a mandate of the Scripture."

"I am not concerned about the dead," replied Abner. "The dead are in God's hands. It is the living who concern me."

"Then," cried the Justice, "you should forgive the brother who takes."

"And I shall forgive him," replied Abner, "when he returns what he has taken."

"Returns what he has taken!" Randolph laughed. "Why, Abner, the devil could not filch a coin out of the clutches of old Benton Wolf."

"The devil," said my uncle, "is not an authority that I depend on."

"A miracle of Heaven, then," said the Justice. "But, alas, it is not the age of miracles."

"Perhaps," replied Abner, his voice descending into a deeper tone; "but I am not so certain."

They had come now to where the girl stood, her back against the black shoulder of the horse. The morning air moved the yellow leaves about her feet. She darted out to meet them, her face aglow.

"Damme!" cried Randolph. "William of Avon knew only witches of the second order! How do you do, Julia? I have hardly seen you since you were no taller than my stick, and told me that your name was 'Pete-George,' and that you were a circus-horse, and offered to do tricks for me."

A shadow crossed the girl's face.

"I remember," she said, "it was up there on the porch!"

"Egad!" cried Randolph, embarrassed. "And so it was!"

He kissed the tips of the girl's fingers and the shadow in her face fled.

For the man's heart was good, and he had the manner of a gentleman. But it was Abner that she turned to in her dilemma.

"I forgot," she said, "and almost rode into the house. Do you think I could leave the horse here? He will stand if I drop the rein."

Then she went on to make her explanation. She wanted to see the old house that had been so long her home. This was the only opportunity, today, when all the countryside came to the dead man's burial. She thought she might come, too, although her motive was no tribute of respect.

She put her hand through Abner's arm and he looked down upon her, grave and troubled.

"My child," he said, "leave the horse where he stands and come with me, for my motive, also, is no

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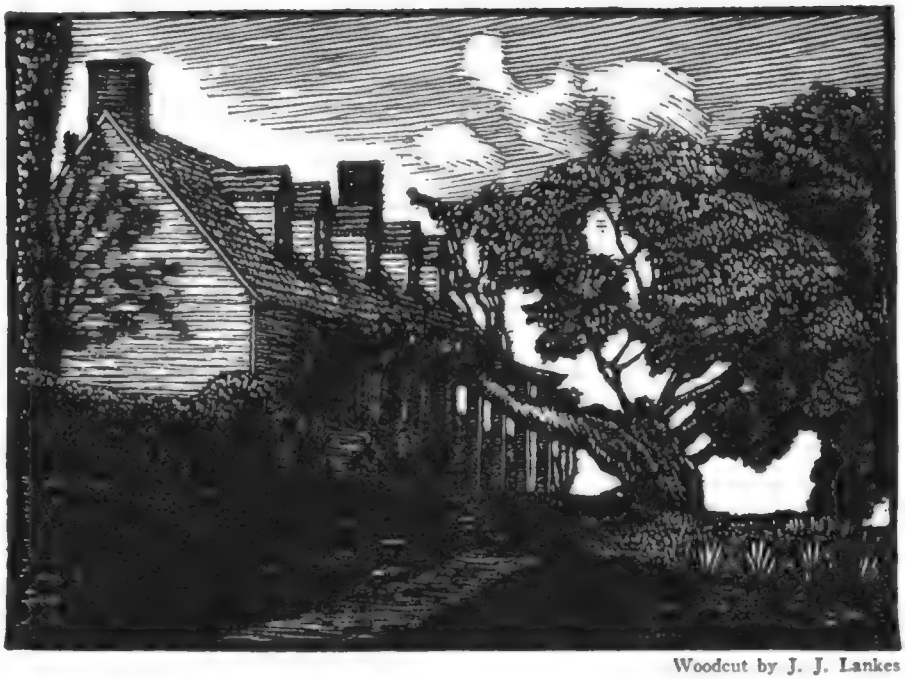
By

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

tribute of respect; and you go with a better right than I do."

"I suppose," the girl hesitated, "that one ought to respect the dead, but this man—these men—I cannot."

"Nor can I," replied my uncle. "If I do not respect a man when he is living, I shall not pretend to when he is dead. One does not make a claim upon my honour by merely taking an unwilling departure from life."

They went up the avenue among the yellow poplar leaves and the ragweed and fennel springing up along the unkept gravel.

It was a crisp and glorious morning. The frost lay on the rail fence. The spider-webs stretched here and there across the high grasses of the meadows in intricate and bewildering lace-work. The sun was clear and bright, but it carried no oppressive heat as it drew on in its course toward noon.

The countryside had gathered to see Adam Wolf buried. It was a company of tenants, the idle and worthless mostly, drawn by curiosity. For in life the two old men who had seized upon this property by virtue of a defective acknowledgment to a deed, permitted no invasion of their boundary.

Everywhere the lands were posted; no urchin fished and no schoolboy hunted. The green perch, fattened in the deep creek that threaded the rich bottom lands, no man disturbed. But the quail, the pheasant, the robin and the meadow-lark, old Adam pursued with his fowling-piece. He tramped about with it at all seasons. One would have believed that all the birds of heaven had done the creature some unending harm and in revenge he had declared a war. And so the accident by which he met his death was a jeopardy of the old man's habits, and to be looked for when one lived with a fowling-piece in one's hands and grew careless in its use.

THE TWO MEN LIVED ALONE, and thus all sorts of mystery sprang up around them, elaborated by the negro fancy and gaining in grim detail at every story-teller's hand. It had the charm and thrilling interest of an adventure, then, for the countryside to get this entry.

The brothers lived in striking contrast. Adam was violent, and his cries and curses, his hard and brutal manner were the terror of the negro who passed at night that way, or the urchin overtaken by darkness on his road home. But Benton got about his affairs in silence, with a certain humility of manner, and a mild concern for the opinion of his fellows. Still, somehow, the negro and the urchin held him in a greater terror. Perhaps because he had got his coffin made and kept it in his house, together with his clothes for burial. It seemed uncanny thus to prepare against his dissolution and to bargain for the outfit, with anxiety to have his shilling's worth.

And yet, with this gruesome furniture at hand, the old man, it would seem, was in no contemplation of his death. He spoke sometimes with a marked savour and an unctuous kneading of the hands of that time when he should own the land, for he was the younger and by rule should have the expectancy of life.

There was a crowd about the door and filling the hall inside, a crowd that elbowed and jostled, taken with a quivering interest, and there to feed its maw of curiosity with every item.

The girl wished to remain on the portico, where she could see the ancient garden and the orchard and all the paths and byways that had been her wonderland of youth, but Abner asked her to go in.

Randolph turned away, but my uncle and the girl remained some time by the coffin. The rim of the dead man's forehead and his jaw were riddled with bird-shot, but his eyes and an area of his face below them, where the thin nose came down and with its lines and furrows made up the main identity of features, were not disfigured. And these preserved the hard stamp of his violent nature, untouched by the accident that had dispossessed him of his life.

He lay in the burial clothes and the coffin that Benton Wolf had provided for himself, all except the gloves upon his hands. These the old man had forgot. And now when he came to prepare his brother for a public burial, for no other had touched the man, he must needs take what he could find about the house, a pair of old, knit gloves with every rent and moth-hole carefully darned, as though the man had sat down there with pains to give his brother the best appearance that he could.

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This little touch affected the girl to tears, so strange is a woman's heart. "Poor thing!" she said. And for this triviality she would forget the injury that the dead man and his brother had done to her, the loss they had inflicted, and her long distress.

She took a closer hold upon Abner's arm, and dabbed her eyes with a tiny kerchief.

"I am sorry for him," she said, "for the living brother. It is so pathetic."

And she indicated the old, coarse gloves so crudely darned and patched together.

But my uncle looked down at her, strangely, and with a cold, inexorable face.

"My child," he said, "there is a curious virtue in this thing that moves you. Perhaps it will also move the man whose handiwork it is. Let us go up and see him."

Then he called the Justice.

"Randolph," he said, "come with us."

The Justice turned about. "Where do you go?" he asked.

"Why, sir," Abner answered, "this child is weeping at the sight of the dead man's gloves, and I thought, perhaps, that old Benton might weep at them too, and in the softened mood return what he has stolen."

The Justice looked upon Abner as upon one gone mad.

"And be sorry for his sins! And pluck out his eye and give it to you for a bauble! Why, Abner, where is your common sense? The thing would take a miracle of God."

My uncle was undisturbed.

"Well," he said, "come with me, Randolph, and help me to perform that miracle."

He went out into the hall, and up the wide old stairway, with the girl, in tears, upon his arm. And the Justice followed, like one who goes upon a patent and ridiculous fool's errand.

They came into an upper chamber, where a great bulk of a man sat in a padded chair looking down upon his avenue of trees. He looked with satisfaction. He turned his head about when the three came in and then his eyes widened in among the folds of fat.

"Abner and Mr. Randolph and Miss Julia Clayborne!" he gurgled. "You come to do honour to the dead!"

"No, Wolf," replied my uncle, "we come to do justice to the living."

THE ROOM WAS BIG and empty but for chairs and an open secretary of some English make. The pictures on the wall had been turned about as though from a lack of interest in the tenant. But there hung in a frame above the secretary—with its sheets of foolscap, its iron ink-pot and quill pens—a map in detail, and the written deed for the estate that these men had taken in their lawsuit. It was not the skill of any painter that gave pleasure to this mountain of a man; not fields or groves imagined or copied for their charm, but the fields and groves that he possessed and mastered. And he would be reminded at his ease of them and of no other.

The old man's eyelids fluttered an instant as with some indecision, then he replied, "It was kind to have this thought of me. I have been long neglected. A little justice of recognition, even now, does much to soften the sorrow at my brother's death." Randolph caught at his jaw to keep in the laughter. And the huge old man, his head crouched into his billowy shoulders, his little reptilian eye shining like a crumb of glass, went on with his speech.

"I am the greater moved," he said, "because you have been aloof and distant with me. You, Abner, have not visited my house, nor you, Randolph, although you live at no great distance. It is not thus that one gentleman should treat another. And especially when I and my dead brother, Adam, were from distant parts and came among you without a friend to take us by the hand and bring us to your door."

He sighed and put the fingers of his hands together.

"Ah, Abner," he went on, "it was a cruel negligence, and one from which I and my brother Adam suffered. You, who have a hand and a word at every turning, can feel no longing for this human comfort. But to the stranger, alone, and without the land of his nativity, it is a bitter lack."

He indicated the chairs about him.

"I beg you to be seated, gentlemen and Miss Clayborne. And overlook that I do not rise. I am shaken at Adam's death."

Randolph remained planted on his feet, his face now under control. But Abner put the child into a chair and stood behind it, as though he were some close and masterful familiar.

"Wolf," he said, "I am glad that your heart is softened."

"My heart—softened!" cried the man. "Why, Abner, I have the tenderest heart of any of God's creatures. I cannot endure to kill a sparrow. My brother Adam was not like that. He would be for hunting the wild creatures to their death with firearms. But I took no pleasure in it."

"Well," said Randolph, "the creatures of the air got their revenge of him. It was a foolish accident to die by."

"Randolph," replied the man, "it was the very end and extreme of carelessness. To look into a fowling-piece, a finger on the hammer, a left hand holding the barrel half way up, to see if it was empty. It was a foolish and simple habit of my brother, and one that I abhorred and begged him to forego, again and again, when I have seen him do it.

"But he had no fear of any firearms, as though by use and habit he had got their spirit tamed—as trainers, I am told, grow careless of wild beasts, and jugglers of the fangs and poison of their reptiles. He was growing old, and would forget if they were loaded."

He spoke to Randolph, but he looked at Julia Clayborne and Abner behind her chair.

The girl sat straight and composed, in silence. The body of my uncle was to her a great protecting presence. He stood with his broad shoulders above her, his hands on the back of the chair, his face lifted. And he was big and dominant, as painters are accustomed to draw Michael in Satan's wars.

The pose held the old man's eye, and he moved in his chair; then he went on, speaking to the girl.

"It was kind of you, Abner, and you, Randolph, to

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come in to see me in my distress, but it was fine and noble of Miss Julia Clayborne. Men will understand the justice of the law and by what right it gives and takes. But a child will hardly understand that. It would be in nature for Miss Clayborne, in her youth, to hold the issue of this lawsuit against me and my brother Adam, to feel that we had wronged her; had by some unfairness taken what her father bequeathed to her at his death, and always regarded as his own. A child would not see how the title had never vested, as our judges do. How possession is one thing, and the title in fee simple another and distinct. And so I am touched by this consideration."

Abner spoke then.

"Wolf," he said, "I am glad to find you in this mood, for now Randolph can write his deed, with consideration of love and affection instead of the real one I came with."

The old man's beady eye glimmered and slipped about.

"I do not understand, Abner. What deed?"

"The one Randolph came to write," replied my uncle.

"But, Abner," interrupted the Justice, "I did not come to write a deed." And he looked at my uncle in amazement.

"Oh, yes," returned Abner, "that is precisely what you came to do."

He indicated the open secretary with his hand.

"And the grantor, as it happens, has got everything ready for you. Here are foolscap and quill pens and ink. And here, exhibited for your convenience, is a map of the lands with all the metes and bounds. And here," he pointed to the wall, "in a frame, as though it were a work of art with charm, is the court's deed. Sit down, Randolph, and write." And such virtue is there in a dominant command, that the Justice sat down before the secretary and began to select a goose-quill.

Then he realized the absurdity of the direction and turned about.

"What do you mean, Abner?" he cried.

"I mean precisely what I say," replied my uncle. "I want you to write a deed."

"But what sort of deed," cried the astonished Justice. "and by what grantor, and to whom, and for what lands?"

"You will draw a conveyance," replied Abner, "in form, with covenants of general warranty for the manor and lands set out in the deed before you and given in the plat. The grantor will be Benton Wolf, esquire, and the grantee Julia Clayborne, infant, and mark you, Randolph, the consideration will be love and affection, with a dollar added for the form."

The old man was amazed. His head, bedded into his huge shoulders, swung about; his pudgy features worked; his expression and his manner changed; his reptilian eyes hardened; he puffed with his breath in gusts.

"Not so fast, my fine gentleman!" he gurgled. "There will be no such deed."

"Go on, Randolph," said my uncle, as though there had been no interruption at all, "let us get this business over."

"But, Abner," returned the Justice, "it is fool work; the grantor will not sign."

"He will sign," said my uncle, "when you have finished, and seal, and acknowledge—go on!"

"But, Abner, Abner!" the amazed Justice protested.

"Randolph," cried my uncle, "will you write, and leave this thing to me?"

And such authority was in the man to impose his will that the bewildered Justice spread out his sheet of foolscap, dipped his quill into the ink and began to draw the instrument, in form and of the parties, as my uncle said. And while he wrote, Abner turned back to the gross old man.

"Wolf," he said, "must I persuade you to sign the deed?"

"Abner," cried the man, "do you take me for a fool?"

He had got his unwieldy body up and defiant in the chair.

"I do not," replied my uncle, "and therefore I think that you will sign."

The obese old man spat violently on the floor, his face a horror of great folds.

"Sign!" he sputtered. "Fool, idiot, madman! Why should I sign away my lands?"

"There are many reasons," replied Abner calmly. "The property is not yours. You got it by a legal trick; the judge who heard you was bound by the technicalities of language. But you are old, Wolf, and the next Judge will go behind the record. He will be hard to face. He has expressed Himself on these affairs. 'If the widow and the orphan cry to me, I will surely hear their cry.' Sinister words, Wolf, for one who comes with a case like yours into the court of Final Equity."

"Abner," cried the old man, "begone with your little sermons!"

My uncle's big fingers tightened on the back of the chair.

"Then, Wolf," he said, "if this thing does not move you, let me urge the esteem of men and this child's sorrow, and our high regard."

The old man's jaw chattered and he snapped his fingers.

"I would not give that for the things you name," he cried, and he set off a tiny measure on his index-finger.

"Why, sir, my whim, idle and ridiculous, is a greater power to move me than this drivel."

Abner did not move, but his voice took on depth and volume.

"Wolf," he said, "a whim is sometimes a great lever to move a man. Now, I am taken with a whim myself. I have a fancy, Wolf, that your brother Adam ought to go out of the world barehanded as he came into it."

The old man twisted his great head, as though he would get Abner wholly within the sweep of his reptilian eye.

"What?" he gurgled. "What is that?"

"Why, this," replied my uncle. "I have a whim—'idle and ridiculous,' did you say, Wolf? Well, then, idle and ridiculous, if you like, that your brother ought not to be buried in his gloves."

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Abner looked hard at the man, and, although he did not move, the threat and menace of his presence seemed somehow to advance him. And the effect upon the huge old man was like some work of sorcery. The whole mountain of him began to quiver and the folds of his face seemed spread over with thin oil. He sat piled up in the chair and the oily sweat gathered and thickened on him. His jaw jerked and fell into a baggy gaping and the great expanse of him worked as with an ague.

Finally, out of the pudgy, undulating mass, a voice issued, thin and shaken.

"Abner," it said, "has any other man this fancy?"

"No," replied my uncle, "but I hold it, Wolf, at your decision."

"And, Abner," his thin voice trebled, "you will let my brother be buried as he is?"

"If you sign!" said my uncle.

The man reeked and grew wet in the terror on him, and one might have thought that his billowy body would never be again at peace. Then, "Randolph," he quavered, "bring me the deed."

Outside, the girl sobbed in Abner's arms. She asked for no explanation. She wished to believe her fortune a miracle of God, forever—to the end of all things. But Randolph turned on my uncle when she was gone.

"Abner! Abner!" he cried. "Why in the name of the Eternal was the old creature so shaken at the gloves?"

"Because he saw the hangman behind them," replied my uncle. "Did you notice how the rim of the dead man's face was riddled by the bird-shot, and the centre of it clean? How could that happen, Randolph?"

"It was a curious accident of gun-fire," replied the Justice.

"It was no accident at all," said Abner. "That area of the man's face is clean because it was protected. Because the dead man put up his hands to cover his face when he saw that his brother was about to shoot him.

"The backs of old Adam's hands, hidden by the gloves, will be riddled with bird-shot like the rim of his face."

Drawing by C. B. Falls

Pleasure

By

ALEXANDER SMITH

IN LIFE there is nothing more unexpected and surprising than the arrivals and departures of pleasure. If we find it in one place today, it is vain to seek it there tomorrow. You cannot lay a trap for it. It will fall into no ambuscade, concert it ever so cunningly. Pleasure has no logic; it never treads in its own footsteps. Into our commonplace existence it comes with a surprise, like a pure white swan from the airy void into the ordinary village lake; and just as the swan, for no reason that can be discovered, lifts itself on its wings and betakes itself to the void again, *it* leaves us, and our sole possession is its memory. And it is characteristic of pleasure that we can never recognize it to be pleasure till after it is gone. Happiness never lays its finger on its pulse. If we attempt to steal a glimpse of its features it disappears. It is a gleam of unreckoned gold. From the nature of the case, our happiness, such as in its degree it has been, lives in memory. We have not the voice itself; we have only its echo. We are never happy; we can only remember that we were so once. And while in the very heart and structure of the happy moment there lurked an obscure consciousness of death, the memory in which past happiness dwells is always a regretful memory. This is why the tritest utterance about the past, youth, early love, and the like, has always about it an indefinable flavour of poetry, which pleases and affects. In the wake of a ship there is always a melancholy splendour. The finest set of verses of our modern time described how the poet gazed on the "happy autumn fields," and remembered the "days that were no more." After all, man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

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Sam Pavitt, Hero

By ALMA & PAUL ELLERBE

Sam Pavitt stood at the bureau and brushed his stiff black hair awkwardly with his left hand. The right sleeve of his freshly laundered white shirt hung empty from the shoulder. His carefully pressed blue serge trousers were gallused high with pale-blue suspenders. The sides of his unbuttoned vest hung loose. The pencil in one of its pockets was held in place by an ornate clip. There was a band of blue embroidered elastic about his arm, to hold up his sleeve.

He was as compactly and powerfully built as a Russian wolfhound: thin-flanked, deep-chested, wide of shoulder, long of limb. His face was lean and rather weak.

The bedroom of the little frame ranch house was full of the blended odours of talcum powder and bay rum, ripening alfalfa, sage brush, and that unnamed, heart-lifting something that is the breath of the summer prairie. For Sam was getting ready to go on a journey, and the window was open to the blue Colorado day that sparkled outside like a jewel.

As he brushed his hair his eyes met his wife's in the mirror.

Ella Pavitt sat by the window near the foot of the bed with Sam's open valise on it: a keen, clean-muscled, vigorous, brown-skinned girl, in a gray sweater, short wool skirt, man's felt hat, and rubber irrigating boots with fresh mud stains on them. The early morning sunshine edged the bold, strong curves of her figure with a blurred line of gold.

"This hero business," Sam Pavitt said, "gets my goat! Makes me feel like a darned fool!"

But Ella knew it didn't. "You're the only *sure-enough hero* I ever saw!"

"Forget it! That's what I'm going to do just as soon as they'll let me. I'm going in to Denver today and let the brotherhood gimme the medal, and the railroad gimme the dough, and then I'm going to stick the medal in my pocket and the five thousand bucks in the bank, and come home and *forget it!*"

And he would, too. She knew that. He forgot everything. He loved admiration; worked for it; lived on it; had to have it. When he hadn't attracted it unwittingly by something he'd done, he'd fall into funny, strutty little ways to get it, as naïve and innocent as Samuella's. But after he'd done something heroic he'd forget it. He had pulled the engineer and fireman of his train—Sam was a brakeman—out of the river into which they had plunged with their engine when the spring rains took out the bridge. And he swam the river with a broken arm in order to flag the train from the other direction. The whole country rang with it, but Sam himself could forget it.

There were meretricious things in him, and this quiet girl he had married saw them as clearly as if she had been his sister; but his gallantry wasn't one of them. Flamboyant, ringing, spectacular, it was yet as real as old Gray Dome's granite peak off there across the plains. Throw things into the sphere of action, unfurl the banner of danger, and Sam stepped out, clean and simple, a hero.

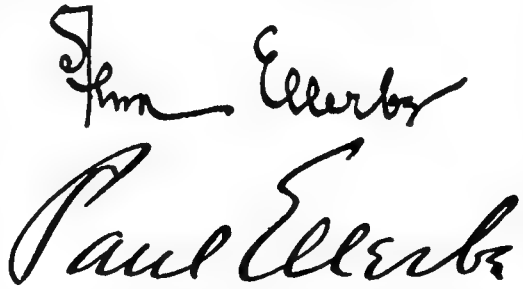
He stood with his legs wide apart to bring his face down to the glass and tried on a new green velour hat—jaunty, with the unhealed ends of the severed shoulder muscles still twitching! He was jaunty *because* they twitched. He'd risen to meet the challenge of pain. And he'd go on meeting it—if it didn't last too long. He always breasted the hills. It was the level stretches that wore him down.

An automobile siren cut through the song of the meadow lark outside.

"That's Tom now," said Ella.

Tom Grierson was their neighbour on the hundred and sixty to the north. They had arranged with him to take Sam to the train.

Sam's great arm encircled his wife's shoulder, and she thrilled to the touch of its muscles as hard as oak. The flesh of her ached where the other arm should have gone. They had been so close during those long isolated summer weeks of Sam's recovery! The railroad had paid all the doctor's bills, and the neighbours had taken turns in relieving her of the farm work. She had sat for hours at Sam's bedside, sewing, talking a little, or in silence, the windows wide to the summer, the sweet air quivering with the jubilant songs of the meadow larks, the far blue mountains dreaming in the west. A perfect interlude in the midst of life's imperfections. She hated to see it end, and the old, conflicting influences have sway again.



"You won't forget?" she said, taking refuge in the things that *could* be talked about. "You'll raise the mortgage first. And then you'll get the tractor—if you find that you can drive it with your left hand." (Secretly *she* was sure he could drive it with his teeth if he tried: there weren't many things of that sort he couldn't do.) "And then you'll buy the things on the list—you're sure you've got it?"

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"Yep. Inside pocket of my coat over there. And, so help me, John Henry, I won't say howdy to the mayor if I meet him on the street, till I've 'tended to it." Over his shoulder her eyes fell upon a handkerchief box of speckled pink and pale green stuff that looked like shavings, with a tiny strip of mirror dropped into the lid, like a slice of citron in a sugar cooky, and her arms grew tighter about him.

"And nothing else, Sam! *Nothing else!* Only the things on the list! You promise?"

"Yes, honey. Only the things on the list. I promise."

She didn't look at the fragile flowered chiffon parasol of Samuella's that stood over in the corner; or at the little red plush chair with steers' horns for arms, of poor little Jackie's, who never sat in it without pricking himself; or at the big aluminum plaque on the wall, with an edge frilled like a pie and a picture of the Capitol Building at Denver in the middle of it; or at the large flaring chromo of a thin-necked, anæmic woman in a polonaise and a bustle, with a tall old-fashioned hat that rode high on her blonde head, and an armful of flowers; or at any of the other presents that Sam had sent from Denver on the various occasions when tipsy contrition had overtaken him in the midst of poker games that were going against him; but she felt them around her, and she knew that he did too. And she knew that she was remembering how he had stopped the game solemnly, wherever the mood caught him, strode from Flat Peter's pool hall where the gang foregathered, bought these objects of art with instructions that they be sent direct to Ella, and then gone back again and lost the rest of his money with a comparatively easy mind, solaced by the thought of the beautiful presents at home.

"But, I mean it," he said steadily. "I—I'm not four-flushing. I'm off that drinking and gambling stuff for keeps!"

And she believed him.

"The mortgage, the tractor"—she ticked them off by placing one brown strong finger after another on his cheek—"the things on the list, *the bank* (you'll put in all but just a hundred dollars for running expenses), then whatever it is the brotherhood's fixed up for you, and then the midnight train back to me."

"You said it, pardner! And won't we make the little old ranch hum, hu'uh, with both of us on the job all the time! One arm's as good as two any day, if it moves fast enough."

"*Da-dee! Da-dee!*" sang Samuella outside, as high and clear as a bird. "Mr. Gree'sun's come!"

"It's the first time in all our married life that I haven't been afraid to let you go off without me. But I'd trust you now the same as I'd trust myself. I didn't know I *could* be so happy! And *so sure!*"

He laid his hand gently on her shoulder and looked straight into her eyes. "You go the limit, honey. Be just as happy as you want to be. Nothing's going to stop you this time!"

As they came out, Samuella, who had kept one eye on the door, broke off her conversation with Grierson away down by the road and came dancing back. Jackie, who had been making towards her with the slightly aimless steps of three, stopped in confusion at this sudden upsetting of his plans, gave her a smile of utter confidence and adoration as she passed, and turned himself about and came padding patiently along behind her.

The dooryard was only a bit of scrabbly, hoof-scarred prairie, with a barbed wire fence around it. A few little wild sunflowers flamed here and there, and there were dark green patches of tumbleweed and a brilliant burst of dandelions over by the windmill, but mostly the chickens had it their own way. The house had never been painted. It had weathered streakily. The streaks ran down from the rusted heads of the nails. There was a small corral off to one side, with a sod barn in one corner of it. A chamois-coloured horse with stains on its hips, and a brindled cow munched at opposite sides of a generous pile of alfalfa hay with an air of comradeship. The roof of the barn had fallen in under the weight of last winter's snows.

Sam cast his eye over the dilapidated ranch.

"We'll make it the niftiest little place that the old boy could find in a hard day's flying." He pointed to a big prairie eagle cruising down the wind high up.

"Hey, Sam!" Tom Grierson called out. "See who's here!" And a man climbed down from the front seat and came forward to meet them.

"Why, you old son of a gun! If it isn't Charlie McKeever! *You* know Charlie, Ella. Only honest garodge keeper in the world!"

They all shook hands.

McKeever was a big, awkward, loosely built fellow of about forty, with a great heartiness of manner.

"Come out to visit my brother Henry. Aiming to come over to see you every day, but the horses was all busy. And last night a bunch of the boys down to Denver called me up on the long distance and depitized me to drop over this way and inform you of something." He revolved his body impressively until he faced Sam. "I'm notifying you officially that the gang's arranging the swellest feed that the little old town of Denver's ever seen. At Beefsteak Larry's tonight at six-thirty. In honour of Sam Pavitt, hero!"

"Well, what do you know about that! In honour of *me!* Swell stuff, ain't it, Ell?" His black eyes shone. His gregarious, admiration-loving spirit preened in them as openly as a pretty woman before her mirror in a bright room with the curtains up. "And I can still get back on schedule time. Train don't leave till after midnight."

"You ain't aiming to come back *tonight!*"

"I ain't aiming to, old son, *I'm coming,*" Sam said with his old familiar grin and a tone of new decisiveness. "Me and Ella and the kids are breakfasting together tomorrow at seven-thirty."

Climbing into the front seat beside Grierson, "Get in behind me, Satan!" he said to his friend. "And don't open your head about me staying over. It's not that I'm not itching to do it, but I'm cutting out all that old stuff now and starting over." He turned about in the seat and looked into McKeever's eyes. "Sober Sam," he said seriously. "That's me. And I'm not playing cards. Or any other games, see?"

Charlie McKeever leaned forward earnestly and

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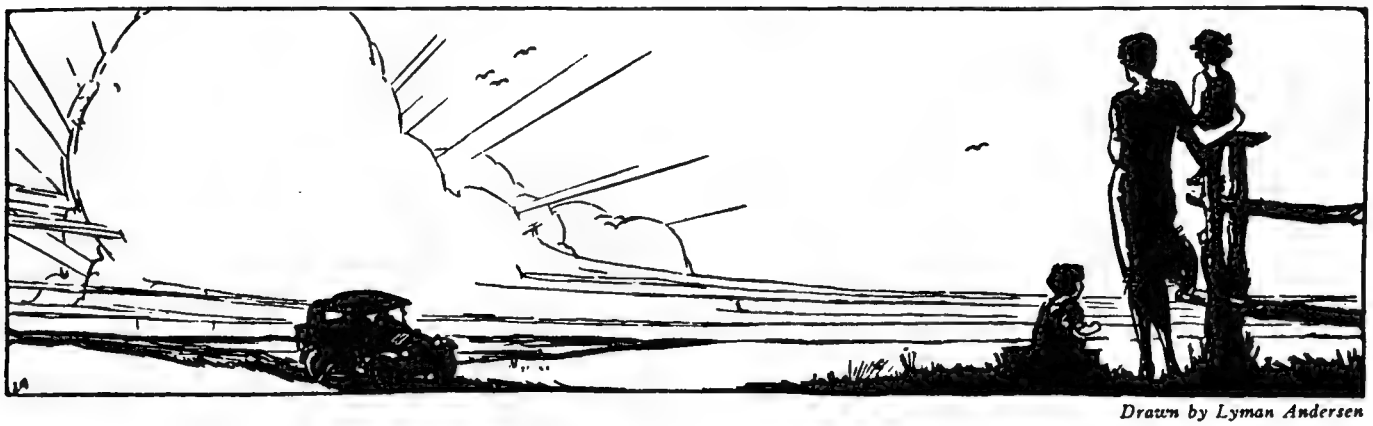
included both Sam and Ella in his glance. "Sure," he said honestly. "And you'd ought to have done it a long time ago. You're not the kind that can stand whisky. I've always told you so. But this is not that sort of a jamboree. All the old gang's going to be there, but that's not what they're coming for. It's—it's—er—well, to do him honour, Mrs. Pavitt, that's all. And I'm kind of afraid they'll be sore if Sam's got to leave 'em just as things are getting warmed up. Why, Burns and Taylor are coming down from Cripple! And Jim Kite from Alamosa! And old Harry Law, that hasn't left his Larimer Street boarding house in years, is going to be there in his wheel chair!"



Drawn by Lyman Andersen

"Gee!" said Sam, impressed and touched. "It's a darned good old bunch, I'll tell the world!"

Certainly—Ella remembered—they had been darned good to him. Drunk or sober, flush or broke, there wasn't one of them who wouldn't have done anything he could for Sam Pavitt. Something loosened inside of her.

"You stay over if you want to. You can attend to all your other business first," she said, with a smile of understanding. And almost immediately she wished she hadn't. A look that frightened her danced like an imp in Sam's eyes.

"Gosh! but I'd like to! To think of them fixing up all that just for me!"

Tentatively his eyes probed hers; found her fear, and withdrew hastily.

"No, siree!" He closed the subject incisively. "We'll have the humdingedest time ever was up till midnight, and then *I'm coming home!* Sorry, Charlie, but I've got to keep my engagement with my girl. First I've made since I got out of bed, and I got to keep it."

Grierson let in the clutch, and they left in a swirl of prairie dust, with Sam leaning out of the car and calling back: "Seven-thirty, Ell! I'll be along with Old Man Gile." Old Man Gile brought the mail.

The children raced back to the windmill. Sturdy and competent, Ella walked with strong, solid steps to the headgate in the irrigating ditch, thinking of the imp that had danced in Sam's eyes.

She had forgotten that look for a time—while Sam was ill. But she knew it bitterly well. It came into the eyes of Sam and his daughter Samuella when things were about to happen.

It was so vital and persuasive and irresponsible, that it frightened her. There was a touch of Pan in it, and though Ella had never heard of Pan, she felt his influence and feared it, as all wives and mothers do. She remembered a time when she had caught Samuella with Jackie's kitten in a cigar box, bent on sending it off for a voyage in the irrigating ditch—which was four feet wide and running swift and deep with a heavy current of muddy water—and the imp danced in her eyes. "What are promises," it seemed to say, "or wives, or kittens, or anything else, before the necessities of this imperious joy of life!" She felt that she wouldn't have been able to rescue the kitten if she hadn't been bigger than Samuella. And suddenly she was afraid of what he was going to do in Denver. She wished she had gone with him.

She looked over at the chamois-coloured horse, out of a half impulse to hitch up and follow. But she know she couldn't treat him like that. He'd never forgive her. No, she had to let him see this through alone. He'd got his own life to live; she could not live it for him.

Standing there, leaning on her long-handled shovel, she looked off across the prairie and thought about it, and observed idly Tunck Pearse setting forth in his car, apparently out of a little cave in the horizon.

With a sigh she let her mind slip from Sam to Tunck Pearse. He'd be going to Denver. He went at about this time every month. Why, nobody knew; for he wasn't given to talking much about anything, or at all of his own affairs. He lived by himself and to himself, on a homestead over by the creek, and not even Sam—who was more nearly on a footing of friendship with him than anyone else in the county—knew much about him.

Idly she stood and watched him come. They had neighboured there now for five years. And he had passed the Pavitt place a great many times. When Sam was at home he stopped sometimes for a minute or two to listen and nod, but when she was alone he had always cut it down to the nod and gone chugging by with his gaze straight ahead. But today he eased his car cautiously to an unaccustomed stop and gave her a friendly good morning.

"Going to Denver, Mr. Pearse?"

"*And* to the dinner at Beefsteak Larry's! The one they're giving to Sam. Mighty nice of the boys to include an old fellow like me."

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Sitting there on top of his diminutive automobile, he looked as inscrutable as an old hen on a nest. But there was something about him that she was sure he meant for friendliness. And he *could* if he *would!* He'd know just how. It couldn't do any harm. She'd take a chance on it.

"Mr. Pearse," she said awkwardly, "I—I'm worried about Sam."

"Well, now—I thought Sam was doing fine."

"It's—it's not his health; it's—it's this dinner tonight. The railroad's paying him the money for his arm today. Five thousand dollars. He's promised me to put it in the bank soon's he gets it. It's all we've got or ever will get. He's promised not to drink and not to play cards tonight, whatever happens. But I—I can't help being afraid! He don't mean anybody any harm, but—*you* know Sam! If anything starts him—if he thinks the boys *want* him to play—You're going there too— Will you—if he starts to play, won't you please stop him if—if you can? There's such a lot depending on it!"

Tunck Pearse looked at her gravely. His jaws worked in time with the wheezing engine of his car. With every chew his tight-fitting hat went solemnly up and down. His face was as expressionless as a house with the shutters closed. Nature and his optician had combined to hide his sharp little brown eyes. They lurked away back behind heavy puffy lids and thick-lensed glasses. But suddenly they looked straight at her, and she felt that their expression was one of comprehension and friendliness.

"I'll keep an eye on him, Mis' Pavitt," he said kindly; and then after a thoughtful moment: "I'll keep an eye on him"; and was gone.

ELLA WHISTLED the next morning as she stirred the waffle batter and tried a drop on the iron to see if it was hot enough. She had been up since five o'clock; had fed the horse and the cow and the chickens; milked, dressed Jackie and helped Samuella with her buttons; set the table for breakfast, and got everything ready to serve the minute Sam arrived.

Her clear, high, boyish whistle filled the kitchen. Her feet touched the floor lightly as she moved happily about. She had put on a white skirt and a thin white blouse with crocheted lace on the ruffle that ran down the front, and a strand of pink beads. And there was a full-blown, fragrant evening primrose in her hair, pulled before the sun sealed it for the day.

There were fresh sprays of yellow rabbit-brush in a vase on the little white-covered breakfast table, and a mound of choke-cherry jelly in a green glass dish. Jackie, self-conscious and important in conspicuously clean rompers, looked like something from a confectionery store. Samuella in a yellow dress and an old blue hair-ribbon made a stunning top for the gate-post. She had been there for fifteen minutes already, but she sat on staunchly, her legs gripping the post, her back straight, her hair blown backwards by the wind, her eager little face turned in the direction from which her daddy would come, as patient as an Indian.

Ella put the last touch to the table and looked at the clock. Seven-twenty-seven. Old Man Gile was rarely late. She went to the door and looked out. Her heart seemed to be beating in a bigger place, to have more room to pulse in. She had been ashamed of her fears before Tunck Pearse was out of sight. She felt that she ought to find Pearse and explain. She felt that it was she who had wronged Sam.

The familiar blat of Old Man Gile's horn came down the wind.

"He's com-ing! He's com-ing!" Samuella sang out from the top of the post.

Ella's heart gave a tremendous thump. She set down the big yellow bowl of batter, called, "Daddy's coming!" to Jackie, and went out. She ran towards the gate like a girl.

And Fate took her head-on like that, as a hunter takes a wild duck, and let her have its charge full in the face. She stopped so suddenly that she almost fell. The man on the seat with Old Man Gile wasn't Sam.

Samuella, staring at him with big, resentful eyes, filled the moment for both of them with her high, disappointed voice: *"Where* is my daddy?"

"Your daddy didn't come this morning, Sammy," Old Man Gile boomed out cheerfully. "But he's sent you a present. Something pretty nice. Morning, Mis' Pavitt. Meet Will Reeves. He's going out to McKeever's to help with the disking for a spell. Gimme a boost with this thing, Will; it's kind o' heavy."

He went around to the back of his little car. The man who wasn't Sam followed. Together they unloaded a wooden box. One at each end, they carried it up the walk. It was long and heavy. They had to go slowly.

"Phonygraph," Old Man Gile said to Ella as they passed her. "One of those big, toney ones."

Samuella danced excitedly ahead. But Ella Pavitt fell in behind, following the big wooden box as if it had been a coffin; walking slowly and unseeingly, like a mourner.

She put the children to bed early that night and waited for Sam alone. He always came by the evening train the second day, when he had been drinking. She mended the children's clothes as she waited. She had taken off the strand of pink beads. But she had forgotten the evening primrose in her hair.

Her face was sharp and set, and the lines that didn't show in her forehead when she was rested and happy lay across it heavily. The sap and spring of youth had gone out of her body. Her mind rocked with her chair, back and forth! "Did he lose it *all*, or did he clear the land before he began to play?" It seemed impossible that it could repeat itself like that, minute after minute, with the same poignancy, but it did.

The house was wide to the night. She heard the premonitory rustling of the wind that brought the rain, and then the friendly plangent patter over all those level waiting miles.

After a long time the horse whinnied in a way she knew, and Sam came to the doorway and stopped there.

His clothes were sodden with rain. His empty sleeve hung like a dish-rag. Runnels of water poured from it and from his trousers' legs and the skirts of his coat. The dye in his hat had run and made a dee green stain on one of his temples. His face ad

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ghastly pale, and haggard and sunken and twitching with pain, and he shook all over with the cold. The medal on his coat gleamed in the lamplight.

He stood in the doorway as if he didn't know whether to come in or not; looked in at her like a wounded dog. His eyes sought hers timidly, and yet with avidity, and as soon as they had found them looked away.

"The money's gone," he said humbly. The words seemed to be jerked out of his shaking body. "I got to drinking. I lost it—I—I'm not fit to come in."

The chair creaked forward a little.

"Did you lose it all?"

"Yep. Every dollar."

"You didn't tend to the mortgage, or buy the tractor, or the groceries, or the clothes, or *anything*, before you began to play?"

"Good God, *no!* Don't you suppose I'd *tell* you if I had?" His teeth were chattering with the cold. "I lost every dollar of it except the price of a—a—" the word gagged in his throat—"a phonograph! I'm a damned, low-down, dirty cur! I'm not fit to crawl back to you!"

She looked at him with cold, steady acquiescence.

"And I wouldn't've come," he jerked out, "if it hadn't've seemed yellower not to."

"Yes," she said in a voice like her look, "it would have been yellower."

The look shifted to the medal on his coat, and she let it rest there, but without intention. Her mind was devoid of intentions—blank—cold—dead—absent.

He squirmed beneath her look. It seemed to heat the gleaming medal on his coat and make it burn him. He wrenched it off, tearing the cloth (she'd have to mend that), and flung it from him.

"I'll never wear the durned thing again!" he chattered, the lips of his weak mouth trembling from cold and misery. But Ella Pavitt knew that he would.

She sat on with her quiet hands in her lap and looked at him as impersonally as if he were a tramp who had come in out of the night; or as if she had taken a strong, quick drug that had killed all her feelings.

"For God's sake, *say* something, Ell! Call me anything you want to, but don't sit there staring at me like that!"

She said: "You ought to have a cup of tea and get out of those clothes and go to bed."

She laid her work aside and got up and filled the heating stove with papers and dry cottonwood twigs and sent a fire roaring up the stack. She went into the kitchen to get the kettle. Through the open door she saw him draw near to the warmth almost furtively and stretch out his hand. His face was white and drawn with pain and misery. As she came back into the room he sobbed almost without knowing it. The sound of it smashed the invisible wall that had stood between them, and freed her from the trance that had held her. Freed her so that she could suffer too! That was Sam Pavitt there—her boy and her husband! Fate might tear each of them to pieces with the knife-blade of the other, but it couldn't separate them.

With an inarticulate cry she thrust the kettle on the stove and gathered him into her arms, wet and dripping as he was, and covered his cold face with kisses and strained him to her and said to him passionately over and over again the silly babyish things that all the human race uses when its tenderness transcends its words. And Sam Pavitt shut his eyes on his misery and his degradation and clung to her and sobbed like a child. When she had got him into bed she sat on the edge of it and held his hand and comforted him by letting him talk. But she put the light out, so that he couldn't see her eyes. They were bleak and shrunken and frightened.

"It'd never have happened, honey, if somebody hadn't stuck a glass of whisky at me. In the anteroom of the lodge, when I was going in for the medal. There was a lot of confusion—everybody grabbing me and talking at once. And I was rattled. I swallowed the stuff before I knew what I was doing. . . ."

He explained—pitifully, inadequately, over and over again; making all sorts of promises about the future; planning to run the farm and get a job too; filling the quiet little room with a flapping of words.

"You know it'd never have happened if I hadn't been drunk. You know that, Ell, don't you? Nothing could have made me touch a card! You know it wasn't me, but the whisky, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, soothingly. "I know, Sam. We'll get along somehow."

Presently, "Was Tunck Pearse there? He passed by on his way to town, and I thought maybe——"

"It was Pearse got the money," Sam said bitterly and yet with an odd note of conceit in his voice. "You don't think anybody but a professional could have trimmed me like that, do you?"

A hand seemed to reach down out of the dark and clutch her by the throat.

"Pro-professional *what?*"

"That's so: I never told you, did I? Pearse used to gamble for a living. There's just two or three of us that know it. He got into some—well, some trouble once on account of it, and promised to quit, and we've been keeping it dark so's to give him a chance to start over. He hadn't played for ten years, I guess, till last night. God!" he added with bitter and weary wistfulness; "if he'd only waited one night longer!"

Long after Sam slept she lay awake facing the knowledge that probably if she hadn't told Pearse about the money and aroused his old dormant instincts, he wouldn't have played, and Sam mightn't have lost. The bitter conviction seeped in that she was as much to blame as Sam was. Her mind went over and over and over it. And then fell at last to making plans that were no plans. There was nothing to plan with! She stared into the cool, sweet-smelling darkness, past Sam and the children and the little prairie house, down a vista of hopeless, empty years. With the money, his manhood might have survived the loss of his arm—but not without it. She saw him slipping into untidy crippled desuetude. And herself loving him on to the end. And she knew that he'd always love her. Beyond that she expected nothing. Her heart was full of the quietness of despair.

But towards morning she cried a little quietly, and that eased her, and she slept for a while.

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When the first keen white ray flashed at her levelly out of the east, she got up and pulled down the shades, so that Sam and the children could still sleep, and turned to face her life. The waste of it, stretching ahead of her, on and on and on, appalled her.

She took her clothes and walked wearily into the sitting-room to dress. She was dressing wearily, when the sun found Sam's medal where it lay on the floor and lit it to a gleaming light. She stood still for a long time and stared at it. Slowly it lit up the dark places of her soul. Sam Pavitt had flung his life into the boiling river on the *chance*—everyone who knew about it agreed that it was a slight one—on the chance that he could save his friends pinned in the engine cab. And then forlornly, magnificently, almost hopelessly, broken-armed and spent and giddy with pain, took the chance that he could swim across and stop the train. He didn't think he could; he thought it was death; but there was a chance, and he took it and jumped.

Sam never looked ahead. Maybe he couldn't. It was the same Sam who had drunk the whisky when his friends stuck it into his hand, and bet all his money and lost it when his friends wanted him to play. Perhaps if he had been wise enough to turn away from the whisky and the cards, he'd have turned away from the boiling river—all the other men did—and his friends in the engine cab would have drowned, and the whole great hurtling passenger train from the east would have piled itself in on top of them—if Sam had been wise! It was the fools sometimes, the gallant, unquenchable fools who couldn't look ahead, who saved everything!

She picked up Sam's medal and kissed it and laid it gently on the table. He was *hers*, not as he might have been, but as he was, and she'd see him through.

She finished dressing and went into the kitchen and caught up the milk pail to go out and milk the cow. She saw something sticking under the kitchen door, as if it had been thrust in from outside. It was a long white envelope. She picked it up. It was addressed to Mrs. Samuel Pavitt, in a hand she didn't know.

She looked swiftly around to see where it could have come from. Outside, through the window, a moving object caught her eye. She pulled the back door open quickly. A man was walking rapidly towards the road. He got quickly into a diminutive automobile and drove away.

She had no conscious thoughts at all. She sank into a chair and tore at the envelope. Things fell out of it: folded papers and a little book. One sheet of paper was signed "Tunck Pearse." She read it feverishly, though the words bobbed up and down like birds feeding.

"Dear Mrs. Pavitt:

"Sam the same as saved my life fifteen years ago when some fellows caught me cheating up at Cripple. He has not spoke about it because he was willing to give me another chance. He is the whitest man in this county, but no good at cards. I won his money to keep somebody else from getting it. I bought the mortgage on his land. Here it is, and here is your bank book. I put the balance of the money in the bank in your name. Keep it that way.

"Tunck Pearse.

"P. S.—It will kind of please Sam to know that I cheated when I won the money."

Reeds of Innocence

Drawing by Edna Reindel from Louis Untermeyer's Yesterday and Today *(Harcourt, Brace & Co.).*

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again";
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

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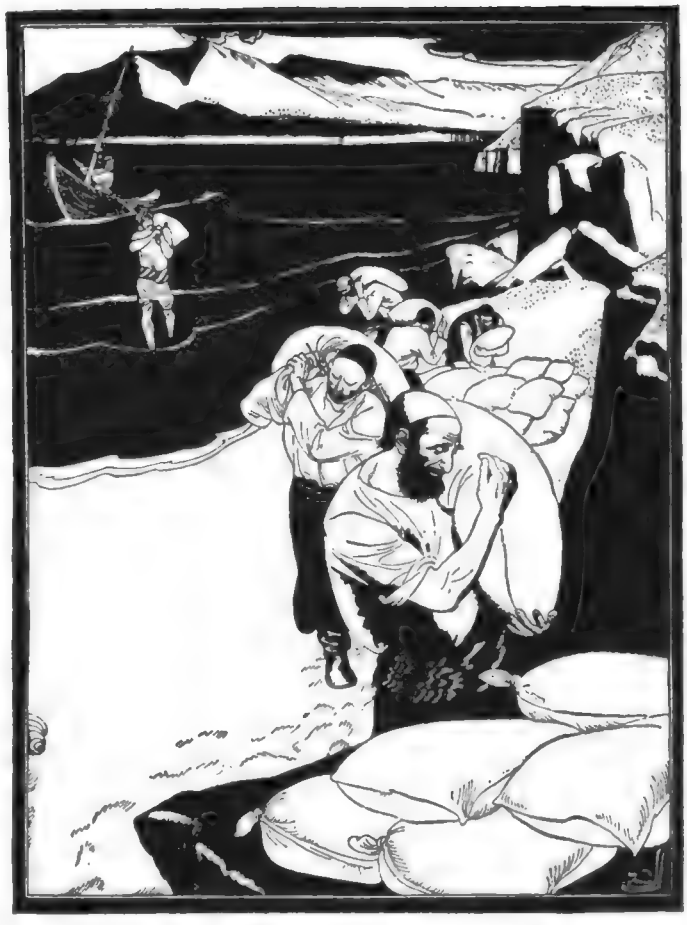
Drawings by
Wilfred Jones



By
MICHAEL KOTSYUBINSKY

By the Sea

Translated by R. Vissotsky-Kuntz
(R. V. Orlans)

THE DEEP AZURE of the sea and sky seemed to penetrate the open doors, windows, and long columned veranda of the coffee-house of the Tartar village. The cool sea-breeze attracted many guests to the windows or veranda to drink their coffee. Even lame Memet, the proprietor, who always kept a hawk-like watch over the orders of his patrons, would shout to his younger brother, "Jepar, one coffee —two coffees!" and then go to the door for a breath of air, removing the round Tartar cap from his shaved head. While Jepar, stifling with the heat, stirred the fire in the stove and shook the pot in order to get a rich foam on the coffee, Memet scrutinized the sea. "A storm is coming," he said, without turning around; "the wind is getting stronger. They are taking the sails off that boat."

From a big black boat, which seemed to be heading toward the shore, the sails were being removed. Inflated by the wind, they fluttered like huge white birds.

"Turning toward us!" said Jepar. "I even recognize the boat. The Greek has brought salt."

This news was of importance to Memet, for besides being the proprietor of the coffee-house, he was the butcher and also the owner of the only store in the village. Memet ran out of the coffee-house. His guests hurriedly emptied their cups and followed him across the narrow, steep street, around the mosque, and down to the sea along the stony path.

The boat, splashing the water like a porpoise, bobbed up and down, unable to reach shore. The old gray-headed Greek and his young Turkish servant, a tall, graceful lad, rowed to exhaustion, but could not drive the boat up on the sand. Finally, the Greek threw the anchor into the water, while the Turk quickly tore off his shoes and stockings and rolled his yellow trousers above the knees. The blue waves rolled and foamed against the shore at the feet of the onlooking Tartars, then sputtered hissingly and rushed back to the sea.

"Are you ready, Ali?" shouted the Greek to his servant. Ali answered by swinging his long bare legs over the edge of the boat and jumping into the water. He snatched a bag of salt from the Greek, slung it over his shoulder, and ran to the shore. His slender figure in tight yellow trousers and blue blouse, his ruddy, sunburnt face, and the red kerchief around his head stood out brilliantly against the background of blue sea. Ali threw the bag on the sand and again plunged into the sea, bathing his sturdy calves, first in the creamy foam, then in the clear blue waves. He would run to the boat and watch for the moment when it came to the level of his shoulder, so that he might conveniently balance another load. The boat rocked on the waves and pulled on the anchor like a dog tugging at his chain, while Ali ran back and forth from shore to vessel. The waves would overtake him and spout heaps of frothy foam under his feet. At times Ali would miss the proper moment. Then he would clutch fast the side of the boat and be tossed up with it, like an enormous crab.

The sea was growing more and more restless. The gulls abandoned the solitary rocks along the shore and circled above the effervescent waves, cawing mournfully. The sea darkened and changed. Tiny glass-green waves stole unnoticed to the shore, fell upon the sand, and broke into snow-white froth. The vessel leaped and fell as though borne by maimed white beasts to some unknown destination. The Greek often turned to the sea and looked at it with uneasiness. Ali, drenching wet from the splashing foam, continued to run swiftly from boat to shore. The tide was now flowing over the shore-road, creeping nearer and nearer to the bags of salt. The Tartars had to jump back in order not to be drenched by the tide.

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"Memet! Nurla! Lend a hand, for the salt will get wet! Ali, hurry!" pleaded the Greek hoarsely. The Tartars all went to work and, while the Greek in his boat was tossed about by the waves, gazing despairingly at the sea, the salt was transferred to a safe place.

In the meantime the sea was heaving. The monotonous, rhythmic murmur of the waves changed into loud poundings. Gray clouds hung over the sky like heavy spider webs. The turbulent waves, now dark and muddy dashing against the shore, ran down the rocks in streams of dirty, foamy water.

"The storm is coming!" shouted Memet to the Greek. "Pull your boat up on shore!"

"Eh, what are you saying?" called the Greek in a hoarse voice, straining to hear above the thundering of the waves.

"The boat on shore!" yelled Nurla with all his might.

The Greek and Ali started to disentangle the chain and tie the rope. The Tartars took off their slippers, rolled up their trousers, and went to the assistance of the Greek. The group of bent, wet Tartars noisily dragged in the black boat to the beach, where it lay on the sand tied to a pole like a caged sea monster. The Tartars were drying their clothes and helping the Greek weigh the salt. Ali was helping, but often he took advantage of his master's preoccupation with his customers to steal a look at the strange village.

The sun was high above the mountains. Along the bare gray projections of the rocks nestled little Tartar shacks, built of rough stones, with flat earthen roofs—toy houses, close together. No fences, no gates, no streets. Irregular paths ran along the stony surface, disappearing at steep inclines and reappearing again below. Everything was black and bare. Only on one roof, by sheer miracle, a tree was growing.

But the distant perspective beyond the village was enchanting—deep valleys treasuring beautiful green vineyards, and, back of them through the bluish mist, massive outlines of great granite mountains. Some were glowing in the rays of the evening sun, others were dark with thick woods. The far-off peaks seemed like pointed edges of immobile clouds set on fire by the sun. Against the background of this fantastic landscape the Tartar village was a mere heap of broken stones. A group of slender girls returning from the fountain with tall jugs on their shoulders gave the only touch of life to the scene of desolation.

"Ali!" called the Greek, "help us bale out the salt." The roaring sea almost drowned his voice.

A SALTY MIST HUNG over the shore. The turbid sea was becoming violent. Suddenly the Tartars heard a crash and almost in the same instant they were soaked by a wave, which lifted the boat and drove it in their direction. The Greek ran over to the boat and found a large hole in it. He swore and groaned and wept in despair, but the roaring sea drowned his lamentations. The boat was pulled up farther on shore and tied again. Although night had already fallen, Ali and his master, wet from the penetrating mist, wandered up and down the beach like two ghosts. In the bright moonlight the white foam along the shore looked like the first downy snow. Attracted by the village lights, Ali finally succeeded in inducing the despondent Greek to tear himself away from his boat and visit the coffee-houe.

The Greek used to bring salt yearly to the Crimean villages along the shore and often sold it on credit. The next morning, in order to waste no time, he told Ali to mend the broken boat, while he went along the mountain path to collect debts from his customers. The shore-path was flooded, and on the side of the sea the village was entirely cut off from the world.

ABOUT MIDDAY the waves grew quieter and Ali started to work. The wind played with the red kerchief on his head, while he pottered about the boat, humming a song as monotonous as the rolling of the breakers. Every day he spread a cloth on the ground in the hours of prayer, knelt down upon it and prayed devoutly, like a pious Mohammedan. At nightfall he built a fire on the shore and cooked the moist rice rescued from the boat. Often Memet invited him to the coffee-house. Only once a year, when the grape merchants came, was Memet's inn overcrowded. Now it was quiet and roomy. Jepar dozed under the shiny dishes on the wall near the oven where a slow fire was kept burning. Often awakened by Memet's calls for coffee, Jepar had to jump up, seize the bellows and stir up the fire, which cast bright reflections on the rows of copper dishes. The aroma of fresh coffee penetrated the inn. The long upholstered benches around the tables were occupied by Tartars, who played cards and dice, and drank black coffee out of small cups.

The coffee-house was the soul of the village, wherein were concentrated all the interests of the stone-dwellers. The most prominent persons met there. The old gloomy priest, Assan, who wore a turban and a robe that hung like a loose sack on his lean, angular body, was as stubborn as a mule and much respected for that virtue. There was Nurla, the capitalist—for he owned a red cow, a wagon, and a pair of buffalos; also the police-officer, owner of the only horse in the village. They were kinsmen, as were all the other inhabitants of the isolated little village, but this fact did not prevent them from being divided into two enemy clans. The cause for enmity lay in a little stream that flowed through the centre of the village. It was the only means of irrigation, and when one-half of the village used the stream for watering their gardens, the other half, with aching hearts, watched their onions wither. The two most prominent persons in the village—Nurla and the police-officer—had their gardens on opposite sides of the stream. When one of them tried to draw the water to his garden, the other dammed the water higher up and used it for his. This enraged the inhabitants of the opposite side, who, forgetting their relationship and interested only in their onions, split each other's heads. Nurla and the police-officer headed the two warring clans, but the police-officer was stronger because the priest Assan was on his side. The antagonism was carried even into the coffee-house. When the followers of Nurla played dice, the partisans of the police-officer took to cards. They agreed on only one thing—all drank black coffee. Memet, who had no garden and as a business man

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stood above party differences, limped back and forth from Nurla to the police-officer, acting as mediator. His smooth face and bald head shone, and a restless fire gleamed in his red eyes. He was always busy counting, figuring, planning, and hurrying to the cellar and store. Sometimes he ran out, looked up toward the flat roof and called "Fatima!"

A veiled woman would glide silently out of the house above the inn and come to the edge of the flat roof. Memet would throw up empty bags, or give her gruff, masterful orders. The figure would vanish as it had come, like an apparition.

Ali saw her once.

He stood near the coffee-house and watched the yellow slippers step daintily down the stone stairway of Memet's house, and he was fascinated by the bright green veil, which fell in graceful folds around the lithe figure from head to red bloomers. She descended quietly with an empty jug in one hand, holding the veil with the other so as to show only the large, slanting black eyes of a mountain gazelle. She fastened her eyes on Ali for a moment, then lowered her lids, and proceeded serenely on her way like an Egyptian priestess.

It seemed to Ali that those great eyes had burned into his heart to remain there forever. On shore, while mending the boat and humming his dreamy songs, he looked into those eyes. He saw them everywhere—in the waves, as transparent and sonorous as glass, and on the hot stones that glistened in the sun. They yearned toward him even from his cup of black coffee. He often turned toward the village, and at times, on the roof above the inn, he saw the veiled figure of a woman. Her face was always turned toward the sea, as though she were searching for some far-off precious memory.

The village soon accepted Ali. The young girls, meeting the handsome Turk on their way home from the well, uncovered their faces, then blushed and walked on.

On cool summer evenings Ali took out his *zurna*, which he had brought from Smyrna, and conversed with his native land in sad melodies. The songs drew young men around him, and in the shadow of the rocks they sang and danced. Again and again he repeated the same monotonous strain, endless and inexplicit as the song of a cricket, filling one with anguish and longing. The mystified Tartars would begin to sing to the rhythm of the song, "*O-la-la . . . O-na-na. . . .*"

On one side dreamed the mysterious world of the giant mountains, on the other low down lay the sleeping sea. It sighed in its sleep like a babe, and quivered and shone in the bright moonlight like a road of gold.

O-la-la . . . O-na-na . . .

The villagers, watching from their stone nests, often saw an arm extended in the moonlight, or shoulders that trembled in a dance, and heard the monotonous, persistent refrain of the music—*O-la-la . . . O-na-na . . .*

Fatima also listened.

She had come from the mountains. From a distant mountain village with different people and different customs, where she had left everything and everybody she loved. There was no sea near her home. One day Memet came and offered her father more than the young men of her village could pay, and took her away with him. Repulsive, unkind, strange like all the people here, like this land. There are no relatives here, no friends; no hospitable people, this is the end of the world. There is no road out.

O-la-la . . . O-na-na . . .

No road out—for when the sea gets enraged, it wipes away the only path along the shore.

Nothing but the sea here—everywhere the sea. In the early morning the intense blue dazzles one's eyes; through the day the green waves swing madly; at night the sea breathes with difficulty like a sick person. When it is quiet, its peacefulness irritates; when it is violent, it beats against the shore, struggles and roars like a beast, and does not let one sleep. Its pungent, nauseating odour penetrates to the very house. One cannot hide or run away from the sea—it is everywhere; it hunts one; at times it deceives. Enveloped in a dense fog as white as mountain snow, the sea seems to disappear; it is hidden, but for all that it writhes and groans and sighs under the fog.

O-la-la . . . O-na-na. . . .

. . . Struggles under the fog like an infant under its covers, then suddenly throws it off. . . . The long torn pieces of fog creep up from the sea, get caught in the mosque, enwrap the village, creep into the house, settle on one's heart, shut out the sun.

O-la-la . . . O-na-na. . . .

Fatima often comes out on the flat roof of the coffee-house, leans against the tree and looks out to sea. No, not the sea—she watches the red kerchief on the head of the stranger, in the hope of meeting his eyes again—those large black, burning eyes that burn before her so often in her dreams.

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There in the sand above the sea her favourite red mountain-flower is now blooming.

O-la-la . . . O-na-na . . .

The stars hover over the earth, the moon over the sea.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Do you come from far away?"

Ali turned around with a start. The voice floated down from the roof, and he lifted his eyes.

Fatima stood under the tree, the shade of which fell also upon Ali. He blushed and stuttered, "F-f-from Smyrna, very far away."

"I am from the mountains."

Silence.

The blood rushed to his head, and his eyes were captured by the Tartar woman, who would not let them go.

"Why did you come to this place? You must be lonely here."

"I am very poor—not a star in heaven, not a stem on earth. I am earning my living."

"I heard you play." . . . Silence.

"In my home in the mountains it is very lively—music, girls, weddings. We have no sea there. Have you sea near your home?"

"Not very near."

"No? And its sighs do not penetrate your very house?"

"No. Instead of the sea we have sand everywhere. The wind brings the hot sand and piles it in high mounds, like camel's hunches. There——"

"Sh-sh!"

Suddenly, as though by accident, she revealed her white, delicate face and lifted a finger with a painted nail to her full red lips. No one could be seen anywhere. Only the sea, as blue as the sky, was watching them.

"Aren't you afraid to talk to me, *Hanoum?* What will Memet do if he sees us?"

"Whatever he thinks necessary."

"He will kill us if he sees us together."

"It makes no difference."

THE SUN HAD NOT YET RISEN, but some of the Yaila peaks were already aglow. The dark rocks were shrouded in gloom; the sea lay under a gray cover of sleep. Nurla, the village plutocrat, was descending Yaila and almost ran after his buffalos. He was in such haste that he did not even notice that a stack of fresh grass slipped from the wagon to the backs of the animals. The black buffalos wriggled their hairy hunches and turned toward their home, but Nurla changed their direction and stopped at the coffee-house.

"Memet, Memet; wake up!"

Memet jumped up, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"Memet, where is Ali?" asked Nurla.

"Ali . . . Ali . . . somewhere around," and he looked at the empty benches.

"Where is Fatima?"

"Fatima? Why, she is asleep, of course!"

"They have run away together into the mountains."

Memet turned to Nurla, "What are you talking about?"

"You lunatic! I am trying to tell you that your wife has run away with the Turk. I just saw them in the mountains on my way from Yaila."

Memet's eyes were now bulging out of their sockets. He pushed Nurla aside, ran out of the house and limped up the stairs. He searched frantically through all his rooms and ran out on the roof.

"Osman!" he shouted in his hoarse voice, "Kali! Jepar! Bekir! Come here!" He ran from side to side and called for help as though there was a fire.

"Usien! Mustafa!"

The Tartars were now awake and climbed one by one up to their roofs. Nurla helped arouse the village. "Assan! Mamaut! Zekeria!" he called at the top of his voice.

MEMET, RED AND TIRELESS, looked dumbly around him and jumped off the roof like a cat. The Tartars were in a turmoil. The relatives, who only yesterday were ready to split each other's heads, were now all united by a common feeling of injustice. Not only was the honour of Memet outraged—the honour of the whole race was involved. A nasty Turk, a pauper, a mere servant and vagabond! It was an unheard-of thing. And when Memet flourished at the door of the coffee-house a long knife, the one he used for slaughtering sheep, and stuck it resolutely into his belt, the Tartars were ready.

Lead!

Nurla went ahead, after him limped the butcher, followed by a long train of enraged relatives. The sun was high and hot. The Tartars, stretched out in a long line like marching ants, toiled up the mountain paths. Nurla hurried along eagerly like a hound on the scent. Memet was gloomy. Although it was still early morning, the gray stones were hot. Their bleak surfaces were covered with poisonous spurge and bright green ivy which crept among the blue masses of stone down to the sea. A narrow path, unnoticeable as the trail of a wild beast, disappeared in the stony desert or hid under the projection of a rock. It was cool and moist in the shade of the rocks and the Tartars took off their red caps to cool their heads. Then they pressed forward again on the hot gray road under the scorching sun. They stubbornly climbed on and on, their bodies bent forward, passing narrow, black pitfalls, touching the sides of the rocks with their shoulders, and stepping on the edge of an abyss like sure-footed mountain mules. The farther they went, the harder it became to overcome obstacles, the hotter burned the sun above and the stones beneath them, the more revengeful grew their red, perspiring faces.

The Tartars hurried on. They had to seize the fugitives before they could reach the neighbouring town of Suak and escape by sea. Both Ali and Fatima were strangers here. They did not know the mountains, and could be easily lost in a labyrinth of paths. This was the sole hope of the Tartars. But Suak was near—and no sign of anyone. It was growing more sultry, for the moist sea-breeze did not reach the mountains. Pebbles fell under their feet, irritating the tired, perspiring, vindictive men. They could not find the fugitives, and every one of them had dropped some work at home. Memet paid no attention to them

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and rushed ahead with wild, unseeing eyes like a wounded goat. It was evident that Nurla had been late in bringing the news. The men were losing hope, but they pushed on.

Suddenly Zekeria, who was in the lead, uttered an exclamation and stopped short. All eyes turned toward him, but he said nothing, only pointed to a sharp, horn-shaped rock that hung over the sea. There behind a boulder they caught sight of a red kerchief, which immediately disappeared. Memet groaned and the other men felt their hearts throb. They all clung to one thought: to encircle the jetty, where they could take Ali bare-handed. Nurla had a plan; he ordered the men to be silent, then divided them into three groups, which were to surround the rock from three sides. The fourth one faced the outside. The Tartars started out stealthily. Soon a part of the green veil became visible from behind the stone. Behind it climbed the graceful Turk. Ali, in his tight yellow trousers, blue blouse and red kerchief, tall and lithe as a young cypress tree, stood like a giant against the background of blue sky. Ali had lost his way and was now consulting Fatima about it. They looked anxiously at the mountains, searching for a path. Some distance before them lay the quiet bay of Suak.

Suddenly Fatima shuddered and screamed. The veil fell from her head. She saw the insane bloodshot eyes of her husband behind a stone. Ali wheeled around. In a flash all the Tartars hurled themselves upon the rock—Zekeria, Jepar, Mustafa—all those who used to drink coffee with Ali and listen to his music. They were not silent now. They uttered bloodthirsty yells and their hot breath was close. There was no escape. Ali, his feet set firmly on the stone, one hand on his short knife, stood erect and waited. Pale and proud, he had the fearless look of an eagle.

Fatima, mad with despair, fluttered above the abyss like a sea-gull. On one side was the hateful sea, on the other her butcher husband. She saw his sheep-like eyes, cruel blue lips, the short leg, and the sharp butcher's knife, the one with which he slaughtered sheep. Her soul flew over the mountains . . . her native village . . . blindfolded eyes . . . the music plays while the butcher leads her toward the sea, like a lamb to its slaughter. She closed her eyes and lost balance. The blue robe with yellow half-moons vanished among the sea-gulls that circled above the water.

The Tartars were startled. This simple unexpected death drew their attention away from Ali, who did not see what happened behind him and wondered at their murderous delay. Were they afraid of him? He saw burning eyes, red, murderous faces, white teeth, and then this wave of savagery rushed upon him like an angry sea. Ali tried to defend himself. He stabbed Nurla's hand and scratched Osman, but at that moment the other Tartars were upon him and he was thrown off his feet. As he was falling, Ali saw the big knife lifted above him. Memet kept on plunging his knife into Ali without aiming, with the heartlessness of a butcher, although Ali's breast heaved no more and his handsome face was tranquil.

Revenge was complete; the honour of the village was saved. On the stones under their feet lay the body of the Turk and near him the torn green veil.

Memet was drunk with towering rage. He shook unsteadily on his lame foot and swung his arms madly. He pushed aside the curious men who stood around the dead body, grabbed one of Ali's legs and started to drag the body down the mountain. The crowd followed him. And when they walked back along the familiar paths, the magnificent head of Ali struck against the stones at every step and spat blood. The Tartars cursed as they walked after him. When the procession entered the village all the flat roofs were crowded with women and children. Hundreds of curious eyes followed the procession to the sea.

On the white hot sand lay the black boat like a dolphin crippled by a stormy sea. The delicate blue waves, pure and warm like the bosom of a maiden, threw white foam upon the shore. The sea and the sun merged into a joyful exuberance that reached far over the Tartar rocks, gardens, the black forests, to the gray masses of Yaila. A happy smile lay on everything. Silently the Tartars lifted Ali to the boat and, among the excited shrieks of the women on the roofs and the cries of frightened gulls, they hurled the boat into the sea. It grated against the pebbles and drifted out. The waves played about it, splashing against its sides, spattering foam, and quietly, unnoticeably carried it out into the open sea.

Ali met Fatima.

The Making of Eve

When God decided to create Eve, he considered from what part of Adam's body he should fashion her.

He said: "I will not fashion her from his head lest she be too vain. I will not fashion her from his eyes lest she be eager to see all things. I will not fashion her from his ears lest she be an eavesdropper. I will not fashion her from his mouth lest she be a gossip. I will not fashion her from his heart lest she be envious. I will not fashion her from his hands lest she grasp things that do not belong to her. I will not fashion her from his feet lest she be a gadabout.

"I will fashion her from a hidden part of his body, a part which will be covered even though he stand naked." And as each nerve and tissue he created, God said, "Be thou a modest wife, an exemplary woman."

Nevertheless, God's plans were thwarted. Woman is proud; she is eager to see all and know all; she has nine measures of talk; she is jealous; she craves for things that are not hers; and she is a gadabout. *The Talmud.* (Gross).

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By

LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

The Workhouse Ward

PERSONS

MIKE MCINERNEY, MICHAEL MISKELL } *Paupers.*
MRS. DONOHOE, *a countrywoman.*

SCENE—*A ward in Cloon Workhouse. The two old men in their beds.*

MICHAEL MISKELL—Isn't it a hard case, Mike McInerney, myself and yourself to be left here in the bed, and it the feast day of Saint Colman, and the rest of the ward attending on the Mass?

MIKE MCINERNEY—Is it sitting up by the hearth you are wishful to be, Michael Miskell, with cold in the shoulders and with speckled shins? Let you rise up so, and you well able to do it, not like myself that has pains the same as tin-tacks within in my inside.

MICHAEL MISKELL—If you have pains within in your inside, there is no one can see it or know of it the way they can see my own knees that are swelled up with the rheumatism, and my hands that are twisted in ridges the same as an old cabbage stalk. It is easy to be talking about soreness and about pains, and they maybe not to be in it at all.

MIKE MCINERNEY—To open me and to analyze me you would know what sort of a pain and a soreness I have in my heart and in my chest. But I'm not one like yourself to be cursing and praying and tormenting the time the nuns are at hand, thinking to get a bigger share than myself of the nourishment and of the milk.

MICHAEL MISKELL—That's the way you do be picking at me and faulting me. I had a share and a good share in my early time, and it's well you know that, and the both of us reared in Skehanagh.

MIKE MCINERNEY—You may say that, indeed! We are both of us reared in Skehanagh. Little wonder you to have good nourishment the time we were both rising, and you bringing away my rabbits out of the snare.

MICHAEL MISKELL—And you didn't bring away my own eels, I suppose, I was after spearing in the Turlough? Selling them to the nuns in the convent you did, and letting on they to be your own. For you were always a cheater and a schemer, grabbing every earthly thing for your own profit.

MIKE MCINERNEY—And you were no grabber yourself, I suppose, till your land and all you had grabbed wore away from you!

MICHAEL MISKELL—If I lost it itself, it was through the crosses I met with and I going through the world. I never was a rambler and a card-player like yourself, Mike McInerney, that ran through all and lavished it unknown to your mother!

MIKE MCINERNEY—Lavished it, is it? And if I did, was it you yourself led me to lavish it or some other one? It is on my own floor I would be today and in the face of my family but for the misfortune I had to be put with a bad next-door neighbour that was yourself. What way did my means go from me is it? Spending on fencing, spending on walls, making up gates, putting up doors, that would keep your hens and your ducks from coming in through starvation on my floor, and every four-footed beast you had from preying and trespassing on my oats and my mangolds and my little lock of hay!

MICHAEL MISKELL—O to listen to you! And I

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striving to please you and to be kind to you and to close my ears to the abuse you would be calling and letting out of your mouth. To trespass on your crops is it? It's little temptation there was for my poor beasts to ask to cross the mering. My God Almighty! What had you but a little corner of a field!

MIKE MCINERNEY—And what do you say to my garden that your two pigs had destroyed on me the year of the big tree being knocked, and they making gaps in the wall?

MICHAEL MISKELL—Ah, there does be a great deal of gaps knocked in a twelvemonth. Why wouldn't they be knocked by the thunder, the same as the tree, or some storm that came up from the west?

MIKE MCINERNEY—It was the west wind, I suppose so, that devoured my green cabbage? And that rooted up my Champion potatoes? And that ate the gooseberries themselves from off the bush?

MICHAEL MISKELL—What are you saying? The two quietest pigs ever I had, no way wicked, and well ringed. They were not ten minutes in it. It would be hard for them eat strawberries in that time, let alone gooseberries that's full of thorns.

MIKE MCINERNEY—They were not quiet, but very ravenous pigs you had that time, as active as a fox they were, killing my young ducks. Once they had blood tasted you couldn't stop them.

MICHAEL MISKELL—And what happened myself the fair day of Esserkelly, the time I was passing your door? Two brazened dogs that rushed out and took a piece of me. I never was the better of it or of the start I got, but wasting from then till now!

MIKE MCINERNEY—Thinking you were a wild beast they did, that had made his escape out of the traveling show, with the red eyes of you and the ugly face of you, and the two crooked legs of you that wouldn't hardly stop a pig in a gap. Sure any dog that had any life in it at all would be roused and stirred seeing the like of you going the road!

MICHAEL MISKELL—I did well taking out a summons against you that time. It is a great wonder you not to have been bound over through your lifetime, but the laws of England is queer.

MIKE MCINERNEY—What ailed me that I did not summons yourself after you stealing away the clutch of eggs I had in the barrel, and I away in Ardrahan searching out a clocking hen.

MICHAEL MISKELL—To steal your eggs is it? Is that what you are saying now? (*Holds up his hands.*) The Lord is in heaven, and Peter and the saints, and yourself that was in Ardrahan that day put a hand on them as soon as myself! Isn't it a bad story for me to be wearing out my days beside you the same as a spanceled goat. Chained I am and tethered I am to a man that is ransacking his mind for lies!

MIKE MCINERNEY—If it is a bad story for you, Michael Miskell, it is a worse story again for myself. A Miskell to be next and near me through the whole of the four quarters of the year. I never heard there to be any great name on the Miskells as there was on my own race and name.

MICHAEL MISKELL—You didn't, is it? Well, you could hear it if you had but ears to hear it. Go across to Lisheen Crannagh and down to the sea and to Newtown Lynch and the mills of Duras and you'll find a Miskell, and as far as Dublin!

MIKE MCINERNEY—What signifies Crannagh and the mills of Duras? Look at all my own generations that are buried at the Seven Churches. And how many generations of the Miskells are buried in it? Answer me that!

MICHAEL MISKELL—I tell you but for the wheat that was to be sowed there would be more side cars and more common cars at my father's funeral (God rest his soul!) than at any funeral ever left your own door. And as to my mother, she was a Cuffe from Claregalway, and it's she had the purer blood!

MIKE MCINERNEY—And what do you say to the banshee? Isn't she apt to have knowledge of the ancient race? Was ever she heard to screech or to cry for the Miskells? Or for the Cuffes from Claregalway? She was not, but for the six families, the Hyneses, the Foxes, the Faheys, the Dooleys, the McInerneys. It is of the nature of the McInerneys she is, I am thinking, crying them the same as a king's children.

MICHAEL MISKELL—It is a pity the banshee not to be crying for yourself at this minute, and giving you a warning to quit your lies and your chat and your arguing and your contrary ways; for there is no one under the rising sun could stand you. I tell you you are not behaving as in the presence of the Lord!

MIKE MCINERNEY—Is it wishful for my death you are? Let it come and meet me now and welcome so long as it will part me from yourself! And I say, and I would kiss the book on it, I to have one request only to be granted, and I leaving it in my will, it is what I would request, nine furrows of the field, nine ridges of the hills, nine waves of the ocean to be put between your grave and my own grave the time we will be laid in the ground!

MICHAEL MISKELL—Amen to that! Nine ridges, is it? No, but let the whole ridge of the world separate us till the Day of Judgment! I would not be laid anear you at the Seven Churches, I to get to Ireland without a divide!

MIKE MCINERNEY—And after that again! I'd sooner than ten pound in my hand, I to know that my shadow and my ghost will not be knocking about with your shadow and your ghost, and the both of us waiting our time. I'd sooner be delayed in Purgatory! Now have you anything to say?

MICHAEL MISKELL—I have everything to say if I had but the time to say it!

MIKE MCINERNEY (*sitting up*)—Let me up out of this till I choke you!

MICHAEL MISKELL—You scolding pauper, you!

MIKE MCINERNEY (*shaking his fist at him*)—Wait a while!

MICHAEL MISKELL (*shaking his fist*)—Wait a while yourself!

(MRS. DONOHOE *comes in with a parcel. She is a countrywoman with a frilled cap and a shawl. She stands still a minute. The two old men lie down and compose themselves.*)

MRS. DONOHOE—They bade me come up here by the stair. I never was in this place at all. I don't

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know am I right. Which now of the two of ye is Mike McInerney?

MIKE MCINERNEY—Who is it calling me by my name?

MRS. DONOHOE—Sure amn't I your sister, Honor McInerney that was, that is now Honor Donohoe.

MIKE MCINERNEY—So you are, I believe. I didn't know you till you pushed anear me. It is time indeed for you to come see me, and I in this place five year or more. Thinking me to be no credit to you, I suppose, among that tribe of the Donohoes. I wonder they to give you leave to come ask am I living yet or dead?

MRS. DONOHOE—Ah, sure, I buried the whole string of them. Himself was the last to go. (*Wipes her eyes.*) The Lord be praised he got a fine natural death. Sure we must go through our crosses. And he got a lovely funeral; it would delight you to hear the priest reading the Mass. My poor John Donohoe! A nice clean man, you couldn't but be fond of him. Very severe on the tobacco he was, but he wouldn't touch the drink.

MIKE MCINERNEY—And is it in Curranroe you are living yet?

MRS. DONOHOE—It is so. He left all to myself. But it is a lonesome thing the head of a house to have died!

MIKE MCINERNEY—I hope that he has left you a nice way of living?

MRS. DONOHOE—Fair enough, fair enough. A wide, lovely house I have; a few acres of grass land . . . the grass does be very sweet that grows among the stones. And as to the sea, there is something from it every day of the year, a handful of periwinkles to make kitchen, or cockles maybe. There is many a thing in the sea is not decent, but cockles is fit to put before the Lord!

MIKE MCINERNEY—You have all that! And you without e'er a man in the house?

MRS. DONOHOE—It is what I am thinking, yourself might come and keep me company. It is no credit to me a brother of my own to be in this place at all.

MIKE MCINERNEY—I'll go with you! Let me out of this! It is the name of the McInerneys will be rising on every side!

MRS. DONOHOE—I don't know. I was ignorant of you being kept to the bed.

MIKE MCINERNEY—I am not kept to it, but maybe an odd time when there is a colic rises up within me. My stomach always gets better the time there is a change in the moon. I'd like well to draw anear you. My heavy blessing on you, Honor Donohoe, for the hand you have held out to me this day.

MRS. DONOHOE—Sure you could be keeping the fire in, and stirring the pot with the bit of Indian meal for the hens, and milking the goat and taking the tacklings off the donkey at the door; and maybe putting out the cabbage plants in their time. For when the old man died the garden died.

MIKE MCINERNEY—I could to be sure, and be cutting the potatoes for seed. What luck could there be in a place and a man not be in it? Is that now a suit of clothes you have brought with you?

MRS. DONOHOE—It is so, the way you will be tasty coming in among the neighbours at Curranroe.

MIKE MCINERNEY—My joy you are! It is well you earned me! Let me up out of this! (*He sits up and spreads out the clothes and tries on coat.*) That, now, is a good frieze coat . . . and a hat in the fashion . . . (*He puts on hat.*)

MICHAEL MISKELL (*alarmed*)—And is it going out of this you are, Mike McInerney?

MIKE MCINERNEY—Don't you hear I am going? To Curranroe I am going. Going I am to a place where I will get every good thing!

MICHAEL MISKELL—And is it to leave me here after you you will?

MIKE MCINERNEY (*in a rising chant*)—Every good thing! The goat and the kid are there, the sheep and the lamb are there, the cow does be running and she coming to be milked! Ploughing and seed sowing, blossom at Christmas time, the cuckoo speaking through the dark days of the year! Ah, what are you talking about? Wheat high in hedges, no talk about the rent! Salmon in the rivers as plenty as turf! Spending and getting and nothing scarce! Sport and pleasure, and music on the strings! Age will go from me and I will be young again. Geese and turkeys for the hundreds and drink for the whole world!

MICHAEL MISKELL—Ah, Mike, is it truth you are saying, you to go from me and to leave me with rude people and with townspeople, and with people of every parish in the union, and they having no respect for me and no wish for me at all!

MIKE MCINERNEY—Whist, now, and I'll leave you . . . my pipe (*hands it over*); and I'll engage it is Honor Donohoe won't refuse to be sending you a few ounces of tobacco an odd time, and neighbours coming to the fair in November or in the month of May.

MICHAEL MISKELL—Ah, what signifies tobacco? All that I am craving is the talk. There to be no one at all to say out to whatever thought might be rising in my innate mind! To be lying here and no conversible person in it would be the abomination of misery!

MIKE MCINERNEY—Look now, Honor . . . It is what I often heard said, two to be better than one . . . Sure if you had an old trouser was full of holes . . . or a skirt . . . wouldn't you put another in under it that might be as tattered as itself and the two of them together would make some sort of a decent show?

MRS. DONOHOE—Ah, what are you saying? There is no holes in that suit I brought you now, but as sound it is as the day I spun it for himself.

MIKE MCINERNEY—Is it what I am thinking, Honor . . . I do be weak an odd time . . . any load I would carry, it preys upon my side . . . and this man does be weak an odd time with the swelling in his knees . . . but the two of us together it's not likely it is at the one time we would fail. Bring the both of us with you, Honor, and the height of the castle of luck on you, and the both of us together will make one good hardy man!

MRS. DONOHOE—I'd like my job! Is it queer in the head you are grown asking me to bring in a stranger off the road?

MICHAEL MISKELL—I am not, ma'am, but an old

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neighbour I am. If I had forecasted this asking, I would have asked it myself. Michael Miskell I am, that was in the next house to you in Skehanagh!

Mrs. Donohoe—For pity's sake! Michael Miskell is it? That's worse again. Yourself and Mike that never left fighting and scolding and attacking one another! Sparring at one another like two young pups you were, and threatening one another after like two grown dogs!

Mike McInerney—All the quarreling was ever in the place it was myself did it. Sure his anger rises fast and goes away like the wind. Bring him out with myself now, Honor Donohoe, and God bless you.

Mrs. Donohoe—Well, then, I will not bring him out, and I will not bring yourself out, and you not to learn better sense. Are you making yourself ready to come?

Mike McInerney—I am thinking, maybe . . . it is a mean thing for a man that is shivering into seventy years to go changing from place to place.

Mrs. Donohoe—Well, take your luck or leave it. All I asked was to save you from the hurt and the harm of the year.

Mike McInerney—Bring the both of us with you or I will not stir out of this.

Mrs. Donohoe—Give me back my fine suit so (*begins gathering up the clothes*), till I'll go look for a man of my own!

Mike McInerney—Let you go so, as you are so unnatural and so disobliging, and look for some man of your own, God help him! For I will not go with you at all!

Mrs. Donohoe—It is too much time I lost with you, and dark night waiting to overtake me on the road. Let the two of you stop together, and the back of my hand to you. It is I will leave you there the same as God left the Jews!

(*She goes out. The old men lie down and are silent for a moment.*)

Michael Miskell—Maybe the house is not so wide as what she says.

Mike McInerney—Why wouldn't it be wide?

Michael Miskell—Ah, there does be a good deal of middling poor houses down by the sea.

Mike McInerney—What would you know about wide houses? Whatever sort of a house you had yourself it was too wide for the provision you had in it.

Michael Miskell—Whatever provision I had in my house, it was wholesome provision and natural provision. Herself and her periwinkles! Periwinkles is a hungry sort of food.

Mike McInerney—Stop your impudence and your chat or it will be the worse for you. I'd bear with my own father and mother as long as any man would, but if they'd vex me I would give them the length of a rope as soon as another!

Michael Miskell—I would never ask at all to go eating periwinkles.

Mike McInerney (*sitting up*)—Have you anyone to fight me?

Michael Miskell (*whimpering*)—I have not, only the Lord!

Mike McInerney—Let you leave putting insults on me so, and death picking at you!

Michael Miskell—Sure I am saying nothing at all to displease you. It is why I wouldn't go eating periwinkles, I'm in dread I might swallow the pin.

Mike McInerney—Who is asking you to eat them? You're as tricky as a fish in the full tide!

Michael Miskell—Tricky is it! Oh, my curse and the curse of the four-and-twenty men upon you!

Mike McInerney—That the worm may chew you from skin to marrow bone! (*Seizes his pillow.*)

Michael Miskell (*seizing his own pillow*)—I'll leave my death on you, you scheming vagabone!

Mike McInerney—By cripes! I'll pull out your pin feathers! (*Throwing pillow.*)

Michael Miskell (*throwing pillow*)—You tyrant! You big bully you!

Mike McInerney (*throwing pillow and seizing mug*)—Take this so, you stobbing ruffian you!

(*They throw all within their reach at one another: mugs, prayer-books, pipes, etc.*)

Curtain

An Order of King Henry VIII., for One Day's Provision for One of the Ladies of Honour of Catherine of Aragon

A drawing from Francis Hackett's Henry VIII. (Horace Liveright)

We will and command you to allow daily from henceforth unto our right dear and well beloved Lady Lucy, into her chamber, the diet and fare hereafter ensuying:

1. Every morning at breakfast a sirloin of beef at our kitchen, one loaf at our pantry bar, and a gallon of ale at our buttery bar.

2. At dinner a piece of beef, a stroke of roast, and a reward at our said kitchen, and a gallon of ale at our buttery bar.

3. At afternoon a loaf of bread at our pantry bar and half a gallon of ale at our buttery bar.

4. At supper a mess of porage, a piece of mutton and a reward at our said kitchen, a loaf of bread and a gallon of ale.

5. At after supper half a gallon of wine at our cellar bar.

6. At our chaundrye bar in winter every night, one preket and 4 sizes of wax, with 8 candles and one torch.

And at every time of our moving, one whole cart for the carriage of her stuff.

July 16, 1522.

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By EDITH WHARTON

Ethan Frome

Edith Wharton

Woodcuts by
Richard Bennett

The Story So Far:

MISFORTUNE AND TRAGEDY have told heavily on Ethan Frome over a period of twenty-five years, and late middle age finds him hopelessly lamed and poverty-stricken, his only possessions a run-down saw-mill and a few barren acres. The other inhabitants of the Massachusetts village of Starkfield are strangely reluctant to discuss Frome's tragic past and his present unhappy home life, but a chance invitation to a friendly visitor to pass a stormy night under Ethan Frome's roof gives the opportunity to peer momentarily through the mists hiding the past. As Frome throws open the door to his stricken home, a woman's voice is heard querulously droning, and then the scene shifts back a quarter of a century. . . .

Mattie Silver comes to live with the Fromes in order to lighten the burden of household work for her cousin Zeena, Ethan's wife. Mattie endears herself to young Ethan Frome by her youth and her lively and sympathetic intelligence, but incurs the unspoken hatred of Zeena—a hatred due solely to the latter's suspicious and unlovely nature. The tension between Mattie and Ethan on the one hand, and Zeena, grows over the period of a year. Then Zeena suddenly announces that she is going to the neighbouring village of Bettsbridge to consult a new doctor about one of her many imaginary ailments. Ethan and Mattie, at supper and in the early evening hours of that day, revel in the simple but ecstatic pleasure which they find in each other's companionship. One small tragedy mars the occasion, however, for a piece of trumpery glassware which is a prized possession of Zeena's is accidentally broken. Ethan goes to the village the following day to purchase glue for the repair of the dish, but his design is frustrated, for as he enters the house Mattie tells him that Zeena has returned.

Zeena, tight-lipped and coldly belligerent, notifies Ethan that the Bettsbridge doctor has diagnosed her case as one of "complications," and announces that she has hired a servant girl, who will occupy Mattie's room. Mattie must go, immediately—and where she is to go and what she is to do does not concern Zeena. Ethan Frome, powerless to intervene, and stunned at the thought of the impending separation, stumbles from his wife's room and rejoins Mattie downstairs.

IN THE KITCHEN MATTIE was sitting by the stove, the cat curled up on her knees. She sprang to her feet as Ethan entered, and carried the covered dish of meat-pie to the table.

"I hope Zeena isn't sick?" she asked.

"No."

She shone at him across the table. "Well, sit right down then. You must be starving." She uncovered the pie and pushed it over to him. So they were to have one more evening together, her happy eyes seemed to say!

He helped himself mechanically and began to eat; then disgust took him by the throat and he laid down his fork.

Mattie's tender gaze was on him and she marked the gesture.

"Why, Ethan, what's the matter? Don't it taste right?"

"Yes—it's first-rate. Only I—" He pushed his plate away, rose from his chair, and walked around the table to her side. She started up with frightened eyes.

"Ethan, there's something wrong! I *knew* there was!"

She seemed to melt against him in her terror, and he caught her in his arms, held her fast there, felt her lashes beat his cheek like netted butterflies.

"What is it—what is it?" she stammered; but he had found her lips at last and was drinking unconscious of everything but the joy they gave him.

She lingered a moment, caught in the same strong current; then she slipped from him and drew back a step or two, pale and troubled. Her look smote him with compunction, and he cried out, as if he saw her drowning in a dream: "You can't go, Matt! I'll never let you!"

"Go—go?" she stammered. "Must I go?"

The words went on sounding between them as though a torch of warning flew from hand to hand through a black landscape.

Ethan was overcome with shame at his lack of self-control in flinging the news at her so brutally. His head reeled and he had to support himself against the table. All the while he felt as if he were still kissing her, and yet dying of thirst for her lips.

"Ethan, what has happened? Is Zeena mad with me?"

Her cry steadied him, though it deepened his wrath and pity. "No, no," he assured her, "it's not that. But this new doctor has scared her about herself. You know she believes all they say the first time she sees them. And this one's told her she won't get well unless she lays up and don't do a thing about the house—not for months——"

He paused, his eyes wandering from her miserably. She stood silent a moment, drooping before him like a broken branch. She was so small and weak-looking that it wrung his heart; but suddenly she lifted her

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The Third of Three Parts

head and looked straight at him. "And she wants somebody handier in my place? Is that it?"

"That's what she says tonight."

"If she says it tonight she'll say it tomorrow, too."

Both bowed to the inexorable truth: they knew that Zeena never changed her mind, and that in her case a resolve once taken was equivalent to an act performed.

There was a long silence between them; then Mattie said in a low voice: "Don't be too sorry, Ethan."

"Oh, God—oh, God," he groaned. The glow of passion he had felt for her had melted to an aching tenderness. He saw her quick lids beating back the tears, and longed to take her in his arms and soothe her.

"You're letting your supper get cold," she admonished him with a pale gleam of gaiety.

"Oh, Matt—Matt—where'll you go to?"

Her lids sank and a tremor crossed her face. He saw that for the first time the thought of the future came to her distinctly. "I might get something to do over at Stamford," she faltered, as if knowing that he knew she had no hope.

He dropped back into his seat and hid his face in his hands. Despair seized him at the thought of her setting out alone to renew the weary quest for work. In the only place where she was known she was surrounded by indifference or animosity; and what chance had she, inexperienced and untrained, among the million bread-seekers of the cities? There came back to him miserable tales he had heard at Worcester, and the faces of girls whose lives had begun as hopefully as Mattie's. . . . It was not possible to think of such things without a revolt of his whole being. He sprang up suddenly.

"You can't go, Matt! I won't let you! She's always had her way, but I mean to have mine now——"

Mattie lifted her hand with a quick gesture, and he heard his wife's step behind him.

Zeena came into the room with her dragging down-at-the-heel step, and quietly took her accustomed seat between them.

"I felt a little mite better, and Dr. Buck says I ought to eat all I can to keep my stren'th up, even if I ain't got any appetite," she said in her flat whine, reaching across Mattie for the teapot. Her "good" dress had been replaced by the black calico and brown knitted shawl which formed her daily wear, and with them she had put on her usual face and manner. She poured out her tea, added a great deal of milk to it, helped herself largely to pie and pickles, and made the familiar gesture of adjusting her false teeth before she began to eat. The cat rubbed itself ingratiatingly against her, and she said "Good Pussy," stooped to stroke it, and gave it a scrap of meat from her plate.

ETHAN SAT SPEECHLESS, not pretending to eat, but Mattie nibbled valiantly at her food and asked Zeena one or two questions about her visit to Bettsbridge. Zeena answered in her every-day tone and, warming to the theme, regaled them with several vivid descriptions of intestinal disturbances among her friends and relatives. She looked straight at Mattie as she spoke, a faint smile deepening the vertical lines between her nose and chin.

When supper was over she rose from her seat and pressed her hand to the flat surface over the region of her heart. "That pie of yours always sets a mite heavy, Matt," she said, not ill-naturedly. She seldom abbreviated the girl's name, and when she did so it was always a sign of affability.

"I've a good mind to go and hunt up those stomach powders I got last year over in Springfield," she continued. "I ain't tried them for quite a while, and maybe they'll help the heartburn."

Mattie lifted her eyes. "Can't I get them for you, Zeena?" she ventured.

"No. They're in a place you don't know about," Zeena answered darkly, with one of her secret looks.

She went out of the kitchen, and Mattie, rising, began to clear the dishes from the table. As she passed Ethan's chair their eyes met and clung together desolately. The warm, still kitchen looked as peaceful as the night before. The cat had sprung up into Zeena's

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rocker, and the heat of the fire was beginning to draw out the faint, sharp scent of the geraniums. Ethan dragged himself wearily to his feet.

"I'll go out and take a look around," he said, going toward the passage to get his lantern.

As he reached the door he met Zeena coming back into the room, her lips twitching with anger, a flush of excitement on her sallow face. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders and was dragging at her down-trodden heels, and in her hands she carried the fragments of the red glass pickle-dish.

"I'd like to know who done this," she said, looking sternly from Ethan to Mattie.

There was no answer, and she continued in a trembling voice: "I went to get those powders I'd put away in father's old spectacle-case, top of the china-closet, where I keep the things I set store by, so's folks sha'n't meddle with them——" Her voice broke, and two small tears hung on her lashless lids and ran slowly down her cheeks. "It takes the stepladder to get at that top shelf, and I put Aunt Philura Maple's pickle-dish up there o' purpose when we was married, and it's never been down since, 'cept for the spring cleaning, and then I always lifted it with my own hands, so's 't—it shouldn't get broke." She laid the fragments reverently on the table. "I want to know who done this," she quavered.

At the challenge Ethan turned back into the room and faced her. "I can tell you, then. The cat done it."

"The *cat?*"

"That's what I said."

She looked at him hard, and then turned her eyes to Mattie, who was carrying the dish-pan to the table.

"I'd like to know how the cat got into my china-closet," she said.

"Chasin' mice, I guess," Ethan rejoined. "There was a mouse round the kitchen all last evening."

Zeena continued to look from one to the other; then she emitted her small, strange laugh. "I knew the cat was a smart cat," she said in a high voice, "but I didn't know he was smart enough to pick up the pieces of my pickle-dish and lay 'em edge to edge on the very shelf he knocked 'em off of."

MATTIE SUDDENLY DREW her arms out of the steaming water. "It wasn't Ethan's fault, Zeena! The cat *did* break the dish; but I got it down from the china-closet, and I'm the one to blame for its getting broken."

Zeena stood beside the ruin of her treasure, stiffening into a stony image of resentment. "*You* got down my pickle-dish—what for?"

A bright flush flew to Mattie's cheeks. "I wanted to make the supper-table pretty," she said.

"You wanted to make the supper-table pretty, and you waited till my back was turned, and took the thing I set most store by of anything I've got, and wouldn't never use it, not even when the minister come to dinner, or Aunt Martha Pierce come over from Bettsbridge——" Zeena paused with a gasp, as if terrified by her own evocation of the sacrilege. "You're a bad girl, Mattie Silver, and I've always known it. It's the way your father begun, and I was warned of it when I took you, and I tried to keep my things where you couldn't get at 'em—and now you've took from me the one I cared for most of all——" She broke off in a short spasm of sobs that passed and left her more than ever like a shape of stone.

"If I'd 'a' listened to folks, you'd 'a' gone before now, and this wouldn't 'a' happened," she said: and gathering up the bits of broken glass she went out of the room as if she carried a dead body. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN ETHAN WAS CALLED BACK to the farm by his father's illness, his mother gave him, for his own use, a small room behind the untenanted "best parlour." Here he had nailed up shelves for his books, built himself a box-sofa out of boards and a mattress, laid out his papers on a kitchen-table, hung on the rough plaster wall an engraving of Abraham Lincoln and a calendar with "Thoughts from the Poets," and tried, with these meager properties, to produce some likeness to the study of a "minister" who had been kind to him and lent him books when he was at Worcester. He still took refuge there in summer, but when Mattie came to live at the farm he had had to give her his stove, and consequently the room was uninhabitable for several months of the year.

To this retreat he descended as soon as the house was quiet, and Zeena's steady breathing from the bed had assured him that there was to be no sequel to the scene in the kitchen. After Zeena's departure he and Mattie had stood speechless, neither seeking to approach the other. Then the girl had returned to her task of clearing up the kitchen for the night, and he had taken his lantern and gone on his usual round outside the house. The kitchen was empty when he came back to it; but his tobacco-pouch and pipe had been laid on the table, and under them was a scrap of paper torn from the back of a seedsman's catalogue, on which three words were written: "Don't trouble. Ethan."

Going into his cold dark "study" he placed the lantern on the table, and, stooping to its light, read the message again and again. It was the first time that Mattie had ever written to him, and the possession of the paper gave him a strange new sense of her nearness; yet it deepened his anguish by reminding him that henceforth they would have no other way of communicating with each other. For the life of her smile, the warmth of her voice, only cold paper and dead words!

Confused motions of rebellion stormed in him. He was too young, too strong, too full of the sap of living, to submit so easily to the destruction of his hope. Must he wear out all his years at the side of a bitter, querulous woman? Other possibilities had been in him, possibilities sacrificed, one by one, to Zeena's narrow-mindedness and ignorance. And what good had come of it? She was a hundred times bitterer and more discontented than when he had married her: the one pleasure left her was to inflict pain on him. All the healthy instincts of self-defence rose up in him against such waste. . . .

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He bundled himself into his old coon-skin coat and lay down on the box-sofa to think. Under his cheek he felt a hard object with strange protuberances. It was a cushion which Zeena had made for him when they were engaged—the only piece of needlework he had ever seen her do. He flung it across the floor and propped his head against the wall. . . .

He knew a case of a man over the mountain—a young fellow of about his own age—who had escaped from just such a life of misery by going West with the girl he cared for. His wife had divorced him, and he had married the girl and prospered. Ethan had seen the couple the summer before at Shadd's Falls, where they had come to visit relatives. They had a little girl with fair curls, who wore a gold locket and was dressed like a princess. The deserted wife had not done badly either. Her husband had given her the farm and she had managed to sell it, and with that and the alimony she had started a lunch-room at Bettsbridge and bloomed into activity and importance. Ethan was fired by the thought. Why should he not leave with Mattie the next day, instead of letting her go alone? He would hide his valise under the seat of the sleigh, and Zeena would suspect nothing till she went upstairs for her afternoon nap and found a letter on the bed. . . .

His impulses were still near the surface, and he sprang up, re-lit the lantern, and sat down at the table. He rummaged in the drawer for a sheet of paper, found one and began to write.

"Zeena, I've done all I could for you, and I don't see as it's been any use. I don't blame you, nor I don't blame myself. Maybe both of us will do better separate. I'm going to try my luck West, and you can sell the farm and mill, and keep the money——"

His pen paused on the word, which brought home to him the relentless conditions of his lot. If he gave the farm and mill to Zeena what would be left him to start his own life with? Once in the West he was sure of picking up work—he would not have feared to try his chance alone. But with Mattie depending on him the case was different. And what of Zeena's fate? Farm and mill were mortgaged to the limit of their value, and even if she found a purchaser—in itself an unlikely chance—it was doubtful if she could clear a thousand dollars on the sale. Meanwhile, how could she keep the farm going? It was only by incessant labour and personal supervision that Ethan drew a meager living from his land, and his wife, even if she were in better health than she imagined, could never carry such a burden alone.

Well, she could go back to her people then, and see what they would do for her. It was the fate she was forcing on Mattie—why not let her try it herself? By the time she had discovered his whereabouts, and brought suit for divorce, he would probably—wherever he was—be earning enough to pay her a sufficient alimony. And the alternative was to let Mattie go forth alone, with far less hope of ultimate provision. . . . He had scattered the contents of the table-drawer in his search for a sheet of paper, and as he took up his pen his eye fell on an old copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*. The advertising sheet was folded uppermost, and he read the seductive words: "Trips to the West: Reduced Rates."

He drew the lantern nearer and eagerly scanned the fares; then the paper fell from his hand and he pushed aside his unfinished letter. A moment ago he had wondered what he and Mattie were to live on when they reached the West; now he saw that he had not even the money to take her there. Borrowing was out of the question: six months before he had given his only security to raise funds for necessary repairs to the mill, and he knew that without security no one at Starkfield would lend him ten dollars. The inexorable facts closed in on him like prison-warders handcuffing a convict. There was no way out—none. He was a prisoner for life, and now his one ray of light was to be extinguished.

He crept back heavily to the sofa, stretching himself out with limbs so leaden that he felt as if they would never move again. Tears rose in his throat and slowly burned their way to his lids.

As he lay there, the window-pane that faced him, growing gradually lighter, inlaid upon the darkness a square of moon-suffused sky. A crooked tree-branch crossed it, a branch of the apple-tree under which, on summer evenings, he had sometimes found Mattie sitting when he came up from the mill. Slowly the rim of the rainy vapours caught fire and burned away, and a pure moon swung into the blue. Ethan, rising on his elbow, watched the landscape whiten and

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shape itself under the sculpture of the moon. This was the night on which he was to have taken Mattie coasting, and there hung the lamp to light them! He looked out at the slopes bathed in luster, the silver-edged darkness of the woods, the spectral purple of the hills against the sky, and it seemed as though all the beauty of the night had been poured out to mock his wretchedness. . . .

He fell asleep, and when he woke the chill of the winter dawn was in the room. He felt cold and stiff and hungry, and ashamed of being hungry. He rubbed his eyes and went to the window. A red sun stood over the gray rim of the fields, behind trees that looked black and brittle. He said to himself: "This is Matt's last day," and tried to think what the place would be without her.

As he stood there he heard a step behind him and she entered.

"Oh, Ethan—were you here all night?"

She looked so small and pinched, in her poor dress, with the red scarf wound about her, and the cold light turning her paleness sallow, that Ethan stood before her without speaking.

"You must be frozen," she went on, fixing lusterless eyes on him.

He drew a step nearer. "How did you know I was here?"

"Because I heard you go down stairs again after I went to bed, and I listened all night, and you didn't come up."

All his tenderness rushed to his lips. He looked at her and said: "I'll come right along and make up the kitchen fire."

They went back to the kitchen, and he fetched the coal and kindlings and cleared out the stove for her, while she brought in the milk and the cold remains of the meat-pie. When warmth began to radiate from the stove, and the first ray of sunlight lay on the kitchen floor, Ethan's dark thoughts melted in the mellower air. The sight of Mattie going about her work as he had seen her on so many mornings made it seem impossible that she should ever cease to be a part of the scene. He said to himself that he had doubtless exaggerated the significance of Zeena's threats, and that she too, with the return of daylight, would come to a saner mood.

He went up to Mattie as she bent above the stove, and laid his hand on her arm. "I don't want you should trouble, either," he said, looking down into her eyes with a smile.

She flushed up warmly and whispered back: "No, Ethan, I ain't going to trouble."

"I guess things'll straighten out," he added.

There was no answer but a quick throb of her lids, and he went on: "She ain't said anything this morning?"

"No. I haven't seen her yet."

"Don't you take any notice when you do."

With this injunction he left her and went out to the cow-barn. He saw Jotham Powell walking up the hill through the morning mist, and the familiar sight added to his growing conviction of security.

As the two men were clearing out the stalls, Jotham rested on his pitch-fork to say: "Dan'l Byrne's goin' over to the Flats today noon, an' he c'd take Mattie's trunk along, and make it easier ridin' when I take her over in the sleigh."

Ethan looked at him blankly, and he continued: "Mis' Frome said the new girl'd be at the Flats at five, and I was to take Mattie then, so's 't she could ketch the six o'clock train for Stamford."

Ethan felt the blood drumming in his temples. He had to wait a moment before he could find voice to say: "Oh, it ain't so sure about Mattie's going——"

"That so?" said Jotham indifferently; and they went on with their work.

When they returned to the kitchen the two women were already at breakfast. Zeena had an air of unusual alertness and activity. She drank two cups of coffee and fed the cat with the scraps left in the pie-dish; then she rose from her seat and, walking over to the window, snipped two or three yellow leaves from the geraniums. "Aunt Martha's ain't got a faded leaf on 'em; but they pine away when they ain't cared for," she said reflectively. Then she turned to Jotham and asked: "What time'd you say Dan'l Byrne'd be along?"

The hired man threw a hesitating glance at Ethan. "Round about noon," he said.

Zeena turned to Mattie. "That trunk of yours is too heavy for the sleigh, and Dan'l Byrne'll be round to take it over to the Flats," she said.

"I'm much obliged to you, Zeena," said Mattie.

"I'd like to go over things with you first," Zeena continued in an unperturbed voice. "I know there's a huckabuck towel missing; and I can't make out what you done with that match-safe 't used to stand behind the stuffed owl in the parlour."

She went out, followed by Mattie, and when the men were alone Jotham said to his employer: "I guess I better let Dan'l come round, then."

Ethan finished his usual morning tasks about the house and barn; then he said to Jotham: "I'm going down to Starkfield. Tell them not to wait dinner."

The passion of rebellion had broken out in him again. That which had seemed incredible in the sober light of day had really come to pass, and he was to assist as a helpless spectator at Mattie's banishment. His manhood was humbled by the part he was compelled to play and by the thought of what Mattie must think of him. Confused impulses struggled in him as he strode along to the village. He had made up his mind to do something, but he did not know what it would be.

The early mist had vanished and the fields lay like a silver shield under the sun. It was one of the days when the glitter of winter shines through a pale haze of spring. Every yard of the road was alive with Mattie's presence, and there was hardly a branch against the sky or a tangle of brambles on the bank in which some bright shred of memory was not caught. Once, in the stillness, the call of a bird in a mountain ash was so like her laughter that his heart tightened and then grew large; and all these things made him see that something must be done at once.

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Suddenly it occurred to him that Andrew Hale, who was a kind-hearted man, might be induced to reconsider his refusal and advance a small sum on the lumber if he were told that Zeena's ill-health made it necessary to hire a servant. Hale, after all, knew enough of Ethan's situation to make it possible for the latter to renew his appeal without too much loss of pride; and, moreover, how much did pride count in the ebullition of passions in his breast?

The more he considered his plan the more hopeful it seemed. If he could get Mrs. Hale's ear he felt certain of success, and with fifty dollars in his pocket nothing could keep him from Mattie. . . .

His first object was to reach Starkfield before Hale had started for his work; he knew the carpenter had a job down the Corbury road and was likely to leave his house early. Ethan's long strides grew more rapid with the accelerated beat of his thoughts, and as he reached the foot of School House Hill he caught sight of Hale's sleigh in the distance. He hurried forward to meet it, but as it drew nearer he saw that it was driven by the carpenter's youngest boy, and that the figure at his side, looking like a large upright cocoon in spectacles, was that of Mrs. Hale. Ethan signed to them to stop, and Mrs. Hale leaned forward, her pink wrinkles twinkling with benevolence.

"Mr. Hale? Why, yes, you'll find him down home now. He ain't going to his work this forenoon. He woke up with a touch o' lumbago, and I just made him put on one of old Dr. Kidder's plasters and set right up into the fire."

Beaming maternally on Ethan, she bent over to add: "I on'y just heard from Mr. Hale 'bout Zeena's going over to Bettsbridge to see that new doctor. I'm real sorry she's feeling so bad again! I hope he thinks he can do something for her? I don't know anybody round here's had more sickness than Zeena. I always tell Mr. Hale I don't know what she'd 'a' done if she hadn't 'a' had you to look after her; and I used to say the same thing 'bout your mother. You've had an awful mean time, Ethan Frome."

She gave him a last nod of sympathy while her son chirped to the horse; and Ethan, as she drove off, stood in the middle of the road and stared after the retreating sleigh.

It was a long time since anyone had spoken to him as kindly as Mrs. Hale. Most people were either indifferent to his troubles, or disposed to think it natural that a young fellow of his age should have carried without repining the burden of three crippled lives. But Mrs. Hale had said, "You've had an awful mean time, Ethan Frome," and he felt less alone with his misery. If the Hales were sorry for him they would surely respond to his appeal. . . .

He started down the road toward their house, but at the end of a few yards he pulled up sharply, the blood in his face. For the first time, in the light of the words he had just heard, he saw what he was about to do. He was planning to take advantage of the Hale's sympathy to obtain money from them on false pretenses. That was a plain statement of the cloudy purpose which had driven him in headlong to Starkfield.

With the sudden perception of the point to which his madness had carried him, the madness fell and he saw his life before him as it was. He was a poor man, the husband of a sickly woman, whom his desertion would leave alone and destitute; and even if he had had the heart to desert her he could have done so only by deceiving two kindly people who had pitied him.

He turned and walked slowly back to the farm.

CHAPTER IX

At the kitchen door Daniel Byrne sat in his sleigh behind a big-boned gray who pawed the snow and swung his long head restlessly from side to side.

Ethan went into the kitchen and found his wife by the stove. Her head was wrapped in her shawl, and she was reading a book called *Kidney Troubles and Their Cure* on which he had had to pay extra postage only a few days before.

Zeena did not move or look up when he entered, and after a moment he asked: "Where's Mattie?"

Without lifting her eyes from the page she replied: "I presume she's getting down her trunk."

The blood rushed to his face. "Getting down her trunk—alone?"

"Jotham Powell's down in the wood-lot, and Dan'l Byrne says he darsn't leave that horse," she returned.

Her husband, without stopping to hear the end of the phrase, had left the kitchen and sprung up the stairs. The door of Mattie's room was shut, and he wavered a moment on the landing. "Matt," he said in a low voice; but there was no answer, and he put his hand on the door-knob.

He had never been in her room except once, in the early summer, when he had gone there to plaster up a leak in the eaves, but he remembered exactly how everything had looked: the red and white quilt on her narrow bed, the pretty pin-cushion on the chest of

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drawers, and over it the enlarged photograph of her mother, in an oxydized frame, with a bunch of dyed grasses at the back. Now these and all other tokens of her presence had vanished, and the room looked as bare and comfortless as when Zeena had shown her into it on the day of her arrival. In the middle of the floor stood her trunk, and on the trunk she sat in her Sunday dress, her back turned to the door and her face in her hands. She had not heard Ethan's call because she was sobbing; and she did not hear his step till he stood close behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Matt—oh, don't—oh, *Matt!*"

She started up, lifting her wet face to his. "Ethan—I thought I wasn't ever going to see you again!"

He took her in his arms, pressing her close, and with a trembling hand smoothed away the hair from her forehead.

"Not see me again? What do you mean?"

She sobbed out: "Jotham said you told him we wasn't to wait dinner for you, and I thought——"

"You thought I meant to cut it?" he finished for her grimly.

She clung to him without answering, and he laid his lips on her hair, which was soft yet springy, like certain mosses on warm slopes, and had the faint woody fragrance of fresh sawdust in the sun.

Through the door they heard Zeena's voice calling out from below: "Dan'l Byrne says you better hurry up if you want him to take that trunk."

They drew apart with stricken faces. Words of resistance rushed to Ethan's lips and died there. Mattie found her handkerchief and dried her eyes; then, bending down, she took hold of a handle of the trunk.

Ethan put her aside. "You let go, Matt," he ordered her.

She answered: "It takes two to coax it round the corner"; and submitting to this argument he grasped the other handle, and together they maneuvered the heavy trunk out to the landing.

"Now let go," he repeated; then he shouldered the trunk and carried it down the stairs and across the passage to the kitchen. Zeena, who had gone back to her seat by the stove, did not lift her head from her book as he passed. Mattie followed him out of the door and helped him to lift the trunk into the back of the sleigh. When it was in place they stood side by side on the doorstep, watching Daniel Byrne plunge off behind his fidgety horse.

It seemed to Ethan that his heart was bound with cords which an unseen hand was tightening with every tick of the clock. Twice he opened his lips to speak to Mattie and found no breath. At length, as she turned to re-enter the house, he laid a detaining hand on her.

"I'm going to drive you over, Matt," he whispered.

She murmured back: "I think Zeena wants I should go with Jotham."

"I'm going to drive you over," he repeated; and she went into the kitchen without answering.

At dinner Ethan could not eat. If he lifted his eyes they rested on Zeena's pinched face, and the corners of her straight lips seemed to quiver away into a smile. She ate well, declaring that the mild weather made her feel better, and pressed a second helping of beans on Jotham Powell, whose wants she generally ignored.

Mattie, when the meal was over, went about her usual task of clearing the table and washing up the dishes. Zeena, after feeding the cat, had returned to her rocking-chair by the stove, and Jotham Powell, who always lingered last, reluctantly pushed back his chair and moved toward the door.

On the threshold he turned back to say to Ethan: "What time'll I come round for Mattie?"

Ethan was standing near the window, mechanically filling his pipe while he watched Mattie move to and fro. He answered: "You needn't come round; I'm going to drive her over myself."

He saw the rise of the colour in Mattie's averted cheek, and the quick lifting of Zeena's head.

"I want you should stay here this afternoon, Ethan," his wife said. "Jotham can drive Mattie over."

Mattie flung an imploring glance at him, but he repeated curtly: "I'm going to drive her over myself."

Zeena continued in the same even tone: "I wanted you should stay and fix up that stove in Mattie's room afore the girl gets here. It ain't been drawing right for nigh on a month now."

Ethan's voice rose indignantly. "If it was good enough for Mattie, I guess it's good enough for a hired girl."

"That girl that's coming told me she was used to a house where they had a furnace," Zeena persisted with the same monotonous mildness.

"She'd better ha' stayed there then," he flung back at her; and turning to Mattie he added in a hard voice: "You be ready by three, Matt; I've got business at Corbury."

Jotham Powell had started for the barn, and Ethan strode down after him aflame with anger. The pulses in his temples throbbed and a fog was in his eyes. He went about his task without knowing what force directed him, or whose hands and feet were fulfilling its orders. It was not till he led out the sorrel and backed him between the shafts of the sleigh that he once more became conscious of what he was doing. As he passed the bridle over the horse's head and wound the traces around the shafts, he remembered the day when he had made the same preparations in order to drive over and meet his wife's cousin at the Flats. It was little more than a year ago, on just such a soft afternoon, with a "feel" of spring in the air. The sorrel, turning the same big ringed eye on him, nuzzled the palm of his hand in the same way; and one by one all the days between rose up and stood before him. . . .

He flung the bearskin into the sleigh, climbed to the seat, and drove up to the house. When he entered the kitchen it was empty, but Mattie's bag and shawl lay ready by the door. He went to the foot of the stairs and listened. No sound reached him from above, but presently he thought he heard some one moving about in his deserted study, and pushing open the door he saw Mattie, in her hat and jacket, standing with her back to him near the table.

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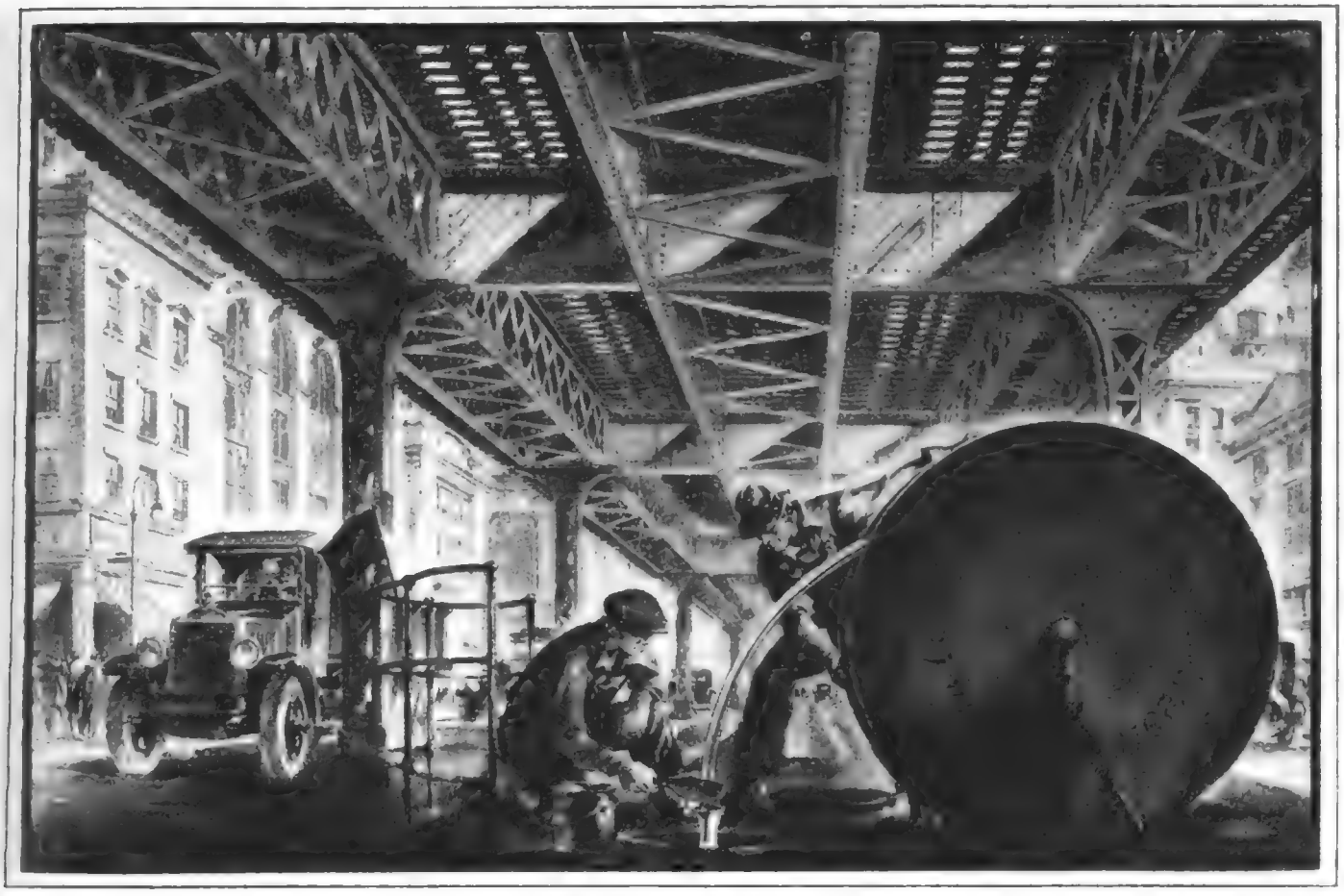

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She started at his approach and turning quickly, said: "Is it time?"

"What are you doing here, Matt?" he asked her.

She looked at him timidly. "I was just taking a look round—that's all," she answered, with a wavering smile.

They went back into the kitchen without speaking, and Ethan picked up her bag and shawl.

"Where's Zeena?" he asked.

"She went upstairs right after dinner. She said she had those shooting pains again, and didn't want to be disturbed."

"Didn't she say good-bye to you?"

"No. That was all she said."

Ethan, looking slowly about the kitchen, said to himself with a shudder that in a few hours he would be returning to it alone. Then the sense of unreality overcame him once more, and he could not bring himself to believe that Mattie stood there for the last time before him.

"Come on," he said almost gaily, opening the door and putting her bag into the sleigh. He sprang to his seat and bent over to tuck the rug about her as she slipped into the place at his side. "Now then, go 'long," he said, with a shake of the reins that sent the sorrel placidly jogging down the hill.

"We got lots of time for a good ride, Matt!" he cried, seeking her hand beneath the fur and pressing it in his. His face tingled and he felt dizzy, as if he had stopped in at the Starkfield saloon on a zero day for a drink.

At the gate, instead of making for Starkfield, he turned the sorrel to the right, up the Bettsbridge road. Mattie sat silent, giving no sign of surprise; but after a moment she said: "Are you going round by Shadow Pond?"

He laughed and answered: "I knew you'd know!"

SHE DREW CLOSER under the bearskin, so that, looking sideways around his coat-sleeve, he could just catch the tip of her nose and a blown brown wave of hair. They drove slowly up the road between fields glistening under the pale sun, and then bent to the right down a lane edged with spruce and larch. Ahead of them, a long way off, a range of hills stained by mottlings of black forest flowed away in round white curves against the sky. The lane passed into a pine-wood with boles reddening in the afternoon sun and delicate blue shadows on the snow. As they entered it the breeze fell and a warm stillness seemed to drop from the branches with the dropping needles. Here the snow was so pure that the tiny tracks of wood-animals had left on it intricate lace-like patterns, and the bluish cones caught in its surface stood out like ornaments of bronze.

Ethan drove on in silence till they reached a part of the wood where the pines were more widely spaced; then he drew up and helped Mattie to get out of the sleigh. They passed between the aromatic trunks, the snow breaking crisply under their feet, till they came to a small sheet of water with steep wooded sides. Across its frozen surface, from the farther bank, a single hill rising against the western sun threw the long conical shadow which gave the lake its name. It was a shy secret spot, full of the same dumb melancholy that Ethan felt in his heart.

He looked up and down the little pebbly beach till his eye lit on a fallen tree-trunk half submerged in snow.

"There's where we sat at the picnic," he reminded her.

The entertainment of which he spoke was one of the few that they had taken part in together: a "church picnic" which, on a long afternoon of the preceding summer, had filled the retired place with merry-making. Mattie had begged him to go with her, but he had refused. Then, toward sunset, coming down from the mountain where he had been felling timber, he had been caught by some strayed revelers and drawn into the group by the lake, where Mattie, encircled by facetious youths, and bright as a blackberry under her spreading hat, was brewing coffee over a gypsy fire. He remembered the shyness he had felt at approaching her in his uncouth clothes, and then the lighting up of her face, and the way she had broken through the group to come to him with a cup in her hand. They had sat for a few minutes on the fallen log by the pond, and she had missed her gold locket, and set the young men searching for it; and it was Ethan who had spied it in the moss. . . . That was all; but all their intercourse had been made up of just such inarticulate flashes, when they seemed to come suddenly upon happiness as if they had surprised a butterfly in the winter woods. . . .

"It was right there I found your locket," he said, pushing his foot into a dense tuft of blueberry bushes.

"I never saw anybody with such sharp eyes!" she answered.

She sat down on a tree-trunk in the sun and he sat down beside her.

"You were as pretty as a picture in that pink hat," he said.

She laughed with pleasure. "Oh, I guess it was the hat!" she rejoined.

They had never before avowed their inclination so openly, and Ethan, for a moment, had the illusion that he was a free man, wooing the girl he meant to marry. He looked at her hair and longed to touch it again, and to tell her that it smelled of the woods; but he had never learned to say such things.

Suddenly she rose to her feet and said: "We mustn't stay here any longer."

He continued to gaze at her vaguely, only half-roused from his dream. "There's plenty of time," he answered.

They stood looking at each other as if the eyes of each were straining to absorb and hold fast the other's image. There were things he had to say to her before they parted, but he could not say them in that place of summer memories, and he turned and followed her in silence to the sleigh. As they drove away, the sun sank behind the hill and the pine-boles turned from red to gray.

BY A DEVIOUS TRACK between the fields they wound back to the Starkfield road. Under the open sky the light was still clear, with a reflection of cold red on the eastern hills. The clumps of trees in the snow seemed to draw together in ruffled lumps, like birds with their heads under their wings; and the sky, as it paled, rose higher, leaving the earth more alone.

As they turned into the Starkfield road Ethan said: "Matt, what do you mean to do?"

She did not answer at once, but at length she said: "I'll try to get a place in a store."

"You know you can't do it. The bad air and the standing all day nearly killed you before."

"I'm a lot stronger than I was before I came to Starkfield."

"And now you're going to throw away all the good it's done you!"

There seemed to be no answer to this and again they drove on for a while without speaking. With every yard of the way some spot where they had stood, and laughed together or been silent, clutched at Ethan and dragged him back.

"Isn't there any of your father's folks could help you?"

"There isn't any of 'em I'd ask."

He lowered his voice to say: "You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you if I could."

"I know there isn't."

"But I can't——"

She was silent, but he felt a slight tremor in the shoulder against his.

"Oh, Matt," he broke out, "if I could ha' gone with you now I'd ha' done it——"

She turned to him, pulling a scrap of paper from her breast. "Ethan—I found this," she stammered. Even in the fading light he saw it was the letter to his wife that he had begun the night before and forgotten to destroy. Through his astonishment there ran a fierce thrill of joy. "Matt——" he cried; "if I could ha' done it, would you?"

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—what's the use?" With a sudden movement she tore the letter in shreds and sent them fluttering off into the snow.

"Tell me, Matt! Tell me!" he adjured her.

She was silent for a moment; then she said, in such a low tone that he had to stoop his head to hear her: "I used to think of it sometimes, summer nights when the moon was so bright I could n't sleep."

His heart reeled with the sweetness of it. "As long ago as that?"

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She answered, as if the date had long been fixed for her: "The first time was at Shadow Pond."

"Was that why you gave me my coffee before the others?"

"I don't know. Did I? I was dreadfully put out when you wouldn't go to the picnic with me; and then, when I saw you coming down the road, I thought maybe you'd gone home that way o' purpose; and that made me glad."

They were silent again. They had reached the point where the road dipped to the hollow by Ethan's mill, and as they descended the darkness descended with them, dropping down like a black veil from the heavy hemlock boughs.

"I'm tied hand and foot, Matt. There isn't a thing I can do," he began again.

"You must write to me sometimes, Ethan."

"Oh, what good'll writing do? I want to put my hand out and touch you. I want to do for you and care for you. I want to be there when you're sick and when you're lonesome."

"You musn't think but what I'll do all right."

"You won't need me, you mean? I suppose you'll marry!"

"Oh, Ethan!" she cried.

"I don't know how it is you make me feel, Matt. I'd a'most rather have you dead than that!"

"Oh, I wish I was, I wish I was!" she sobbed.

The sound of her weeping shook him out of his dark anger, and he felt ashamed.

"Don't let's talk that way," he whispered.

"Why shouldn't we, when it's true? I've been wishing it every minute of the day."

"Matt! Be quiet! Don't you say it."

"There's never anybody been good to me but you."

"Don't say that either, when I can't lift a hand for you!"

"Yes; but it's true just the same."

THEY HAD REACHED the top of School House Hill, and Starkfield lay below them in the twilight. A cutter, mounting the road from the village, passed them by in a joyous flutter of bells, and they straightened themselves and looked ahead with rigid faces. Along the main street lights had begun to shine from the house-fronts, and stray figures were turning in here and there at the gates. Ethan, with a touch of his whip, roused the sorrel to a languid trot.

As they drew near the end of the village the cries of children reached them, and they saw a knot of boys, with sleds behind them, scattering across the open space before the church.

"I guess this'll be their last coast for a day or two," Ethan said, looking up at the mild sky.

Mattie was silent, and he added: "We were to have gone down last night."

Still she did not speak, and, prompted by an obscure desire to help himself and her through their miserable last hour, he went on discursively: "Ain't it funny we haven't been down together but just that once last winter?"

She answered: "It wasn't often I got down to the village."

"That's so," he said.

They had reached the crest of the Corbury road, and between the indistinct white glimmer of the church and the black curtain of the Varnum spruces the slope stretched away below them without a sled on its length. Some erratic impulse prompted Ethan to say: "How'd you like me to take you down now?"

She forced a laugh. "Why, there isn't time!"

"There's all the time we want. Come along!" His one desire now was to postpone the moment of turning the sorrel toward the Flats.

"But the girl," she faltered. "The girl'll be waiting at the station."

"Well, let her wait. You'd have to if she didn't. Come!"

The note of authority in his voice seemed to subdue her, and when he had jumped from the sleigh she let him help her out, saying only, with a vague feint of reluctance: "But there isn't a sled round anywheres."

"Yes, there is! Right over there under the spruces."

He threw the bearskin over the sorrel, who stood passively by the roadside, hanging a meditative head. Then he caught Mattie's hand and drew her after him toward the sled.

She seated herself obediently and he took his place behind her, so close that her hair brushed his face. "All right, Matt?" he called out, as if the width of the road had been between them.

She turned her head to say: "It's dreadfully dark. Are you sure you can see?"

He laughed contemptuously: "I could go down this coast with my eyes tied!" and she laughed with him, as if she liked his audacity. Nevertheless he sat still a moment, straining his eyes down the long hill, for it was the most confusing hour of the evening, the hour when the last clearness from the upper sky is merged with the rising night in a blur that disguises landmarks and falsifies distances.

"Now!" he cried.

The sled started with a bound, and they flew on through the dusk, gathering smoothness and speed as they went, with the hollow night opening out below them and the air singing by like an organ. Mattie sat perfectly still, but as they reached the bend at the foot of the hill, where the big elm thrust out a deadly elbow, he fancied that she shrank a little closer.

"Don't be scared, Matt!" he cried exultantly, as they spun safely past it and flew down the second slope; and when they reached the level ground beyond, and the speed of the sled began to slacken, he heard her give a little laugh of glee.

They sprang off and started to walk back up the hill. Ethan dragged the sled with one hand and passed the other through Mattie's arm.

"Were you scared I'd run you into the elm?" he asked with a boyish laugh.

"I told you I was never scared with you," she answered.

The strange exaltation of his mood had brought on one of his rare fits of boastfulness. "It *is* a tricky place, though. The least swerve, and we'd never ha' come up again. But I can measure distances to a hair's-breadth—always could."

She murmured: "I always say you've got the surest eye. . . ."

DEEP SILENCE had fallen with the starless dusk, and they leaned on each other without speaking; but at every step of their climb Ethan said to himself: "It's the last time we'll ever walk together."

They mounted slowly to the top of the hill. When they were abreast of the church he stooped his head to her to ask "Are you tired?" and she answered, breathing quickly: "It was splendid!"

With a pressure of his arm he guided her toward the Norway spruces. "I guess this sled must be Ned Hale's. Anyhow, I'll leave it where I found it." He drew the sled up to the Varnum gate and rested it against the fence. As he raised himself he suddenly felt Mattie close to him among the shadows.

"Is this where Ned and Ruth kissed each other?" she whispered breathlessly, and flung her arms about him. Her lips, groping for his, swept over his face, and he held her fast in a rapture of surprise.

"Good-bye—good-bye," she stammered, and kissed him again.

"Oh, Matt, I can't let you go!" broke from him in the same old cry.

She freed herself from his hold and he heard her sobbing. "Oh, I can't go either!" she wailed.

"Matt! What'll we do? What'll we do?"

They clung to each other's hands like children, and her body shook with desperate sobs.

Through the stillness they heard the church clock striking five.

"Oh, Ethan, it's time!" she cried.

He drew her back to him. "Time for what? You don't suppose I'm going to leave you now?"

"If I missed my train where'd I go?"

"Where are you going if you catch it?"

She stood silent, her hands lying cold and relaxed in his.

"What's the good of either of us going anywheres without the other one now?" he said.

She remained motionless, as if she had not heard him. Then she snatched her hands from his, threw her arms about his neck, and pressed a sudden dread

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cheek against his face. "Ethan! Ethan! I want you to take me down again!"

"Down where?"

"The coast. Right off," she panted. "So 't we'll never come up any more."

"Matt! What on earth do you mean?"

She put her lips close against his ear to say: "Right into the big elm. You said you could. So 't we'd never have to leave each other any more."

"Why, what are you talking of? You're crazy!"

"I'm not crazy; but I will be if I leave you."

"Oh, Matt, Matt——" he groaned.

She tightened her fierce hold about his neck. Her face lay close to his face.

"Ethan, where'll I go if I leave you? I don't know how to get along alone. You said so yourself just now. Nobody but you was ever good to me. And there'll be that strange girl in the house . . . and she'll sleep in my bed, where I used to lay nights and listen to hear you come up the stairs. . . ."

The words were like fragments torn from his heart. With them came the hated vision of the house he was going back to—of the stairs he would have to go up every night, of the woman who would wait for him there. And the sweetness of Mattie's avowal, the wild wonder of knowing at last that all that had happened to him had happened to her too, made the other vision more abhorrent, the other life more intolerable to return to. . . .

Her pleadings still came to him between short sobs, but he no longer heard what she was saying. Her hat had slipped back and he was stroking her hair. He wanted to get the feeling of it into his hand, so that it would sleep there like a seed in winter. Once he found her mouth again, and they seemed to be by the pond together in the burning August sun. But his cheek touched hers, and it was cold and full of weeping, and he saw the road to the Flats under the night and heard the whistle of the train up the line.

The spruces swathed them in blackness and silence. They might have been in their coffins underground. He said to himself: "Perhaps it'll feel like this . . ." and then again: "After this I sha'n't feel anything. . . ."

Suddenly he heard the old sorrel whinny across the road, and thought: "He's wondering why he doesn't get his supper. . . ."

"Come," Mattie whispered, tugging at his hand.

Her sombre violence constrained him: she seemed the embodied instrument of fate. He pulled the sled out, blinking like a night-bird as he passed from the shade of the spruces into the transparent dusk of the open. The slope below them was deserted. All Starkfield was at supper, and not a figure crossed the open space before the church. The sky, swollen with the clouds that announced a thaw, hung as low as before a summer storm. He strained his eyes through the dimness, and they seemed less keen, less capable than usual.

He took his seat on the sled and Mattie instantly placed herself in front of him. Her hat had fallen into the snow and his lips were in her hair. He stretched out his legs, drove his heels into the road to keep the sled from slipping forward, and bent her head back between his hands. Then suddenly he sprang up again.

"Get up," he ordered her.

It was the tone she always heeded, but she cowered down in her seat, repeating vehemently: "No, no, no!"

"Get up!"

"Why?"

"I want to sit in front."

"No, no! How can you steer in front?"

"I don't have to. We'll follow the track."

They spoke in smothered whispers, as though the night were listening.

"Get up! Get up!" he urged her; but she kept on repeating: "Why do you want to sit in front?"

"Because I—because I want to feel you holding me," he stammered, and dragged her to her feet.

.

THE ANSWER seemed to satisfy her, or else she yielded to the power of his voice. He bent down, feeling in the obscurity for the glassy slide worn by preceding coasters, and placed the runners carefully between its edges. She waited while he seated himself with crossed legs in the front of the sled; then she crouched quickly down at his back and clasped her arms about him. Her breath in his neck set him shuddering again, and he almost sprang from his seat. But in a flash he remembered the alternative. She was right; this was better than parting. He leaned back and drew her mouth to his. . . .

Just as they started he heard the sorrel's whinny again, and the familiar wistful call, and all the confused images it brought with it, went with him down the first reach of the road. Half-way down there was a sudden drop, then a rise, and after that another long delirious descent. As they took wing for this it seemed to him that they were flying indeed, flying far up into the cloudy night, with Starkfield immeasurably below them, falling away like a speck in space. . . . Then the big elm shot up ahead, lying in wait for them at the bend of the road, and he said between his teeth: "We can fetch it; I know we can fetch it——"

As they flew toward the tree Mattie pressed her arms tighter, and her blood seemed to be in his veins. Once or twice the sled swerved a little under them. He slanted his body to keep it headed for the elm, repeating to himself again and again: "I know we can fetch it"; and little phrases she had spoken ran through his head and danced before him on the air. The big tree loomed bigger and closer, and as they bore down on it he thought: "It's waiting for us: it seems to know." But suddenly his wife's face, with twisted monstrous lineaments, thrust itself between him and his goal, and he made an instinctive movement to brush it aside. The sled swerved in response, but he righted it again, kept it straight, and drove down on the black projecting mass. There was a last instant when the air shot past him like millions of fiery wires; and then the elm. . . .

THE SKY WAS STILL THICK, but looking straight up he saw a single star, and tried vaguely to reckon whether it were Sirius, or—or—— The effort tired him too much, and he closed his heavy lids and thought that he would sleep. . . . The stillness was so profound that he heard a little animal twittering somewhere nearby under the snow. It made a small frightened *cheep* like a field mouse, and he wondered languidly if it were hurt. Then he understood that it must be in pain: pain so excruciating that he seemed, mysteriously, to feel it shooting through his own body. He tried in vain to roll over in the direction of the sound, and stretched his left arm out across the snow. And now it was as though he felt rather than heard the twittering; it seemed to be under his palm, which rested on something soft and springy. The thought of the animal's suffering was intolerable to him, and he struggled to raise himself, and could not because a rock, or some huge mass, seemed to be lying on him. But he continued to finger about cautiously with his left hand, thinking he might get hold of the little creature and help it; and all at once he knew that the soft thing he had touched was Mattie's hair and that his hand was on her face.

He dragged himself to his knees, the monstrous load on him moving with him as he moved, and his hand went over and over her face, and he felt that the twittering came from her lips. . . .

He got his face down close to hers, with his ear to her mouth, and in the darkness he saw her eyes open and heard her say his name.

"Oh, Matt, I thought we'd fetched it," he moaned; and far off, up the hill, he heard the sorrel whinny, and thought: "I ought to be getting him his feed. . . ."

THE QUERULOUS DRONE ceased as I entered Frome's kitchen, and of the two women sitting there I could not tell which had been the speaker.

One of them, on my appearing, raised her tall bony figure from her seat, not as if to welcome me—for she threw me no more than a brief glance of surprise—but simply to set about preparing the meal which Frome's absence had delayed. A slatternly calico wrapper hung

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from her shoulders, and the wisps of her thin gray hair were drawn away from a high forehead and fastened at the back by a broken comb. She had pale opaque eyes which revealed nothing and reflected nothing, and her narrow lips were of the same sallow colour as her face.

The other woman was much smaller and slighter. She sat huddled in an arm-chair near the stove, and when I came in she turned her head quickly toward me, without the least corresponding movement of her body. Her hair was as gray as her companion's, her face as bloodless and shriveled, but amber-tinted, with swarthy shadows sharpening the nose and hollowing the temples. Under her shapeless dress her body kept its limp immobility, and her dark eyes had the bright witch-like stare that disease of the spine sometimes gives.

Even for that part of the country the kitchen was a poor-looking place. With the exception of the dark-eyed woman's chair, which looked like a soiled relic of luxury bought at a country auction, the furniture was of the roughest kind. Three coarse china plates and a broken-nosed milk-jug had been set on a greasy table scored with knife-cuts, and a couple of straw-bottomed chairs and a kitchen dresser of unpainted pine stood meagerly against the plaster walls.

"My, it's cold here! The fire must be 'most out," Frome said, glancing about him apologetically as he followed me in.

The tall woman, who had moved away from us toward the dresser, took no notice; but the other, from her cushioned niche, answered complainingly, in a high thin voice: "It's on'y just been made up this very minute. Zeena fell asleep and slep' ever so long, and I thought I'd be frozen stiff before I could wake her up and get her to 'tend to it."

I knew then that it was she who had been speaking when we entered.

HER COMPANION, who was just coming back to the table with the remains of a cold mince-pie in a battered pie-dish, set down her unappetizing burden without appearing to hear the accusation brought against her.

Frome stood hesitatingly before her as she advanced; then he looked at me and said: "This is my wife, Mis' Frome." After another interval he added, turning toward the figure in the arm-chair: "And this is Miss Mattie Silver. . ."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Hale, tender soul, had pictured me as lost in the Flats and buried under a snow-drift; and so lively was her satisfaction on seeing me safely restored to her the next morning that I felt my peril had caused me to advance several degrees in her favour.

Great was her amazement, and that of old Mrs. Varnum, on learning that Ethan Frome's old horse had carried me to and from Corbury Junction through the worst blizzard of the winter; greater still their surprise when they heard that his master had taken me in for the night.

Beneath their wondering exclamations I felt a secret curiosity to know what impressions I had received from my night in the Frome household, and divined that the best way of breaking down their reserve was to let them try to penetrate mine. I therefore confined myself to saying, in a matter-of-fact tone, that I had been received with great kindness, and that Frome had made a bed for me in a room on the ground floor which seemed in happier days to have been fitted up as a kind of writing-room or study.

"Well," Mrs. Hale mused, "in such a storm I suppose he felt he couldn't do less than take you in—but I guess it went hard with Ethan. I don't believe but what you're the only stranger has set foot in that house for over twenty years. He's that proud he don't even like his oldest friends to go there; and I don't know as any do, any more, except myself and the doctor. . ."

"You still go there, Mrs. Hale?" I ventured.

"I used to go a good deal after the accident, when I was first married; but after a while I got to think it made 'em feel worse to see us. And then one thing and another came, and my own troubles . . . But I generally make out to drive over there round about New Year's, and once in the summer. Only I always try to pick a day when Ethan's off somewheres. It's bad enough to see the two women sitting there—but *his* face, when he looks round that bare place, just kills me . . . You see, I can look back and call it up in his mother's day, before their troubles."

Old Mrs. Varnum, by this time, had gone up to bed, and her daughter and I were sitting alone, after supper, in the austere seclusion of the horse-hair parlour. Mrs. Hale glanced at me tentatively, as though trying to see how much footing my conjectures gave her; and I guessed that if she had kept silence till now it was because she had been waiting, through all the years, for some one who should see what she alone had seen.

I waited to let her trust in me gather strength before I said: "Yes, it's pretty bad, seeing all three of them there together."

She drew her mild brows into a frown of pain. "It was just awful from the beginning. I was here in the house when they were carried up—they laid Mattie Silver in the room you're in. She and I were great friends, and she was to have been my bridesmaid in the spring . . . When she came to I went up to her and stayed all night. They gave her things to quiet her, and she didn't know much till to'rd morning, and then all of a sudden she woke up just like herself, and looked straight at me out of her big eyes, and said . . . Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you all this," Mrs. Hale broke off, crying.

She took off her spectacles, wiped the moisture from them, and put them on again with an unsteady hand. "It got about the next day," she went on, "that Zeena Frome had sent Mattie off in a hurry because she had a hired girl coming, and the folks here could never rightly tell what she and Ethan were doing that night coasting, when they'd ought to have been on their way to the Flats to ketch the train . . . I never knew myself what Zeena thought—I don't to this day. Nobody knows Zeena's thoughts. Anyhow, when she heard o' the accident she came right in and stayed with Ethan over to the minister's, where they'd carried him. And as soon as the doctors said that Mattie could be moved, Zeena sent for her and took her back to the farm."

"And there she's been ever since?"

Mrs. Hale answered simply: "There was nowhere else for her to go"; and my heart tightened at the thought of the hard compulsions of the poor.

"Yes, there she's been," Mrs. Hale continued, "and Zeena's done for her, and done for Ethan, as good as she could. It was a miracle, considering how sick she was—but she seemed to be raised right up just when the call came to her. Not as she's ever given up doctoring, and she's had sick spells right along; but she's had the strength given her to care for those two for over twenty years, and before the accident came she thought she couldn't even care for herself."

MRS. HALE PAUSED a moment, and I remained silent, plunged in the vision of what her words evoked. "It's horrible for them all," I murmured.

"Yes: it's pretty bad. And they ain't any of 'em easy people either. Mattie *was*, before the accident; I never knew a sweeter nature. But she's suffered too much—that's what I always say when folks tell me how she's soured. And Zeena, she was always cranky. Not but what she bears with Mattie wonderful—I've seen that myself. But sometimes the two of them get going at each other, and then Ethan's face'd break your heart . . . When I see that, I think it's *him* that suffers most . . . anyhow, it ain't Zeena, because she ain't got the time . . . It's a pity, though," Mrs. Hale ended, sighing, "that they're all shut up there'n that one kitchen. In the summertime, on pleasant days, they move Mattie into the parlour, or out in the door-yard, and that makes it easier . . . but winters there's the fires to be thought of; and there ain't a dime to spare up at the Fromes'."

Mrs. Hale drew a deep breath, as though her memory were eased of its long burden, and she had no more to say: but suddenly an impulse of complete avowal seized her.

She took off her spectacles again, leaned toward me across the bead-work

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table-cover, and went on with lowered voice: "There was one day, about a week after the accident, when they all thought Mattie couldn't live. Well, I say it's a pity she *did*. I said it right out to our minister once, and he was shocked at me. Only he wasn't with me that morning when she first came to . . . And I say, if she'd ha' died, Ethan might ha' lived; and the way they are now, I don't see's there's much difference between the Fromes up at the farm and the Fromes down in the graveyard; 'cept that down there they're all quiet, and the women have got to hold their tongues."

Hors-d'œuvres

from the Newest Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

The Evening of a Stormy Life

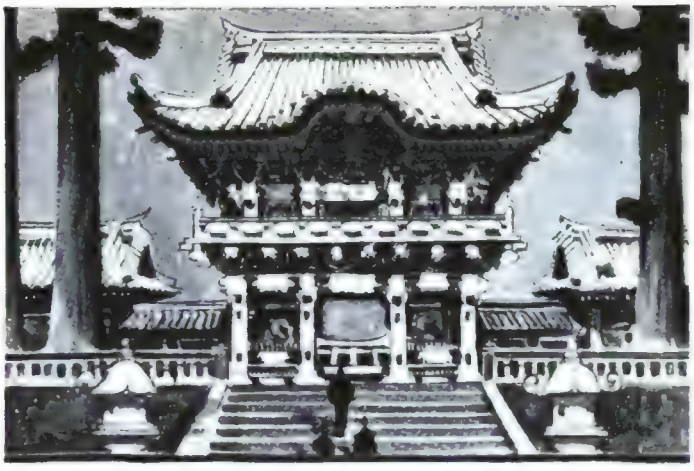
By skilfully managing his little boat, not by pronouncing metaphysical incantations over the storm, man keeps afloat mid the vast waters that threaten him. The boat may be swamped, perhaps; but there is no other way! Life bottomed all formulas: art fended off catastrophe—if life ebbed or art ceased to be effective, well, one had faced reality and had respected necessity and one could meet the end with ironic resignation: in effect, the most dogmatic and devout could do no more.

At the end of *Clarel,* Melville found life, not good or bad, malicious or forbearing, true or false. Something more important had happened: he found it livable. In that mood the days that followed the Civil War were spent, quiet, chastened, subdued, temperate days. . . .

One may figure Melville's career as a June evening—the sun glowing in the sky, the birds darting about the trees, chattering, warbling, trilling, intensely active. The sky-gold turns to waves of salmon pink: the pink to lavender: the lavender edges into purple: suddenly dark has come. The cheerful sounds cease. A belated bird or two silently wings to his nest: there is blackness, and the hoarse croak of distant frogs alone breaks the silence. In half an hour the scene changes from the most brilliant activity and ecstasy to utmost passiveness. Bats swoop silently in the air; a chill comes up from the river: darkness is cool as well as silent. Is all over? Not yet. Presently the fireflies make a warm firmament of the fields, and in the pale rising of the moon the earth itself takes on another glory. . . . The day passes. . . . We have just seen the afterglow; and we are now to witness the final brilliance of the night.

Herman Melville. Lewis Mumford.

If these tastes of newest books cause you to want any facts about them, a line to the Editorial Department of the Golden Book *will bring you information as to publisher, price, size, or anything else.*



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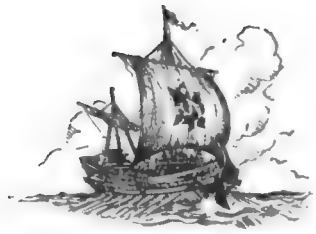

Travel News

By Roger Shaw

Pageantry of the Old West

Purple-black mountains under an incredibly blue sky; pine forests and spruce-shadowed canyons; hurrying little trout streams, and towns that never have forgotten their pioneer days, provide the setting for the summer-long spectacle in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Black Hills people dramatize their daily life and hang out their latch-strings, and the pageant is on.

The Black Hills country is a splash of high, rugged mountains—the highest east of the Rockies, thrown up in the midst of wide, rolling prairies. No place in the world do the plains roll so close to the base of towering mountain peaks. The curves of the Cheyenne and Belle Fourche rivers encircle the hundred and fifty-by-fifty miles of mountains, and two solitary sentinels stand guard where the prairie begins—Bear Butte on the east and the Devil's Tower on the west. Nature formed the Black Hills in such dramatic, spectacular mood that it is not strange the people who learned in fourteen years of stage-coach isolation to provide their own amusement should make a play of everything. Each year they present a series of pageants.

The season opens with the Black Hills Round-Up at Belle Fourche on July 3, 4, and 5. This year's Round-Up is the twelfth, and the dates always encompass the Fourth of July. One of its attractions is its setting in the old free range cattle country, and it must be authentic history as well as a dramatic spectacle, to be staged under the eyes of men who used to punch cattle and wrangle horses, and who never have been reconciled to fences and nesters.

The bronchos are brought in from Wyoming, where all the rest of the year they run with the wind. Wild steers come from below the Rio Grande; and top hands of national rodeo contests show their skill. Everything that made the old range glamorous lopes and bucks and pitches before the grandstand; and the things that made a cowboy romantic come to life again in their own setting.

The water carnival at Hot Springs—which has been a health resort since the days when the Indians brought their sick down to the rough-hewn bathtub at the warm spring—follows later in July, and calls attention to the pleasures and amusements that have been added to the healing qualities. There is a big plunge bath, and a modern hotel with verandas wide enough for dancing. The first big hotel in the Hills, it is still one of the best.

Deadwood Recalls Its Youth

Deadwood, in the heart of the Hills, the most famous of all frontier towns, revives the days of its placer gold glory in August. The dates set this year for the "Days of '76" pageant are August 7, 8, and 9. For those three days, Main Street will be a replica of the Deadwood of 1876, when men were washing out fortunes in gold pans. The modern store fronts will disappear behind log slabs, signs will be changed, and automobiles will be crowded off the street by ox teams, covered wagons, horse-drawn carriages, saddle horses, and all the other picturesque appurtenances of western American civilization of half a century ago.

The old Deadwood stage-coach will have a place of honour in the parade. The bull teams will bring in freight, and women and men will impersonate Calamity Jane. Preacher Smith, and Wild Bill. Indians in gorgeous costumes of buckskin, beads, and eagle feathers will march in numbers that would have been terrifying fifty years ago. There will be cavalrymen in the blue uniforms of another century, men who have let their whiskers grow, and women in side-saddles and sunbonnets. Events of the early days will be enacted—Custer's last stand, a hold-up of the Deadwood stage, an Indian attack on a wagon train, and the burning of a settler's cabin. More cheering to recall than these will be the washing of gold in Deadwood creek and the gambling and dance halls.

One of Minnesota's Canoe Trails

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Northern Minnesota will always be what it has been, one of the few indestructible wildernesses of our country. It holds enticing invitation for him who wishes to rest and "invite his soul," and rich rewards for the hardy voyageur and his more leisurely brother, the vacation canoeist.

The way of travel is by rail to Duluth, by motor from Duluth to Tower, and from Tower to the wilds and the simple life of yesterday by canoe.

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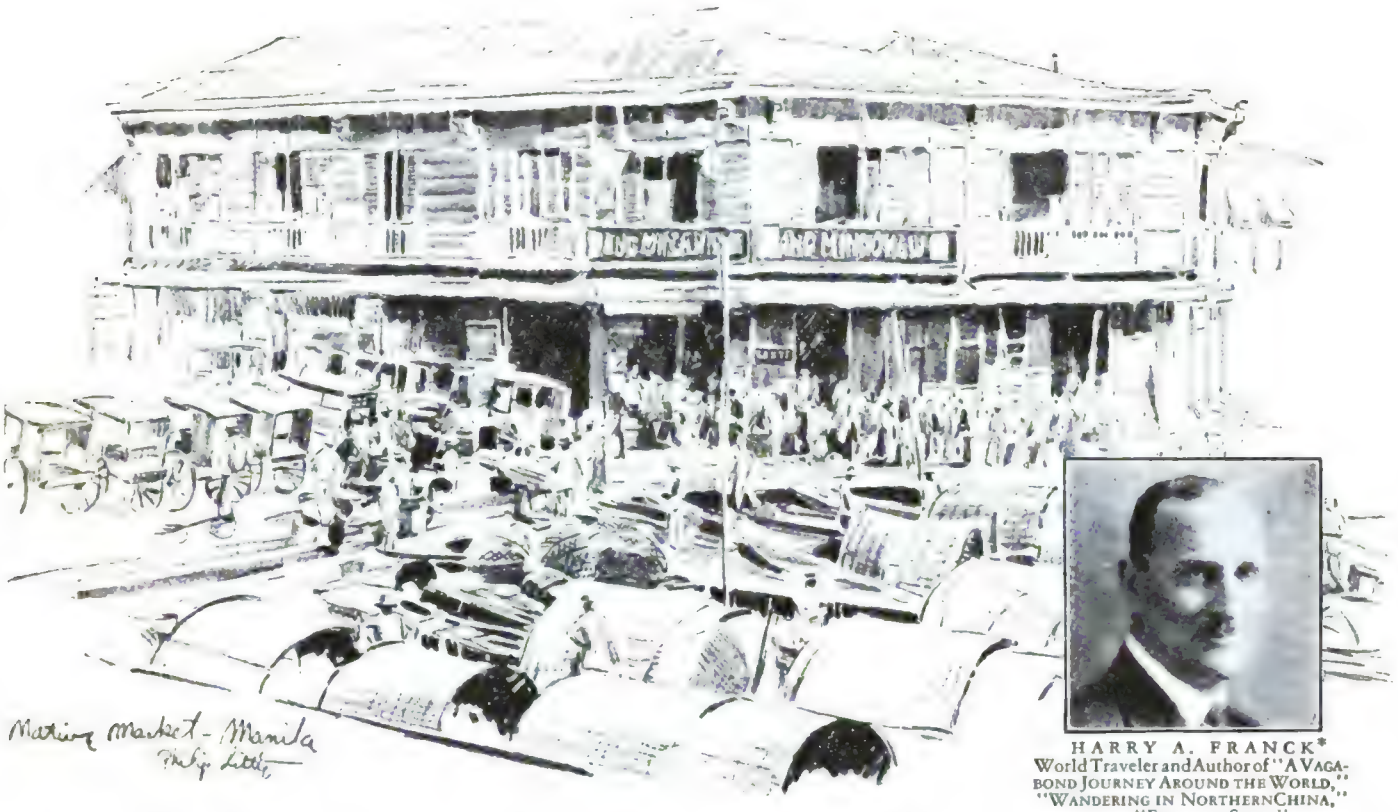

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Of the Golden Book Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1929.

State of NEW YORK } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Albert Shaw, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, Editor, Edith O'Dell, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Edith O'Dell, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Albert Shaw, Jr., 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed Albert Shaw, Jr., Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1929. Signed, Frank Kiefer, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1930.)

Vienna, Imperial and Republican

VIENNA, 1914. The glorious capital of the Hapsburgs, oldest of European royalty, where the Court considered fourteen quarterings of nobility indispensable, and the Hungarian guardsmen paraded in their curious uniforms with a panther skin hanging from one shoulder. The Austrian Kaiser, followed by thirty or more archdukes and archduchesses, and by the princes of Bourbon, Braganza, Liechtenstein, and Salvator. Everything ennobled by the slogan *K. K. Hoflieferant*—"By Appointment to the Imperial and Royal Court"—inscribed in golden letters here and there. Archduchess Zita, future Kaiserin, with a pearl necklace falling below her knees. The famous families of Schwarzenberg, Rohan, Pallavicini.

Such was the imperial city before the World War, as described by Percy Eastman in *Vanity Fair*. "On Maundy Thursday," he writes, "in the guard room of the Hofburg, before the diplomatic corps, the Court, and the aristocracy massed on a platform, the Emperor would, in sign of humiliation, as does the King of Spain today, wash the feet of twelve old beggars borrowed for the occasion from the home for the aged." The monarchy reserved its most brilliant ceremonies for religious occasions.

But the ostentation of old Kaiser Franz was only an outward one. "Since the death of all his nearest relatives, he had chosen to live like any burgher, in a modest apartment, the least ornate of any in the Burg." For him there were no tapestries, no gilded wainscoting—an iron cot and white tile stoves instead. His meals were served upon a corner of his desk. Needless to say, such frugality was not the custom among his sumptuous courtiers, financiers, and magnates.

Today "the scepter of fashion is passing to new families that have made their fortunes since the war." The Hofburg has become a fascinating museum, while by family statutes the aristocracy defends itself against plebeian marriages contracted because of poverty. But the Austrian revolutionists burned nothing, destroyed nothing. Schoenbrunn, Lavenburg, the Moelkerhoff, the abbeys of Nelk and Neuburg, the Burgtheater, the Opera, the Hofburg—all are kept as in the pre-war days, in good order and ready for the interested inspection of tourists who have been attracted to Vienna from all parts of the world.

The *Wurstelprater*, a sort of Coney Island, and *Venedig in Wien*, a cardboard Venice intersected with little brooks, are still on display; and it is yet the fashion to sup at Sacher's after the opera. The patrons there are different—but the atmosphere remains unchanged even though archdukes, colonels, and great ladies have departed.

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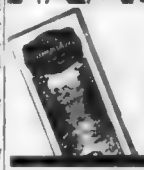

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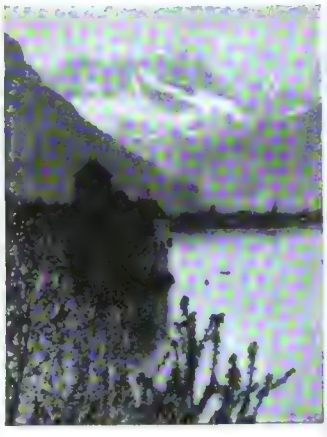

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The Aviation Industry

By KENNETH S. VAN STRUM

In the Middle Ages it was considered blasphemous to desire to fly. Flying was a superhuman accomplishment, to be indulged in only by angels—or perhaps by devils. When Roger Bacon, the English scientist of the thirteenth century, predicted that human beings would some day actually fly, he was considered insane.

As time went on, however, many efforts were made to fulfil his prediction. Leonardo da Vinci made elaborate observations of birds and the different ways they flew. Da Vinci is given the credit for originating the idea of the parachute.

One of the first observations of these early inventors was of the two distinct types of movement through the air. One was exemplified by the ascension of smoke, the other by the flight of a bird. From these observations arose the two divisions of aeronautics: aerostation, the science of lighter-than-air craft, and aviation, that of heavier-than-air craft.

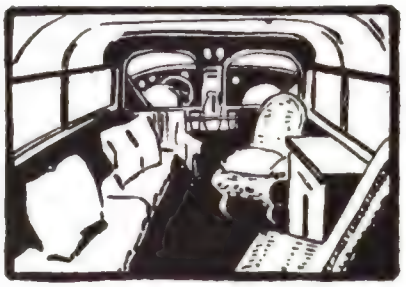
Although the people of America were interested in many forms of transportation, they were never especially enthusiastic about lighter-than-air craft. It was in France that the first craft of this type was built by Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier, about 1783. Today everyone is familiar with craft of this kind. Huge balloons filled with gas and carrying a passenger in a suspended basket have been common sights at county fairs and various other public occasions.

Germany has advanced farther than any country in aerostation. Count Zeppelin's famous dirigibles won such approval that the German public provided a fund of $1,500,000 to start the Zeppelin Foundation for Promotion of Airship Navigation. As early as 1910 Germany had established a passenger and mail airship service. Although her progress in this field was somewhat hampered by the War, she has continued to lead the world. Only recently her supremacy was emphasized by the spectacular flight of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

At first the progress of aviation was much slower than that of aerostation. Whereas a man "flew" in a balloon in 1783, it was not until a hundred and twenty years later that a true flight was accomplished in a craft heavier than air. "To make the surface support a given weight by the application of power to the resistance of air" is the formula which is the basis of aviation, and was first expressed by Sir George Cayley.

For some reason this problem has always interested American inventors more than that of trying to construct a device that would rise simply because it was lighter than air.

The forerunner of the modern airplane was the glider, a winged device with no motor or steering apparatus. It is said that the first glider was built by a sea captain of Brittany, who copied the construction of the wings of an albatross. Gliding proved to be more a matter of the skill of the operator than anything else, since the huge wings were literally worn by the flyer, who would often find himself helpless in a high wind. Before the coming of the Wrights, gliding reached its greatest height under the German Otto Lilienthal, who was eventually killed in a flight.



Interior of a Passenger Plane.

In France and America attempts were being made to build engines to propel gliders. Clement Ader, in France, tried to build a steam engine which would propel an airship. In America, Langley and Manly were working on a gasoline engine with the same end in view. Langley's efforts so interested the government that he was appropriated $50,000, but his machine failed when put to an official test. Nine days after Langley's failure on December 17, 1903, without having announced their work or their plans, the Wright brothers made the first successful flight in a motor-powered plane at Kittyhawk, North Carolina.

In 1904 the first plane was sold, but in the ten years that followed only five more were sold for personal use—a slow start for an industry with such possibilities. The first automobile had been sold in 1900, and only a few years later thousands were being purchased. Of course the airplane was retarded in its development by the unusual dangers involved. When the engine of a 'plane stalled, it usually meant the death of the pilot and the destruction of a very expensive machine.

Until the opening of the World War pilots were regarded as daredevils, and it was only under the dire necessity of the War that airplane building began on a large scale.

It should not be overlooked, however, that nations early realized the value of the airplane as a weapon. As early as 1914 every important nation, including Belgium, had from twenty to eighty-two airplanes to put into service. The struggle for air supremacy during the World War was responsible for a great advance in designs, engines, and technique.

By the end of the War, Europe began to recognize the commercial possibilities of aircraft, and a number of lines

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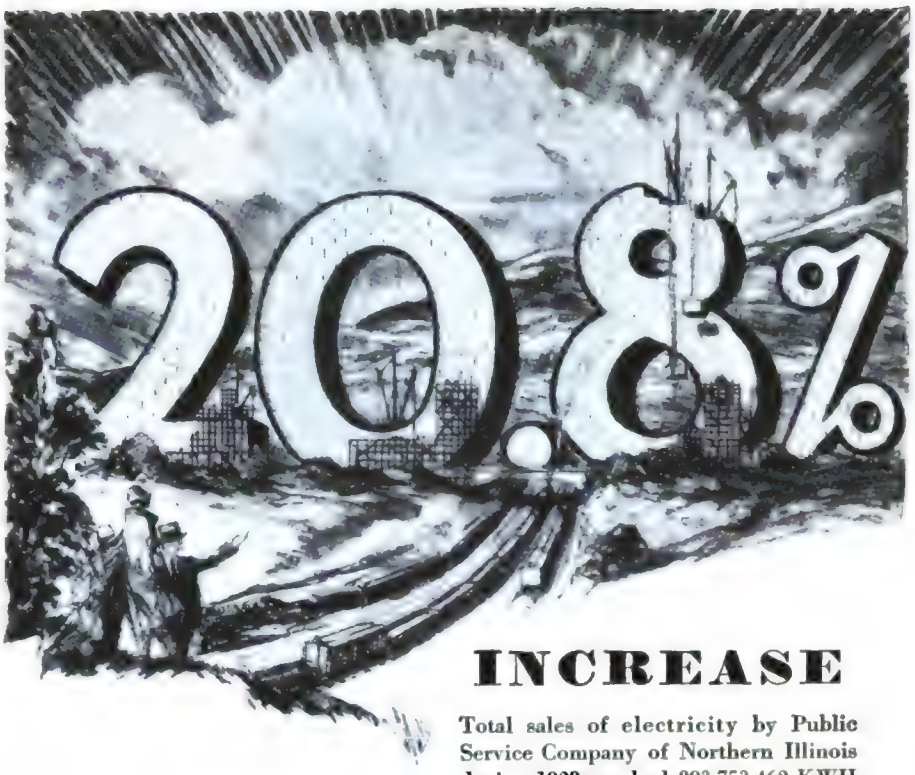

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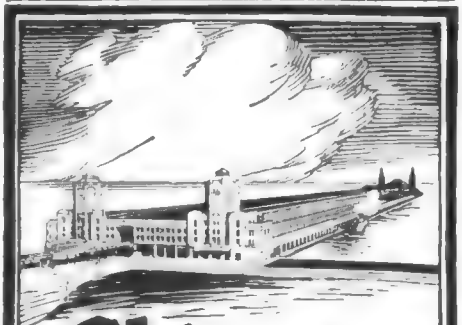

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carry mail, freight, and passengers have been successfully operated ever since. But in America little interest was shown in developing commercial lines. Most of the country's 'planes were in the service of either the army or navy; indeed, it was the War Department that, in 1918, established the first air mail route between New York and Washington.

This postal airway was later abandoned, but plans for a transcontinental route were already under way. The first leg of the transcontinental system was charted in 1919, and the entire route was operating smoothly about a year later.

Lindbergh

Public interest began to be revived in this country with the Round-the-World flight made by the Army fliers in 1924. But the real turning point came with Lindbergh's spectacularly successful flight to Paris on May 20, 1927. The year before only 858 commercial 'planes had been manufactured in this country; in 1927, 1342 were built, and the numbers have mounted in geometrical progression ever since. The industry anticipates that 1929 will see about 12,000 new 'planes.

Airports and landing fields are being built in every city. There are already 1324 fields, and almost 900 more are scheduled to be built during 1929.

Aviation stocks have risen spectacularly. Before Lindbergh's flight Wright sold at 25. During 1928 this stock rose from 69 to 289. In the same period Curtiss rose from 53 to 192¾. Stock prices, however, are not an infallible index of the industry's growth, for they are affected by speculative sentiment as well as by the growth of the industry.

Five Divisions of Industry

While it is almost impossible to classify the companies in an industry so new, one might for convenience divide aviation into five principal groups: designers and 'plane builders, engine manufacturers, transportation companies, airport companies, and training schools.

Of them all, the future of those companies designing and manufacturing 'planes is most difficult to estimate. Revolutionary changes are expected at any time, and a company must be in a position to profit by each new development or be left hopelessly behind.

Many companies are going ahead with the manufacture of large inventories, which a new invention might render valueless. But the well-financed companies which are proceeding more cautiously will probably be most apt to survive this period of uncertainty.

The engine builders are in a somewhat more stable position in the industry. Many of them have been experimenting with aviation motors for a considerable number of years, and several have been primarily interested to date in the manufacture of automobile motors.

In recent years the accepted form of

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an airplane engine has come to be the radial type, but the V-line or straight-line motors are also in favour with some designers. Attempts are also being made to mount the engines within the wings.

Air Mail as Foundation

Government air mail contracts have been the backbone of the transportation side of the industry. The government is now paying out more than a million dollars a month for air mail service. When a company can count on a steady source of income from mail carrying, it has often found it worth while to enter the passenger carrying field. But until airplane travel is an accepted means of travel, income from this division of the industry will be uncertain.

There are wide differences of opinion as to how far the airplane will go in the transportation field. While most people admit that it will become increasingly important as a means of passenger travel, the facts show that the efficiency of the airplane must be increased tremendously before it dangerously threatens the railroad.

According to recent estimates in the *Wall Street Journal*, it costs the average railroad 1.038 cents a mile to carry a ton of freight, while the cost for the average airplane company is about 67.1 cents a mile. In order to compete in an important way, the airplane must be made safer, must be equipped with greater capacity per horsepower, and in general must increase its efficiency over sixty times before it can hope to infringe upon the railroad's place in transportation.

One of the most difficult problems facing the industry is the question of airports. Landing fields require the outlay of large sums of money, the revenue from which is neither definite nor regular. Investments in companies operating airports are naturally uncertain. Quite properly, airports are being built by various municipalities; but a device which will permit the perpendicular landing and ascending of planes would go far towards solving the problem of airports.

Investment Problems

Realizing that the problems of investing in such a new industry are quite beyond the comprehension of the average investor, many investment trusts have been formed to specialize in aviation securities. Some seem to have been formed for the purpose of taking over large holdings of doubtful companies at high prices, but others are managed by men with wide experience in the field.

Aviation is developing rapidly; new companies seem to spring up over night, and many will probably disappear almost as suddenly. To judge values in this industry requires a high degree of technical knowledge, and if the investor lacks this knowledge he will be wise to confine his investments to the companies sponsored by leaders of proven integrity.

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By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

A SERIES OF TINY musical books of intense interest is being issued modestly and without much advertisement by the Oxford University Press. Most of them are published in a uniform binding under the general title, "The Musical Pilgrim."

One Oxford publication on the subject (though it is not in the "Pilgrim" series) is an exceedingly bold piece of work. It is entitled *A Miniature History of Music,* and in it its author, the distinguished musical educator Percy Scholes, attempts to cover the entire history of music in no more than 53 pages. Compared to this, Dr. Dent's 125-page history of music (entitled, for no reason at all, *Terpander, or Music and the Future*) is verbose. In thus condensing his story Mr. Scholes has done a rather remarkable thing, for it is much easier to write five hundred or five thousand pages on the subject of the history of music, than fifty.

Percy Scholes has interested himself in the radio and the phonograph, and most of his books are addressed to the radio and phonograph listener. So with this book, too. He begins his history with an introductory remark that is particularly keen in its grasp of what his readers want:

"Mr. G. K. Chesterton once proposed that somebody write a history of England beginning with 'the policeman in the next street' and working back to Magna Charta. It is an interesting suggestion, but difficult. . . . This much of Mr. Chesterton's idea I will accept—I will begin with 'the policeman in the next street,' take a look at him, then jump back to Magna Charta, and thence push forward until I reach the policeman again."

A policeman directs crowds with a baton. Another functionary of modern society who directs crowds with a baton is the orchestra conductor. Henry Wood and Walter Damrosch (or, rather, the various groups of composers whose work they are called upon to direct), are the "policeman" with whom Mr. Scholes begins:

"Our interest aroused by our observation of the duties and position of our 'constable'-conductor, we shall visit all these peoples in their own countries and their own centuries. For the moment let us look a little curiously at only one of them—that of our days. The Bach crowd belong to the days of our ancestors, the Bartok crowd belong perhaps to those of our descendants. Both are a little strange to us. With the Wagner crowd we all feel quite at ease. They belong to *us;* they represent the thoughts and feelings most general in musical circles (*i. e.*, the *wider* musical circles) in our own times."

This is sounder psychology than one generally finds in books of this type. It implies recognition of the fact that the art that speaks most significantly to most of us is the art of the period that has just died behind us. Ideas in art, as in philosophy and science, become generally diffused after they have been discarded or radically modified by the leaders. A rather good example of this phenomenon, I think, is the present craze for the type of design labeled "modernique," or, with less discrimination, "futuristic." It is a style that has very deeply affected contemporary advertising, interior decoration, and textile design. It is compounded of a number of elements, chief among them cubism, and that badly-defined expression of the spirit of 1910 that used to be called "fauveisme." However, these things are quite done for so far as important contemporary painting is concerned. It is only now that we are catching up to them. The contemporary artists, "the Bartok crowd," cannot, of course, be said to "belong to the days of our descendants" in any but a very limited sense. They cannot be writing the music of the future, because art is only one phase of the social complex, and the social structure of the future is totally unpredictable. They are writing the music of today. That they are not widely appreciated in their own time is their fate—one that awaits all significant artists.

> Life is like music: it must be composed by ear, feeling, and instinct, not by rule. Nevertheless one had better know the rules, for they sometimes guide in doubtful cases—though not often.—SAMUEL BUTLER.

But to return to Mr. Scholes and his book. He begins with a few of the wider implications of Wagnerism, and then jumps to consideration of the materials of music. Here he makes a statement which to me is incredible in a man of his knowledge: "To this day only European races (and to a small extent races that have come under their tutelage) sing or play in anything but unison." One wonders if Mr. Scholes has ever heard a Chinese orchestra! After this slip the book sails clearly, and is particularly admirable in the chapters on romantic music and the impressionists.

As an introduction to the study of music it is an excellent job. One questions sometimes whether broad outlines of this character perform a service for the uninitiated, for broad outlines generally become apparent only after digestion of thousands of specific examples. Apparently they have a place, for the demand for them is regular. And Mr. Scholes has admirably filled the demand.

THE BOOKS of the "Musical Pilgrim" series consist of detailed studies of individual musical works, or of the important works of various composers. They are, in a sense, elaborated program notes, often of works for which program notes are not available in any other form. Taken in proper doses, analytical program notes such as the Messrs. Hale, Gilman, and Borowski provide have a decided value. But purely passive pleasure becomes in time a bore. There must be some element of activity in our pleasure-seeking; and it has always seemed to me that one of the reasons for the popularity of mystery stories is this active element. The mind is constantly at work devising its own solutions, and at the same time following those of the author. The result is a unique intensity of pleasure.

In music something of the same sort is possible. When intellect plays upon music the result in emotional feeling is profound, and the desire for mental activity is satisfied. Analytical program material gives us the incentive for the intellectual work. The trouble with analytical programs is that too often they are taken as substitutes for products of the individual mind. We are too prone to let the analyst do our thinking for us.

A certain few of the "Musical Pilgrim" series will not find a very large audience in America. Charles Sanford Terry's volumes on the choral works of Bach for example, will not move very fast. Others will find a rather localized audience. But A. E. F. Dickinson's *Introduction to the Music of R. Vaughan Williams* should attract considerable interest in Chicago where the "London" symphony and the "Sea" symphony of Williams are popular. Some of the books will throw entirely new light upon important musical works. Take, for instance, E. C. Bairstow's monograph, *Handel's Oratorio "The Messiah."*

To most of us the "Messiah" (the correct title, despite Mr. Bairstow, seems

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to be the single word) is a yearly rite performed by a dyed-in-the-wool choral club. To numbers of us the circumstances of its composition are unknown. It was the successor of "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt," which the approbation accorded to "Esther," "Deborah," and "Athalia" had encouraged him to compose. "Messiah" was written in the incredibly short time of twenty-three days, and the acclaim with which its initial production in Dublin (1742) was met proved to be but a forerunner of that accorded Handel's oratorios when they were produced in London on the composer's return from the Irish capital. It is rather jolting to learn that the form of the work was not the result of premeditation, that the concert oratorio did *not* come into being because of artistic evolution (which means by the combination of genius and tradition), but was originated because religious opera was under the ban of the London authorities. Handel, as a composer of opera, was the darling of London's heart. Being forbidden to write operas on religious texts and put them on the stage, he wrote operas to religious texts that didn't have to be staged. And when we appreciate the operatic background of the "Messiah" we understand much that was obscure before concerning the music.

ANOTHER BOOK that is of particular importance in the series is the same Mr. Dickinson's *A Study of Mozart's Last Three Symphonies*, for it contains about the clearest exposition of symphonic form I have yet read. Unfortunately, the book is somewhat marred by exuberance. "It is just ludicrously beautiful," exclaims Mr. Dickinson in one place.

It is strange to find in the series a study of the orchestral music of Tschaikowsky, for the devotees of Tschaikowsky are not noteworthy for their intellectual interest in music, and the musical intellectual is generally too much of a snob to pay attention to the symphonies and suites and tone poems of Peter Ilyitch. The "Pilgrim" series also includes books (though "books" is perhaps the wrong word, for they are all really pamphlets) on Schubert and Mendelssohn, Debussy, and Wagner, and others. There are two volumes on the piano sonatas of Beethoven, and these are perhaps the most important of all. If, as Mr. Dickinson says in the Mozart booklet, "most people permanently miss the finer and more imaginative aspects of art unless they are pointed out," most people are particularly out of luck in regard to the sonata and the quartet. Of analysis of symphonies there is no end. Of analysis of sonatas and quartets, whose structure is often more complicated than the structure of many symphonies, there is little. A few analytical studies of chamber music such as these would do much toward dispelling the fog that all too often hangs over the concert hall.

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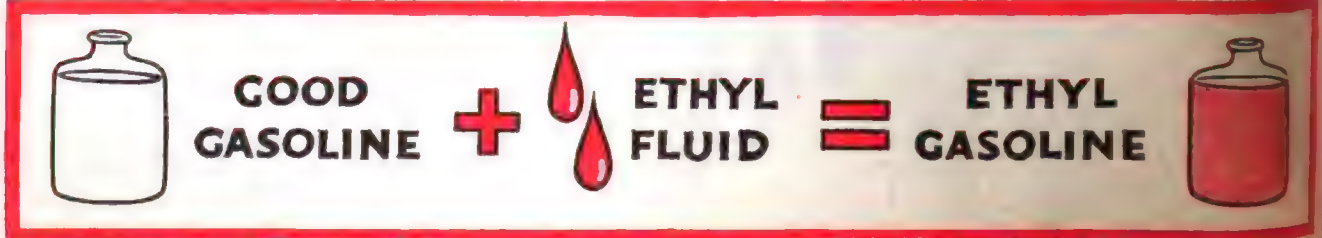

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